"THE WOMAN IN CHARGE"

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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"The Mexicans threw the last shovelful of tailings out of the tanks more than three hours ago, Healy," said I, stepping into the "super's" office. Hasn't that lady professor arrived yet?"

"Arrived," growled Healy, dropping his pen and throwing himself back in his chair. "Did you ever know a woman to keep an appointment on time, Leffingwell?"

The super's vexation showed in his face and hung heavily in the tones of his voice.

"I most certainly have known ladies who would make appointments and keep them punctually," said I, warmly.

Healy laughed.

"I suppose that now you're thinking of that inamorata in the east who sends you a pink envelop with perpendicular writing every Monday, regularly." This was the super's usual fling, and all I could do was to laugh with him. "But this case is different," he went on, the laugh dying out of his face and voice and the vexation coming back. "Here is a woman who has been hired by the owner of the mine to come out and assume charge of the cyaniding operations. A woman, mind you! A woman to boss a lot of lazy and turbulent Mexicans, to fool with these poisonous chemicals and a dozen other things that would keep an experienced man at a continual guess. By Jupiter, the way Bigelow manages matters is enough to drive a man to drink!" Healy banged his fist down on the table and looked at me with a glare that faded suddenly into a grim smile. "Egad," he proceeded, "we'll have to go about this property in kid gloves, clawhammer coats and opera hats. I'll distribute a few copies of Chesterfield's Letters among the millmen and miners, and you, Leffingwell, can run a night school in the laboratory and teach etiquette."

The super could not remain continuously angry if he tried. Presently he grinned; then chuckled.

"Suppose my lady hears old Truffles take off the army in Flanders in one of his unguarded moments. She'll faint, and I'll bet on it!"

Truffles was the day amalgamator, and his language combined warmth and ingenuity to a degree that I have never heard exceeded.

"You must give Truffles orders to be a little more conservative in his choice of words," said I. "The mill is close to the cyanide layout, and even the fall of the stamps, at times, won't prevent the amalgamator from making a person understand what he thinks of things."

"I'll give orders, of course," answered Healy, the smile still lingering upon his bronzed, handsome face, "but what's bred in the bone has got to come out, no matter how stern I make the rules." Then his brow clouded again. "This brings us back to the main question," he resumed. "It's all right for a woman to battle with fortune and win her way, but she's out of her sphere when she goes to work at a mine like the Little Ophir. Who will she associate with?"

"I beg your pardon, but will you please tell me where I may find Mr. Healy?"

A voice came from the door with startling suddenness, and I turned quickly and saw a woman's form framed in the opening. She was carrying a small satchel and her modish, dark-colored walking skirt and trim shoes were covered with yellow dust. I fancy that I can tell a pretty woman as quickly as the next one, and the lithe form in the doorway was crowned with as fair a face as I have ever seen—with one exception. It was a face, too, that was beautifully resolute. The velvety skin softened without weakening the determined lines, and even the blue eyes mirrored a fixity of purpose which in no way detracted from their winsomeness.

The effect on Healy of this unexpected arrival was rather singular. Never had I seen him more taken aback. From surprise his expression passed to one of concern, and I thought that possibly he was wondering how long the newcomer had been standing in the doorway, and whether she had heard any of his remarks concerning herself. After a stupid wait of a moment, the super got up from his chair and advanced a step.

"I am Mr. Healy, the superintendent," said he. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

"I am Miss Grafton," she said, coming into the office. "I suppose the company advised you that I would be here to-day." She placed her satchel on the table and then went on: "The stage fell through the bridge at the Arizona canal, and I was obliged to walk the rest of the way here. That has made me late——"

"You walked from the Arizona canal!" exclaimed Healy. "Why, that's eight miles away, and you must be very tired, Miss Grafton. I'll shut down the cyanide work for the rest of the day and you can begin operations in the morning."

"Is everything ready for the run, Mr. Healy?" she quietly asked.

"I believe so," he replied. "A few hours' delay, however, will not be of any material consequence."

"It will be expensive," said she, "and I am perfectly able to begin at once."

It amused me to watch the expression of Healy's face. Decidedly, the new cyanide expert was making a most powerful impression. My enjoyment of the situation was probably what finally drew the super's attention to my humble self.

"Miss Grafton," said he, "allow me to present our assayer, Mr. Leffingwell. You must know each other, for it will be necessary for you to use his laboratory in making your tests."

I bowed and murmured some conventional phrase, while she vouchsafed me a nod and a bright smile.

"Perhaps, Mr. Leffingwell," she observed, "you will be so kind as to show me over my field of work?"

"I shall be glad to do that," the super broke in, as I thought, somewhat hastily. "But won't you sit down and rest at least a few moments, Miss Grafton."

"Thank you, sir," she said in a brusque, businesslike tone. "I am one of those athletic young women who do not mind a bit of a walk, and, besides, in a cyanide plant, even slight delays cost money. If you will just run over the tailing pile with me, Mr. Healy, and show me the men I am to have in charge, and give me the location of the necessary materials, I will lose no time in getting to work." Suddenly a bright smile wreathed itself about her red lips and she added: This is my first assignment since leaving the cyanide works at Denver, and I am very anxious to make a good showing, because—well, partly because some of the men said that I would prove a failure out here, and that this isn't a woman's work, anyway." She compressed her lips, and her blue eyes snapped. "Now, Mr. Healy, if you are ready."

They went away together, the big, strapping form of the super completely dwarfing the dainty and determined little woman who walked beside him. And she had toiled eight miles across the blazing desert and was ready to begin operations without a moment's rest! I whistled softly to myself as I made my way to the laboratory and began preparing a batch of samples for assay. Through the laboratory window I could see Healy and Miss Grafton wandering along the plank walk that overlies the cyanide tanks, talking earnestly and pointing here and there into the cavernous openings that yawned beneath them. At last Healy brought up the Mexicans—six of them, with the gigantic and surly Manuel at their head. It may have been my imagination—I was at least a dozen yards from the scene and peering through a window—but I thought I saw Manuel shoot a gleam of defiance and contempt out from under his shaggy brows at the little woman who was now in charge. Healy did not see the glance, I know, for he was not the man to pass such things lightly; and as for Miss Grafton, if she observed it, she paid not the slightest attention. Ten minutes later the cyanide gang was busily wheeling tailings up over the tanks and dumping them in.

While I was still engaged in grinding the samples, Miss Grafton entered the laboratory with a bottle in her hand. It is rather difficult talking when there are ten 850-pound stamps, within a few feet of you, each dropping at the rate of ninety-eight times to the minute. Miss Grafton tried to tell me what she wanted, but finally gave over with a baffled smile. I knew that she was about to test a sample from the solution tank, so I smiled back at her reassuringly and passed to the other end of the little room. A moment later I went out into the mill and saw Truffles leaning against a battery post and blinking his eyes in the direction of the laboratory.

"Is that the woman in charge?" he asked, his lips at my ear.

"That's what," I shouted back to him, "and you're to go light on language whenever she's within earshot. The super's orders. Understand?"

"He might as well tell me to quit breathin'," Truffles roared, "but I'll try."

I returned to my work, and could not help stealing an occasional glimpse at Miss Grafton as her white fingers shook the test tubes and held them up before the light. She was a marvel. An eight-mile walk that morning, no rest, and yet her eye was as true and her hand as steady as my own. By and by she went away, and I followed her after I had quartered down my samples and made them ready for the furnace. At the back of the mill, where the tin-lined cases of cyanide of potassium were stored, I saw her weighing out the white and deadly stuff—handling it as though it were so much chalk or plaster. Healy was up on the ore platform watching the crusher man shoveling some prize rock into the hopper. When he caught sight of me he leaped down into the roadway and descended to where I was standing.

"What do you think of the new expert by this time?" I inquired.

"She's a wonder!" he declared.

"Have you spoken to Truffles?"

"Just nailed him while he was hanging up the stamps, and told him I'd fire him if he ever said anything stronger than Great Scott while Miss Grafton was around."

"Ordered your clawhammer coat yet?"

He gave me a keen look and flushed a trifle as he answered:

"Drop that, Leffingwell. I'm wondering if she heard what I said just before she announced herself at the door?"

And that was the way it began. Little Miss Grafton had made a complete conquest of the big and handsome super.

I read the signs correctly and knew, in a general way, what was going to come, for had I not a little romance of my own locked up in those pink envelops with the perpendicular writing? Miss Grafton slipped into the groove left vacant by the preceding expert with an ease that became the talk of the entire Winnifred district. The expert did not seem to notice or care for the interest she was exciting. She had no thought, apparently, for anything but the business in hand, and she went her ways with unfailing ardor and clocklike regularity.

Healy's growing predilection for Miss Grafton, hardly acknowledged by himself, perhaps, but which was plain enough to me, formed a new bond between us. Rarely now would he indulge in raillery concerning the writer of the perpendicular hand the pink letters—proof positive that he was inscribing his name on the flyleaf of his own particular copy of the old, old story. I am sure that for almost two months no answering flash of the divine spark had been struck from the blue eyes of Miss Grafton. That, of course, was what made the super moody, for moody he was until that incident which involved Manuel. In the abstract it was a small thing, but in the concrete its importance was weighty.

Of the half-dozen men who were under Miss Grafton's entire charge, Manuel was the one least to be relied on. He hated work—what Mexican does not?—and I think he felt, when he found that a woman was to be in charge, that a fine opportunity for "soldiering" was in prospect. He must have had a rude awakening, for Miss Grafton's predecessor had never planned the labors, nor called for the efforts, that she did. Disappointment soured Manuel. He started in recklessly to foment trouble, and one day, on the plank walk that crossed the tops of the tanks, Miss Grafton remonstrated with him for not wheeling larger loads. That was the cue the Mexican had been sullenly awaiting. With a malediction in his native tongue he flung his load, wheelbarrow and all, to the bottom of the tank and stood glaring and defiant.

The stamps in both batteries were "hung up"—i. e., out of action—and, as I was looking through the laboratory window, I could both see and hear all that was taking place.

"Manuel muy malo!" exclaimed Miss Grafton. "Jump down and get the wheelbarrow. Sabe?"

The huge Mexican scowled, but did not move an inch. Miss Grafton took a time book and pencil from her pocket.

"Since last payday you have worked three days and three hours," said she, consulting the book and holding up three of her small gloved fingers twice in succession. "Get the wheelbarrow, Manuel or take your time."

One would have thought she was discussing some pleasant subject at a reception, her manner was so self-possessed, her voice so pleasantly under control. I could see Manuel clench his big brown hands as he looked at her, and then, suddenly, his rancorous feelings broke all bounds. He remembered only that this woman had made him earn his wage, and had been a thorn in his side ever since dispelling his illusion that she would allow him to do as he pleased. He leaped toward her. I dropped the parting flask I held in my hand and ran for the door of the mill, coming out of the lower tier of tanks just in time to see Healy clasp Manuel in his sinewy arms. They were both large and muscular, and they struggled like gladiators, but the super's science won the day and he flung the Mexican into the tank and looked down at him pantingly.

"Life up that wheelbarrow!" commanded Healy.

The wheelbarrow did not come, but I saw the head and shoulders of Manuel as he sprang up, gripped the plank and strove to raise himself. Kneeling down, the super forced him roughly back.

"Hand up that wheelbarrow," roared Healy, "or I'll tie you down there and turn on the cyanide."

I knew very well that Healy had no intention of carrying out this terrible threat, for the flow of the deadly fluid into the solution tank would have killed the man almost as quickly as a bolt of lightning. The threat, however, had both an immediate and a cumulative effect. The immediate effect was to cause the wheelbarrow to be pushed upward to the walk from whence it had been thrown. The cumulative effect came later. Manuel was paid for his three days and three hours and discharged on the spot, going his way with evil looks and muttered curses. By this time Miss Grafton was white and trembling, and Healy took her arm and led her away. It was then, I suppose, that his love received its encouragement, for when he came into the laboratory, later in the day, his dejected air had vanished utterly.

"You have made a desperate enemy, Healy," said I, after we had chatted for a shot time.

"A beggarly greaser," he answered in fine scorn; "that for his enmity!" and he snapped his fingers.

"Miss Grafton has been here for two months, now, hasn't she?" I asked carelessly.

We were having a mill clean-up that day, and as fast as old Truffles brought in the amalgam I would squeeze it through a chamois skin, weigh it and put it in the safe. To watch the scales and keep an eye on Healy at the same time was an easy matter.

"Not two months, Leffingwell," he replied, "seven weeks and two days."

"You evidently keep close watch of the time," I ventured.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, a flush showing under the tan of his cheeks.

"Nothing at all," I answered. "What I want to impress upon you is this, that Manuel isn't an enemy to be despised. Look out for him, Healy. He has considerable influence over the other Mexicans, and they may be heard from, you know."

"No fear of that. I have the whole pack completely cowed. How much amalgam will there be, Leffingwell?"

"About twenty pounds."

"Will you retort it to-night?"

I nodded.

"I've taken advantage of this clean-up to send to Phoenix for some new shoes and dies. As they won't get here until nearly morning, and it would be rather lonely for you in the mill all by yourself, I'll come down to-night and lend a hand and keep you company."

With that he went away and I saw him no more until after supper, when I was building my furnace fire to do the retorting.

Getting bullion from the amalgam taken off the mill plates is a much easier task than treating the "slimes" of the cyanide process, but the entire modus operandi of the latter is far and away the more interesting. After being stamped to powder in the battery boxes much of the gold in the ore is wrought so fine that it fails to "catch" on the quicksilver of the plates, so it runs over with the worthless matter and is conducted by troughs to the tailings pile. When thoroughly dry the tailings are shoveled into vats, and from a storage tank, set high above, the cyanide solution is forced by natural pressure up through the bottoms of the vats, percolating through the powdered ore and absorbing the precious particles of yellow metal. Laden with its wealth, the stream of cyanide falls by gravity through iron pipes into a long box, where it precipitates the gold upon shavings of zinc. Thereupon the fluid which has wrought this wonderwork drops into an iron sump tank and is pumped back into the solution chamber, where its weakness is ascertained and enough cyanide added to bring the solution up to standard strength. Then the work is again and again repeated. In all metallurgy there is no process more beautiful than this, and it formed the theme of many conversations between Miss Grafton and myself. She was not only conversant with every branch of the subject and had the minutiae of the process at her finger ends, but she was likewise able to discourse upon it most charmingly.

Twenty rounds of amalgam made it necessary for me to use my largest retort and when I had everything ready Healy helped me lift it into the furnace, cover it completely with the glowing charcoal and adjust the tube in a pail of water.

A strange quiet reigned about the mill that evening—almost a foreboding quiet—and more than once I caught myself casting uneasy glances into the dark corners around us. The bunk-house was a quarter of a mile away and the night watchman was not to go on duty until we left the mill, so the super and I were quite alone—alone with a thousand dollars' worth of gold throwing off its quicksilver in the furnace. A sense of responsibility began suddenly to fret at my nerves and a premonition of impending evil was not long in manifesting itself. I looked at Healy. He was sitting on the floor before the furnace, his knees drawn up to his chin and his hands clasped around them. He was thoughtful and a splash of firelight fell ruddily on his strong face.

"You're excellent company, Healy, I must say," I observed caustically, plunging my hand down into the water bucket and feeling for the end of the tube that connected with the retort. "Why don't you say something?"

"My thoughts were such good companions, Leffingwell, that I forgot all about you," said he, looking up with a laugh. "How's the retorting coming along?"

"The quick is all out in the pail," I answered, removing the cover of the furnace and shoving an iron bar through a ring in the top of the retort. "Bear a hand, will you?"

The next moment we had the white-hot iron receptacle upon a bed of cinders, and I knocked away the top so that the glowing balls of gold could roll out and cool before being put away in the safe.

ing his eyes upon the gleeming yellow
ing his eyes upon the gleeming yellow spheres, "there are people in this world who would barter a woman's love for such stuff as that! What a sad commentary on human nature, Leffingwell! With the love of a woman—of one woman—any man might be rich even though he hadn't a dollar in the world."

"So you've found it out, have you," said I. "Well, it's true, and it's the love of one woman that makes a man's life worth living, that hallows his weary round of days and hovers above him like a benediction."

"You must have got that out of some book," said Healy, "but it rings true, and I believe, Leffingwell, that you and I understand each other. Don't we?"

"I think we do," said I, heartily, and then we shook hands.

As we stood there, face to face, I saw a dark form uprear itself directly behind Healy. It was Manuel, a savage scowl on his brow and his eyes glittering.

"Look out!" I cried, and leaped toward the Mexican.

A blow fell on the back of my head. My brain reeled and I threw up my hands and fell unconscious to the floor.

On regaining my senses I found that I was bound hand and foot and gagged with a strip of canvas. It was some time before my brain could take cognizance of anything further, and then I discovered that I was not in the mill, but was out of doors in the bright moonlight, lying on the tailings pile close to the tanks. My head throbbed feverishly at the point where it had been struck, and every effort was painful, even the effort to think. It flashed over me that Manuel had come stealthily to the mill for the purpose of stealing the gold which it was known I would retort that night. And then, as I thought of the demoniacal look on the Mexican's face, a sharp fear assailed me on Healy's account.

Just then I heard voices, and turned my head. On the plank walk that spanned the top of an empty cyanide tank I saw three men, one lying prostrate and the other two standing erect. The former I knew must be Healy, and the latter the pair who had set upon us.

"You was telling me, senor," came the voice of Manuel, low but sibilantly clear, and pulsing with hate, "that you throw me to the tank and keel me with the poison. Cospetto! You would treat me as one dog, and I will be treating you the same. You hear?"

My heart stood still with horror as I saw Manuel push Healy into the empty tank and then run and kneel by the valve which controlled the flow of poison. It was Healy's own threat which had put this diabolical idea into the Mexican's mind. The cyanide solution, when turned on, would gush up into the tank from below. I struggled in my bonds at the thought of what would happen.

There was something wrong with the valve, I could hear Manuel rattling at it and cursing in his native tongue; then, of a sudden, a clear voice called:

"Stop! Take your hands from that pipe!"

Miss Grafton! A mild thrill shot along my nerves. To my dying day I shall never forget the picture so clearly lined against the moonlit background. All was in silhoutte save the storage vat and the figure of the girl. There was a walk around the base of the solution tank and the expert had just stepped into view, the silvery light full upon her face and striking a dull gloom from a revolver which she held in her hand and pointed downward at the Mexican. Manuel, in an attitude of bewildered surprise and baffled fury, stood gazing at the wraith-like form of Miss Grafton. The other Mexican, farther along the walk, seemed stunned and incapable of movement. Thus, for a brief space, the three figures stood and only the abrupt banging of a door in the direction of the bunkhouse broke the spell.

"Vamos, Manuel!" shouted the big Mexican's comrade, whirling and dashing down the incline. "Los minadors!"

In a twinkling Manuel followed his comrade, both vanishing into the shadowy mesquite and greasewood bushes below the mill. They were hardly out of sight before a dozen of the miners and mill men plunged upon the scene.

"What in h—— is goin' on here?" burst from old Truffles, who headed the reinforcements. "Beg yer pardon, Miss Grafton," he added, hastily. "I hadn't no idee that this was you. Billings said as how he heard suspicious noises down this way, and allowed there was somethin' wrong. What's ter pay, anyhow?"

"Mr. Healy is in the tank," returned Miss Grafton, pointing below her, her voice for the first time showing traces of agitation. "He may be hurt, Mr. Truffles. Please jump down and lift him up."

Truffles and two more dropped into the tank and lifted the super so that the others could drag him out upon the plank walk. Truffles swore roundly when he saw how Healy was bound and gagged, and I heard a cry [illegible] joy break from Miss Grafton's lips—evidence enough, so far as I was concerned, that the super was uninjured.

"It was Manuel and Pedro," cried Miss Grafton. "They were about to turn the cyanide into the tank when I came. They ran in the direction of the creek. You may catch them yet."

Truffles and the rest took up the pursuit at once, and, in making for the creek, discovered me.

"The assayer, by thunder!" muttered the amalgamator, tearing off my bonds and freeing me of the gag. "What was it, Mr. Leffingwell? Robbery?"

"Yes," I gasped. "After them, Truffles! Catch them if you possibly can!"

They rushed away and I went back into the mill, where I found the gold just as it had been left. After placing the yellow balls in the laboratory safe, I tied up my aching head with a handkerchief and went out to see what had become of Miss Grafton and Healy. I could not find them at first, but at the end of a few minutes' search I passed around the first tier of tanks and came suddenly upon them. They were close together and Healy's arm was about her waist and her head was lying on his shoulder. I whirled hastily, but they heard me and Miss Grafton drew away from the super and he turned in my direction.

"Who's that?" he demanded. "O, is it you, Leffingwell? We've been looking all around for you."

"Thanks," said I; "it was very kind of you to think of me at such a time. I'll see you in the morning and we'll—"

"Wait!" cried Healy, coming closer and catching my arm. "What's the meaning of that bandage around your head? Were you hurt?"

"Bruised, that's all," I answered lightly. "And you?"

"Not even a scratch! But—" he looked toward the cyanide tank and shuddered—"if it had not been for Edna's bravery there would have been an altogether different story. She came down to turn off the cyanide from one of the filled tanks and got here just in time to prevent it from being turned onto that other one."

Edna! Up to that hour the super had never called Miss Grafton by her first name. Verily, his wooing must have taken a mighty bound forward through the events of that night.

"That revolver," went on Healy, "was one that I had given Edna. You see, I felt nervous after that trouble with Manuel to-day, and, as I had a small weapon which she could conveniently carry, I requested her to take it and always keep it handy. Did you see what took place, Leffingwell?"

"I saw it all."

"You never saw a woman act any pluckier than Edna did, I'll warrant."

"Never."

Then Edna—I beg her pardon! Miss Grafton—laughed softly.

"If the strain on my nerves had lasted another instant," she acknowledged, "I should have gone to pieces. Suppose I had fainted at the critical moment?"

"But you didn't," returned Healy, "and even if you had, I should still have gloried in your courage. I will take you back to Miss Landy's now," he added, "and then return and join in the chase after Manuel and Pedro."

"The gold was not taken," I called after him as he and Miss Grafton started off.

"I'm glad of that," answered the super, carelessly. "Just lock it up, will you, Leffingwell?"

* * * * *

Manuel and Pedro made good their escape, and, so far as I know, were never afterward heard from in that section. I did not remain long at the Little Ophil after the attempted robbery, for a certain pink envelop brought me a message, one Monday, which filled me with happiness and set me to making preparations for returning east. Monday night I told the super that I was going, and requested him to get another assayer to take my place. He gave me a humorous look and asked:

"Has that perpendicular writing anything to do with this sudden determination on your part, Leffingwell?"

"I'll exchange confidences with you if you wish," he added.

"Well, then," said I, "the pink letter I got at noon has everything to do with my going away."

"Lucky dog!" he exclaimed, griping my hand. "But you're not the only fortunate man in camp, by any means. Some one promised to take me for better or for worse not long ago——"

"The woman in charge?" I asked, smilingly.

"Some one must have told you!" he laughed.

Sabbath-School Lesson.

FOR JULY 14, 1901

Beginning of Sin and Redemption—Gen. III. 1-15.

By John R. Whitney—Copyright, 1901.

Golden Text—Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Rom. v., 20.

When St. Paul outlined the plan—or "purpose"—of God in regard to man (Rom. viii., 28-29), he said that it was marked by five prominent features.

1. FORE-KNOWLEDGE—"Whom He did foreknow."
2. PREDETERMINATION—"He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son."
3. CALLING—"Whom he did predestinate, them He also called."
4. Justification—"Whom He called, them He also justified."
5. GLORY—"Whom He justified, them He also glorified."

Last week we saw how the first two steps of this plan or "purpose" were carried out. For when God said "Let us make man" (i., 26), the proposal was evidently the consummation of a plan which he had long before known and determined upon. For if he made "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew" (ii., 5), he certainly, in his own mind, made man before he formed him "out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." (ii., 7.)

Thus "whom he did foreknow" him he did create.

Evidently, also, he must have had a definite purpose in his creation, for he predestinated him to be conformed to the image of his son, or, destined him, before his creation to this high position. Therefore he made him "in the image of God" (i., 27), and he was called "the Son of God." (Luke iii., 38.)

Moreover, it is evident that God's "purpose" was too large to be limited to one man. So Adam was not to occupy this high position simply as an individual, but as the representative of many individuals. For God predestined him "to be conformed to the image of his son," in order that his son "might be the first born of many brethren." In other words, "the first man, Adam" (I. Cor., xv., 45), was to be the first representative of all mankind—they were all designed to be conformed to the image of God's son, and to share in his glory.

Last week we saw how admirably he was fitted and conditioned to meet all of thedemands of this high position. Now our attention is turned to the third step in God's plan or "purpose." Why is it said, "whom He predestinate, them He also called"? What was the necessity of calling him? What was the occasion of it? What was its purpose? And in examining into this matter, it is important to notice the change from the singular to the plural, He predestined "him," but He called "them," the two whom He named "Adam," and all of their children. It is a striking proof that he "whom He did predestinate" was the representative of all those whom "He called." (3: 16.)

Now, this representative man, being a creature, was under law—the law of His Maker. This law contained but one prohibition. It said: "Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (2: 16, 17.)

This one law demanded implicit obedience. The penalty for disobedience was "surely" death. And yet no special provision appears to have been madeto encourage and foster obedience, or in any way to make it easy. Neither was anything done to prevent disobedience or to make it difficult. "The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil" stood "in the midst of the garden," apparently alongside of, or not far form, "The Tree of Life." (2: 9.) The one was just as accessible as the other.

God had said, however, that of the one he might eat freely, but of the other he must not eat at all. And being made "in the image of God," he was necessarily a free agent. He must, therefore, act in this matter according to his own free choice. The only thing to direct him was his own estimate of the word of God. For he knew that if he ate of "The Tree of Life," he would "live forever" (3:22); if of "The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil," he would "surely die." The film of death would pass over all of his high capacities and powers. His intimate and blessed fellowship with God would cease, and all understanding of His works would be veiled in darkness. And not only would he as an individual die, but in him all of his posterity would also "surely die." For if by one man sin enters into the world "and death by sin" (Rom. 5:12), then death will pass upon all men, for that all will be born in sin. (Job 14:4.) This was the position of Adam when he was placed "in Eden" (2:8) as the vicegerant of God and bearing His image.

But now as the inspired Seer looks into the Garden of Eden, he beholds a new element entering into the problem of man's stability. It is Satan. Once higher than man—one of the angelic host—he had rebelled against the Almighty, and had been cast out of heaven, (Jude 6, 2 Peter 2:4.) Now he cannot endure the sight of blessedness in others. But he has no power of compulsion to turn any away from God. Every term used to describe him shows conclusively that he can only "tempt," "beguile," "seduce," "deceive," "allure," or "betray," but never command, enforce, or compel. If he succeeds, it must be by the willing consent of the one whom he approaches.

The serpent, whose form Satan had assumed, was itself, in common with all other creatures under the dominion of Adam. (1: 28.) In him, therefore, Satan came, with insinuating words as of a friendly interest. Having no desire, however, that man should "live forever," he did not make the slightest suggestion that he should take of "The Tree of Life." But with all subtlety he plotted that Adam should "surely die," for "he was a murderer from the beginning, a liar, and the father of it." (John 8:44.) Against his assaults, Adam stood in the garden of Eden, as David stood against Goliath in "the valley of Elah." (1 Sam. 17.) Like David, if he was victorious, all whom he represented would be free; if defeated, they would all be enslaved.

So Satan approached Eve and framed his first question in such a way as to lead her mind

TO DISTRUST GOD.

"Yea, hath God said," he asked, as if it were a very strange and unreasonable thing, "Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" Heretofore the command had never been questioned, or its importance doubted. Now, however, it began to appear irksome. The deceiver fixed attention upon the thing forbidden and its attractions and turned it away from Him who had forbidden it and His authority. So the longer the forbidden thing was looked at the more desirable it appeared—and the more the goodness and wisdom of God were distrusted. This has always been so.

Thus the poison began to work. The command at which Satan had been surprised was admitted to be true, and the reason for it was frankly stated as sufficient and as thoroughly believed. This admission prepared the way for a bolder assault even.

TO PRESUME UPON GOD.

For having raised a doubt as to God's goodness in one direction, Satan now boldly declared that they could fearlessly trust to his goodness in another; they would not "surely die," he said. So he left the impression upon their minds that God would not inflict the penalty he had said he would. On the contrary, great benefits would result to them, and God knew it. Thus he led them on step by step.

TO FORSAKE GOD.

For the more Eve looked at the forbidden tree and turned over Satan's suggestions in her mind, the more was she inclined to believe him than to believe God. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave unto her husband with her, and he did eat." (v. 6.)

This was the point that Satan desired to reach, and it was not difficult to reach it when once the goodness and wisdom of God were doubted, and the truth of His word questioned. It never is. So sinless man became sinful man. He was "a sinner," because he refused obedience to God.

Thus man forsook God. Being a free agent he could be tempted. As the potter, knowing what he will do (Rom. 9: 21), takes a lump of clay with the determination of making it a vessel fitted for a high place in the king's palace, so God had (Isaiah 64: 8) formed man "of the dust of the ground" (2: 7), and predestined him "to be conformed to the image of His Son." But when the potter fashions his vessel of clay for the king's palace with all the skill that he can command, and decorates it with exquisite and befitting beauty, he knows perfectly well that if a careless, or a wicked, hand drops it upon the floor, or if a sudden and unexpected blast of wind blows it from its pedestal, it will be broken into fragments. All of its beauty will be destroyed, the high purpose for which it was designed will in an instant be defeated, and he will have no power to restore it to its place.

But it is not so with the Divine Potter. His magnificent purposes were not to be overthrown by the wickedness of Satan, or by the weakness of man. In His plan He had provided for this very contingency by the gracious scheme of redemption—a scheme devised "before the foundation of the world" (Eph. 1: 4), when His Son said: "Lo, I come, to do Thy will, O God." (Heb. 10: 7.)

So when Adam and Eve, in the shame of their sin, "hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden" (iii., 8), and no longer sought companionship with him, he did not hide himself from them, but sought them out and "called" them back to himself. The very first word addressed to sinful man was, "Adam, where art thou?" (v. 9.) That word of anxious inquiry has been ringing down through all the ages—to all men—everywhere.

For when God's own Son came to redeem men, he said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save, that which was lost" (Luke xix., 10), and "to call sinners to repentance." (Matt. ix., 13.) His whole ministry was one of "calling." So he went everywhere preaching the gospel. So he sent out the twelve apostles—and the seventy—to do the same thing. So he commanded all of his disciples before he ascended into heaven, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi., 15), for it "pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." (I. Cor. i., 21.) Thus "calling" or "preaching" is a part of God's gracious plan of salvation.

When God "called" Adam, however, it was not to condemn and denounce him, but to awaken him to repentance, and to give him a knowledge of his grace. For "whom he called them he justified." By the death of that which was innocent from all sin, he provided clothing for them (iii., 21), that they might apear even in his presence without fear. He also gave them at once the first glimmering promise of redemption—the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head—a man should "destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." (Heb. ii., 14.)

This promise was fulfilled "when the fulness of the time was come," and "God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. iv., 4, 5), and "that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. (Rom. iii., 26.) Thus what no human potter could possibly do with the work of his hands the Divine Potter could with the work of his, even when it fell and was broken. For his own son became "unto them which are called, the power of God and the wisdom of God." (I. Cor., i., 24.)

So through redemption, God's great "purpose" in creation will be accomplished notwithstanding the fall of man. For "whom He justified, them He also glorified," brought back into the glory which they had with the Father in the beginning. (John xvii, 24).

When this divine Redeemer and Restorer, this "Second Man," this "Last Adam," entered upon His work, He also was "tempted of the devil" (Matt. iv.,1) in almost identically the same manner as "the first man, Adam." The effort was the same, and the forms of attack were singularly alike. Thus Satan said, when he tempted

TO DISTRUST GOD.

To Adam—"Hath God said, Ye shall not eat?"

To Jesus—"Command that these stones be made bread."

TO PRESUME UPON GOD.

To Adam—"Ye shall not surely die."

To Jesus—"He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee."

TO FORSAKE GOD.

To Adam—"Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods."

To Jesus—"All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Now every temptation that comes upon any of the children of Adam may be classed under one or other or all of these three heads—to distrust God, to presume upon God, or to forsake God. Thus "in Christ," as "in Adam," we have One who "was in all points tempted like as we are." (Heb. iv., 15.) But "in Adam" we fall; "in Christ" we stand.

Bryn Mawr, Penn.

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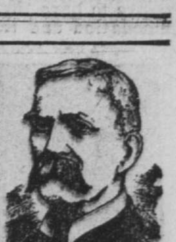
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Many novel features are promised for Ringling Brothers' big circus this season, and those who witness the performances of this popular arenic institution in Minneapolis Monday, July 22, will be surprised at the notable changes in the program since its last visit two years ago. In the first place, the show has been greatly enlarged, so that it is now universally recognized as the largest and most complete circus, menagerie and hippodrome in the United States. During the past winter the agents of the show made a careful canvass of the European circuses, and the result of their work is evidenced in what is believed to be the most complete and novel aggregation of circus novelties ever seen in this country. All kinds of arenic endeavor are represented. Among the world-famous aerialists are the wonderful Feeley Family, imported especially for their great exhibition this season; the Holloway Trio of high-wire artists; Alvo, Boise and Picard, emperors of the aerial bars, the Flying Fishers; Mlle. Turnour, the world-famous aerial poseur, and an entire troupe of Japanese aerial gymnasts and high-wire bicyclists. The marvelous Garcinetti Troupe, direct from Italy, head the list of unequaled acrobats, which also includes the French Family Da Coma, the Three Marvelles, the Wartenburg Brothers, the Alpine Sisters and nearly sixty others. Madame Noble and her trained horse, Jupiter, are striking features of the international display of high-class horses. In the riding section, which is remarkable for the unusual number of equestrians of international reputation, Miss Amelia Feeley, declared by all who have seen her to be the greatest lady rider that the world has ever produced; John Rooney, the undisputed Champion rider of Europe and America, and Albert Crandall, who gives a laughable exhibition of burlesque riding upon the back of a mule, are seen in company with twenty-seven other skilled horsemen and horsewomen. The trained animal portion of the program is a complete show in itself. Ringling Brothers' latest trained animal sensation introduces twenty huge elephants in a single act, in one ring, under the direction of one man.

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"Thinking the healthy air of the country in which I was born, Wales, would be of benefit to me my mother took me there but I did not seem to improve. Finally, however, before we returned to this country, a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, My disease was stubborn but after I had taken this wonderful remedy for six weeks I found I was getting better. I continued the use of the pills and now am entirely well. I have recommended them to many people and cannot praise them too highly."

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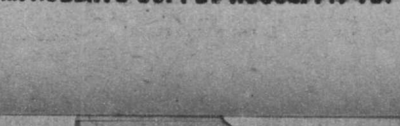

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