The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Chapter XVIII—Continued.

Tom said: "You are going?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going."

"Then I will go with you."

"Thank you, Tom," said the other quietly.

Meredith ran into his own room, pressed an electric button, sprang out of his pajamas like Aphrodite from the white sea foam, and began to dive into his clothes with a panting rapidity astonishingly foreign to his desire. Jim appeared in the doorway.

"The cart, Jim," shouted his master. "We want it like lightning. Tell the cook to give Mr. Harkless his breakfast in a hurry. Set a cup of coffee on the table by the front door for me. Run like the deuce! We've got to catch a train.—That will be quicker than any cab," he explained to Harkless. "We'll break the ordinance against fast driving, getting down there."

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gait which pained the respectable neighborhood. The big horse plunged through the air, his ears laid flat toward his tail; the cart careened sickeningly; the face of the servant clutching at the rail in the rear was smeared with pallor as they pirouetted around curves on one wheel—to him it seemed they skirted the corners and Death simultaneously—and the speed of their going made a strong wind in their faces.

Harkless leaned forward.

"Can you make it a little faster, Tom?" he said.

They dashed up to the station amid the cries of people flying to the walls for safety; the two gentlemen leaped from the cart, bore down upon the ticket-office, stormed at the agent, and ran madly at the gates, flourishing their passports. The official on duty eyed them wearily, and barred the way.

"Been gone two minutes," he remarked, with a peaceable yawn.

Harkless stamped his foot on the cement flags; then he stood stock still, gazing at the empty tracks; but Meredith turned to him, smiling.

"Won't it keep?" he said.

"Yes, it will keep," John answered, "Part of it may have to keep till election day, but some of it I will settle before night. And that," he cried between his teeth, "and that is the part of it in regard to young Mr. Fisbee!"

"Oh, it's about H. Fisbee, is it?"

"Yes, it's H. Fisbee."

"Well, we might as well go up and see what the doctor thinks of you; there's no train."

"I don't want to see a doctor again, ever—as long as I live. I'm as well as anybody."

Tom burst out laughing, and clapped his companion lightly on the shoulder, his eyes dancing with pleasure.

"Upon my soul," he cried, "I believe you are! It's against all my traditions, and I see I am the gull of poetry; for I've always believed it to be beyond question that this sort of miracle was wrought, not by rage, but by the tenderer senti—" Tom checked himself. "Well, let's take a drive."

"Meredith," said the other, turning to him gravely, "you may think me a fool, if you will, and it's likely I am; but I don't leave this station except by train. I've only two days to work in, and every minute lessens our chances to beat McCune, and I have to begin by wasting time on a tussle with a traitor. There's another train at 11:55; I don't take any chances on missing that one."

"Well, well," laughed his friend, pushing him good-humoredly toward a door by a red and white striped pillar, "we'll wait here, if you like; but at least go in there and get a shave; it's a clean shop. You want to look your best if you are going down to fight H. Fisbee."

"Take these, then, and you will understand," said Harkless; and he thrust his three telegrams of the morning into Tom's hand and disappeared into the barbershop. When he was gone, Meredith went to the telegraph office in the station, and sent a line over the wire to Helen:

Keep your delegation at home. He's coming on the 11:55.

Then he read the three telegrams Harkless had given him. They were all from Plattville:

Sorry cannot oblige. Present incumbent tenacious. Unconditionally refuses surrender. Delicate matter. No hope for K. H. But don't worry. Everything all right.

—Warren Smith.

Harkless, if you have the strength to walk, come down before the convention. Get here by 10:47. Looks bad. Come if it kills you.

—K. H.

You entrusted me with sole responsibility for all matters pertaining to Herald. Declared yourself mere spectator. Does this permit your interfering with my policy for the paper? Decline to consider any proposition to relieve me of my duties without proper warning and allowance of time.

—H. Fisbee.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Great Harkless Comes Home.

The accommodation train wandered languidly through the early afternoon sunshine, stopping at every village and almost every country postoffice on the line; the engine whistle toot-tooting at the road crossings; and, now and again, at such junctures, a farmer, struggling with a team of prancing horses would be seen, or it might be a group of school children, homeward bound from seats of learning. At each station, when the train came to a standstill, some passenger, hanging head and elbows out of his window, like a quilt draped over a chair, would address a citizen on the platform:

"Hey, Sam, how's Miz Buskirk?"

"She's wal."

"Where's Milt, this afternoon?"

"Warshing the buggy." Then at the cry "All aboard"—"See you Sunday over at Amo."

"You make Milt come. I'll be there, shore. So long."

There was an impatient passenger in the smoker, who found the stoppages at these wayside hamlets interminable, both in frequency and in the delay at each of them; and while the dawdling train remained inert, and the moments passed inactive, his eyes dilated and his hand clenched till the nails bit his palm; then, when the trucks groaned and the wheels crooned against the rails once more, he sank back in his seat with sighs of relief. Sometimes he would get up and pace the aisle until his companion reminded him that this was not certain to hasten the hour of their arrival at their destination.

"I know that," answered the other, "but I've got to beat McCune."

"By the way," observed Meredith, "you left your stick behind."

"You don't think I need a club to face ——"

Tom choked. "Oh, no. I wasn't thinking of your giving H. Fisbee a thrashing. I meant to lean on."

"I don't want it. I've got to walk lame all my life, but I'm not going to hobble on a stick." Tom looked at him sadly; for it was true, and the Cross-Roaders might hug themselves in their cells over the thought. For the rest of his life John Harkless was to walk with just the limp they themselves would have had, if, as in former days, their sentence had been to the ball and chain.

The window was open beside the two young men, and the breeze swept in, fresh from the wide fields. There was a tang in the air; it soothed like a balm, but there was a spur to energy and heartiness in its crispness, the wholesome touch of fall. John looked out over the boundless aisles of corn that stood higher than a tall man could reach; long waves rippled across them. Here, where the cry of the brave had rung in forest glades, where the painted tribes had hastened, were marshalled the tasselled armies of peace. And beyond these, where the train ran between shadowy groves, delicate landscape vistas, framed in branches, opened, closed, and succeeded each other, and then the travellers were carried out into the level open again, and the intensely blue September skies ran down to the low horizon, meeting the tossing plumes of corn.

It takes a long time for the full beauty of the flat lands to reach a man's soul; once there, nor hills, nor sea, nor growing fan leaves of palm shall suffice him. It is like the beauty in the word "Indiana." It may be that there are people who do not consider "Indiana" a beautiful word; but once it rings true in your ears it has a richer sound than "Vallombrosa."

There was a newness in the atmosphere that day, a bright invigoration, that set the blood tingling. The hot months were done with, languor was routed. Autumn spoke to industry, told of the sowing of another harvest, of the tawny shock, of the purple grape, of the red apple, and called upon muscle and laughter; breathed gaiety into men's hearts. The little stations hummed with bustle and noise; big farm wagons rattled away and raced with cut-under or omnibus; people walked with quick steps; the baggagemasters called cheerily to the trainmen, and the brakeman laughed good-bys to rollicking girls.

As they left Gainesville three children, clad in calico, barefooted and bareheaded, came romping out of a log cabin on the outskirts of the town, and waved their hands to the passengers. They climbed on the sagging gate in front of their humble domain, and laughed for joy to see the monstrous caravan come clattering out of the unknown, bearing the faces by. The smallest child, a little cherubic towhead, whose cheeks were smeared with clean earth and the tracks of forgotten tears, stood upright on a fence post, and blew the most impudent of kisses to the strangers on a journey.

Beyond this they came into a great plain, acres and acres of green rag-weed where the wheat had grown, all so flat one thought of an enormous billiard table, and now, where the railroad crossed the country roads, they saw the stanch brown thistle, sometimes the sumach, and always the graceful iron-weed, slender, tall, proud, bowing a purple-turbaned head, or shaking in an agony of fright when it stood too close to the train. The fields, like great, flat emeralds set in new metal, were bordered with golden-rod, and at sight of this the heart leaped; for the golden-rod is a symbol of stored granaries, of ripe sheaves, of the kindness of the season generously given and abundantly received; more, it is the token of a land of promise and bounteous fulfilment; and the plant stains its blossom with yellow so that when it falls it pays tribute to the ground which has nourished it.

From the plain they passed again into a thick wood, where ruddy arrows of the sun glinted among the boughs; and, here and there one saw a courtly maple or royal oak wearing a gala mantle of crimson and pale brown, gallants of the forest preparing early for the October masquerade, when they should hold wanton carnival, before they stripped them of their finery for pious gray.

And when the coughing engine drew them to the borders of this wood, they rolled out into another rich plain of green and rust-colored corn; and far to the south John Harkless marked a winding procession of sycamores, which, he knew, followed the course of a slender stream; and the waters of the stream flowed by a bank where wild thyme might have grown and where, beyond an orchard and a rose garden, a rustic bench was placed in the shade of the trees; and the name of the stream was Hibbard's Creek. Here the land lay flatter than elsewhere; the sky came closer, with a gentle benediction; the breeze blew in, laden with keener spices; there was the flavor of apples and the smell of the walnut and a hint of coming frost; the immeasurable earth lay more patiently to await the husbandman; and the whole world seemed to extend flat in line with the eye—for this was Carlow county.

All at once the anger ran out of John Harkless; he was a hard man for anger to tarry with. And in place of it a strong sense of home-coming began to take possession of him. He was going home. "Back to Plattville, where I belong," he had said; and he said it again without bitterness, for it was the truth. "Every man cometh to his own place in the end."

Yes, as one leaves a gay acquaintance of the play house lobby for some hard-handed, tried old friend, so he would wave the outer world God-speed and come back to the old ways of Carlow. What though the years were dusty, he had his friends and his memories and his old black brier pipe. He had a girl's picture that he should carry in his heart till his last day; and if his life was sadded, it was infinitely richer for it. His winter fireside should be not so lonely for her sake; and losing her, he lost not everything, for he had the rare blessing of having known her. And what man could wish to be healed of such a hurt? Far better to have had it than to trot a smug pace unscathed.

He had been a dullard; he had lain prostrate in the wretchedness of his loss. "A girl you could put in your hat—and there there you have a strong man prone." He had been a sluggard, weary of himself, unfit to fight, a failure in life and a failure in love. That was ended; he was tired of failing, and it was time to succeed for a while. To accept the worst that Fate can deal, and to wring courage from it instead of despair, that is success; and it was the success that he would have. He would take fate by the neck. But had it done him unkindness? He looked out over the beautiful, "monotonous" landscape, and he answered heartily, "No!" There was ignorance in man, but no unkindness; were man utterly wise he were utterly kind. The Cross-Roaders had not known better; that was all.

The unfolding aisles of corn swam pleasantly before John's eyes. The earth hearkened to man's wants and answered; the clement sun and summer rains hastened the fruition. Yonder stood the brown haystack, garnered to feed the industrious horse who had earned his meed; there was the straw-thatched shelter for the cattle. How the orchard boughs bent with their burdens! The big red barns stood stored with the harvested wheat; and, beyond the pasture lands, tall trees rose against the benign sky to feed the glance of a dreamer; the fertile soil lay lavender and glossy in the furrow. The farmhouses were warmly built and hale and strong; no winter blast should rage so bitterly as to shake them, or scatter the hospitable embers on the hearth. For this was Carlow county, and he was coming home.

They crossed a by-road. An old man with a streaky gray chin beard was sitting on a sack of oats in a seatless wagon, waiting for the train to pass. Harkless seized his companion excitedly by the elbow.

"Tommy!" he cried. "It's Kim Fentriss—look! Did you see that old fellow?"

"I saw a particularly uninterested and uninteresting gentleman sitting on a bag," replied his friend.

"Why, that's old Kimball Fentriss. He's going to town; he lives on the edge of the county."

"Can this be true?" said Meredith, gravely.

"I wonder," said Harkless, thoughtfully, a few moments later, "I wonder why he had them changed around."

"Who changed around?"

"The team. He always used to drive the bay on the near side and the sorrel on the off."

"And at present," rejoined Meredith, "I am to understand that he is driving the sorrel on the near side and bay on the off?"

"That's it," returned the other. "He must have worked them like that for some time, because they didn't look uneasy. They're all right about the train, those two. I've seen them stand with their heads almost against a fast freight. See there!" He pointed to a white farmhouse with green blinds. "That's Win Hibbard's. We're just outside of Beaver."

"Beaver? Elucidate Beaver, boys!"

"Beaver? Meredith, your information ends at home. What do you know of your own state if you are ignorant of Beaver. Beaver is that city of Carlow county next in importance and population to Plattville."

Tom put his head out of the window. "I fancy you are right," he said. "I already see five people there."

Meredith had observed the change in his companion's mood. He had watched him closely all day, looking for a return of his malady; but he came to the conclusion that in truth a miracle had been wrought, for the lethargy was gone ,and vigor seemed to increase in Harkless with every turn of the wheels that brought them nearer Plattville; and the nearer they drew to Plattville the higher the spirits of both the young men rose. Meredith knew what was happening there, and he began to be a little excited. As he had said, there were five people visible at Beaver; and he wondered where they lived, as the only building in sight was the station, and to satisfy his curiosity he walked out to the vestibule. The little station stood in deep woods, and brown leaves whirled along the platform. One of the five people was an old lady, and she entered the rear car. The other four were men. One of them handed the conductor a telegram.

Meredith heard the official say, "All right. Decorate ahead. I'll hold it five minutes."

The man sprang up the steps of the smoker and looked in. He turned to Meredith: "Do you know if that gentleman in the gray coat is Mr. Harkless? He's got his back this way, and I don't want to go inside. The—the air in the smoker always gives me a spell."

"Yes, that's Mr. Harkless."

The man jumped to the platform. "All right, boys," he said. "Rip her out."

The doors of the freight-room were thrown open, and a big bundle of colored stuffs was dragged out and hastily unfolded. One of the men ran to the farther end of the car with a strip of red, white and blue bunting, and tacked it securely, while another fastened the other extremity to the railing of the steps by Meredith. The two companions of this pair performed the same operation with another strip on the other side of the car. They ran similar strips of bunting along the roof from end to end, so that, except for the windows, the car was completely covered with the national colors. Then they draped the vestibules with flags. It was all done in a trice.

Meredith's heart was beating fast. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Picnic down the line,' 'answered the man in charge, removing a tack from his mouth. He motioned to the conductor, "Go ahead."

The wheels began to move; the decorators remained on the platform, letting the train pass them; but Meredith, craning his neck from the steps, saw that they jumped on the last car.

"What's the celebration?" asked Harkless, when Meredith returned.

"Picnic down the line," said Meredith.

"Nipping weather for a picnic; a little cool, don't you think? One of those fellows looked like a friend of mine, Homer Tibbs, or as Homer might look if he were in disgrace. He had his hat hung on his eyes, and he slouched like a thief in melodrama, as he tacked up the bunting on this side of the car." He continued to point out various familiar places, finally breaking out enthusiastically, as they drew nearer the town: "Hello! Look there—beyond the grove yonder! See that house?"

"Yes, John."

"That's the Bowilders'. You've got to know the Bowilders."

"I'd like to."

"The kindest people in the world. The Briscoe house we can't see, because it's so shut in by trees; and, besides, it's a mile or so ahead of us. We'll go out there for supper to-night. Don't you like Briscoe? He's the best they make. We'll go up town with Judd Bennett in the omnibus, and you'll know how a rapid-fire machine gun sounds. I want to go straight to the Herald office," he finished, with a suddenly darkening brow.

"After all, there may be some explanation," Meredith suggested, with a little hesitancy. "H. Fisbee might turn out more honest than you think."

Harkless threw his head back and laughed; it was the first time Meredith had heard him laugh since the night of the dance in the country. "Honest! A man in the pay of Rodney McCune! Well, we can let it wait till we get there. Listen! There's the whistle that means we're getting near home. By heaven, there's an oil well!"

"So it is."

"And another—three—five—seven—seven in sight at once! They tried it three miles south and failed; but you can't fool Eph Watts, bless him! I want you to know Watts."

They were running by the outlying houses of the town, amidst a thousand descriptive exclamations from Harkless, who wished Meredith to meet every one in Carlow. But he came to a pause in the middle of a word.

"Do you hear music?" he asked abruptly. "Or is it only the rhythm of the ties?"

"It seems to me there's music in the air," answered his companion. "I've been fancying I heard it for a minute or so. There! No—yes. It's a band, isn't it?"

"No; what would a band——"

The train slowed up, and stopped at a water tank, two hundred yards east of the station, and their uncertainty was at an end.

From somewhere down the track came the detonating boom of a cannon. There was a clash of brass, and the travelers became aware of a band playing "Marching Through Georgia." Meredith laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "John," he said, "John——" The cannon fired again, and there came a cheer from three thousand throats, the shouters all unseen.

The engine coughed and panted, the train rolled on, and in another minute it had stopped alongside the station in the midst of a riotous jam of happy people, who were waving flags and banners and handkerchiefs, and tossing their hats high in the air, and shouting themselves hoarse. The band played in dumb show; it could not hear itself play. The people came at the smoker like a long wave, and Warren Smith, Briscoe, Keating, and Mr. Bence of Gaines were swept ahead of it. Before the train stopped they had rushed eagerly up the steps and entered the car.

Harkless was on his feet and started to meet them. He stopped.

"What does it meanQ" he said, and began to grow pale. "Is Halloway—did McCune—have you——"

Warren Smith seized one of his hands and Briscoe the other. "What does it mean?" cried Warren; "it means that you were nominated for congress at five minutes after one o'clock this afternoon."

"On the second ballot," shouted the judge, "just as young Fisbee planned it, weeks ago."

It was one of the great crowds of Carlow's history. They had known since morning that he was coming home, and the gentlemen of the reception committee had some busy hours; but long before the train arrived, everything was ready. Homer Tibbs had done his work well at Beaver, and the gray-haired veterans of a battery Carlow had sent out in '61 had placed their worn old gun in position to fire salutes. At one o'clock, immediately after the nomination had been made unanimous, the Harkless clubs of Carlow, Amo, and Gaines, secretly organized during the quiet agitation preceding the convention, formed on parade in the courthouse ward, and, with the Plattville band at their head, paraded the streets to the station, to make sure of being on hand when the train arrived—it was due in a couple of hours. There they were joined by an increasing number of glad enthusiasts, all noisy, exhilerated, red-faced with shouting, and patriotically happy. As Mr. Bence, himself the spoiled child of another county, generously said, in a speech, which (with no outrageous pressure) he was induced to make during the long wait: "The favorite son of Carlow is returning to his Lares and Penates like another Cincinnatus accepting the call of the people; and, for the first time in sixteen years, Carlow shall have a representative to bear the banner of this district and the flaming torch of Progress sweeping on to Washington and triumph like a speedy galleon of old. And his friends are here to take his hand and do him homage, and the number of his friends is as the number given in the last census of the population of the counties of this district."

(To be Continued Monday.)

PULPIT AND PEW

Chinese Will Participate.

A musical program of peculiar and special interest will be given at the Fowler Methodist church Sunday at 8 p. m. The numbers will be given by Mrs. Pearl Benham Kaighn of New York city and Miss Anna Stone, a native of central China, whose Chinese name is Ninnie Shia. Miss Stone came to this country in 1898. After one year's study at Hamline university she has taken the complete course in English and music at the Foltz Mission Institute, Herkimer, N. Y.

Her father was one of the strongest native preachers of central China, and fell a martyr to his faith at the hands of the Boxers. Miss Ilien Tang, a native of Kin-kiang, central China, has also consented to sing both in English and Chinese. She was the first girl in central China to have her feet unbound. She is a graduate of the Normal Kindergarten Training school of Minneapolis and is studying music and English in the Foltz Mission institute. She hopes to complete her education in this country and return to enter mission work in her native land. She will also make a short address.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

Much interest centers in the coming rally and conference supper in honor of General Secretary John Willis Baer, to be held Friday evening, Sept. 12, in Westminster church. Following a reception from 6 to 6:30, for officers and chairmen of committees, will come the conference supper, from 6:30 to 7:45, after which Mr. Baer will give an address in the auditorium. To this all Endeavorers of the city and friends are cordially invited.

The state convention to be held in St. Paul in October is expected to be the best in the state history of Endeavor work. The time, place and other details will be given next Saturday, also an outline of the program.

The senior C. E. society of Chicago Avenue Baptist church held its annual picnic Wednesday evening on the lawn of Mrs. Swift, Thirty-ninth street and Tenth avenue S. After supper, phonographic selections were listened to, and then came the feature of the evening, a corn roast. It proved very enjoyable to the thirty or more young people who attended.

That the new intermediate superintendent, Miss Mary Cook, is taking hold in earnest is shown by the increased activity among the societies of this branch of Christian Endeavor work. Simpson M. E. intermediates and others are engaged in mission work and much enthusiasm is being shown.

Church Notes.

Dr. Montgomery will speak at Wesley Methodist church Sunday morning on "The Suppressions of a Well-Ordered Life." The music for the morning service follows: Prelude, Andante, Smart; quartet, Te Deum, Buck; Mr. Williams will sing a tenor solo, "The King of Love," Gounod; postlude, "War March," Mendelssohn. In the evening Dr. Montgomery will deliver a special Labor Day address, subject: "Christianity and the Laboring Man." The special music follows: Prelude, Minnetto, Guilmant; quartet, "O Be Joyful in the Lord," Schubert; duet, "O Divine Redeemer," Gounod; quartet, "Love Divine," Mendelsshon; postlude, March in C, Clark.

Rev. C. H. Rust, who has spent the month of August with Calvary Baptist church, closes his work Sunday evening. There will be a special evangelistic service.

Mrs. Pearl Benham Kaighin has been prevailed upon to spend one more week in the city and will sing both morning and evening at the Fowler Methodist church, Franklin and Dupont avenues. Dr. Cool's morning theme is "How to Open the Windows of Heaven."

Rev. John Timothy Stone's engagement with Westminster church as pulpit supply will close Sunday. The people of Westminster have been pleased with Mr. Stone. "The Great Prayer," is the theme for the morning sermon. Owen T. Morris will sing "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," by Buck. The subject for the evening sermon, "Saved to the Uttermost," indicates that Mr. Stone intends to use as his farewell discourse a practical gospel sermon. The mid-week prayer services at Westminster are being led by Rev. A. G. Patterson and are proving of great helpfulness. "Christ Before Pilate" is the topic for Thursday evening.

The following special musical numbers will be given at First Baptist church Sunday morning: Violin solo, Andante con moto, op. 30, Leonard, by Miss Claire Harrington; tenor solo, "Face to Face," by Sydney Morse. Evening: Organ and piano duet, "Reverie," by Misses Grace Page and Gertrude Wales.

A Spiritualists Union Grove meeting will be held at 3 p. m., four blocks north of interurban car line on Fairview avenue.

G. H. Normington, organist and choirmaster of St. Mark's vested boy choir, has decided to give a special choral and festival music service one Sunday evening each month. This will be of interest to many who enjoyed the work of the choir the past year. Sunday evening, Sept. 7, at 7:30, Garrett's magnificent 'Harvest Festival' service will be given by full vested choir of fifty voices. Seats are free and all are welcome.

The Rev. Charles Fox Davis of the Bloomington Avenue Methodist church will preach a Labor Day sermon Sunday evening.

Dr. S. D. Hutsinpiller has returned from his vacation and will speak at Hennepin Avenue Methodist church at 10:30 on "The Uncrowned King and His Prayer." He will lead the young people's meeting at 6:30. Mrs. Maude Adams Waterman will sing. No preaching in the evening.

All Soul's Universalist church will reopen Sunday after a six weeks' vacation, during which the church and Sunday school rooms have been repaired and redecorated. There will be special services and music.

Rev. Stanley B. Roberts, pastor of the Bethlehem Presbyterian church, will occupy his pulpit Sunday morning and evening. He and family have just returned from a vacation among old friends and relatives in the east.

Rev. R. K. Porter, pastor of the Stewart Memorial Presbyterian church, will speak in the morning on "Working People and Their Employers, as Viewed in the Light of God's Word—A Labor Day Discourse." In the evening a special missionary service will be held. Peter Hanson, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and chairman of the missionary department of the Christian Endeavor City union, will give an account of the student volunteer work. In the morning Miss Myrtle McCune will sing as an offertory, "Just for To-day."

Rev. M. D. Hardin of Andrew Presbyterian church will be in his pulpit Sept. 7.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hallock will return Sept. 6 from Portland, Me., where they have spent the summer. Dr. Hallock will occupy his pulpit in Pylmouth church the Sunday following.

The choir of Lyndale Congregational church will sing the following selections Sunday, assisted by Miss Edwina Webb, a talented mandoliniste, who will play the offertory solo at the morning service: Morning—Unaccompanied quartet, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," ladies' voices; "Lord's Prayer," tenor solo, arranged from Schubert; offertory solo, Miss Edwina Webb. Evening—Trio, "Memory"; response, "Perfect Peace';; offertory solo, "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own," from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, Miss L. B. Wassersieher.

The pulpit of Simpson Methodist church will be filled Sunday morning by the pastor, Rev. Dr. W. H. Rider, after a vacation of two months. His subject will be "Christian Sociology." In the evening Rev. W. H. Easton will preach. Some excellent special music will be rendered by the quartet, of which Miss May D. Williams is the soprano.

The Long Roll will be called for subscription money in the Thirteenth Avenue M. E. church to-morrow morning at the close of the sermon.

There will be the regular gospel and song services to-morrow at the school house in Columbia Heights. Mr. Gillis will preach at 2 p. m. and Sunday school will begin at 3 p. m.

At the First Baptist church Rev. W. B. Riley, of Detroit, Minn., will preach morning and evening. The special program of music will include a piano and organ duet by the Misses Page and Wales, solos by Sidney Morse and violin selections by Miss Claire Harrington.

The Chicago Standard has the following to say of Rev. G. L. Morrill's new book: "All who know G. L. Morrill will be able to guess what sort of travel sketches he would be likely to make—breezy, picturesque, witty, abounding in quaint and sometimes slangy turns of speech; so far from the conventional chronicle of a foreign tour as to be fresh and unique. The chapters are not to be taken as a serious account of the places visited—there are plenty of guide books for that; but rather as affording many opportunities for a good laugh at the writer's drollery and the situations into which his curiosity and democratic disregard of rules and customs led him. There is rather too much slang for some tastes, and an incongruous juxtaposition of the comic and the serious; but a humorist makes his own style, and the reader is hardly entitled to object, for he can take what he likes."

The Boston Transcript contains in a recent issue a communication regarding the Bishop Whipple memorial tower at Faribault, in which the writer says there never has been and never will be such a monument in America as this memorial addition to the first Protestant cathedral erected in the United States. The writer had just returned from a visit to Minnesota, where he viewed the half-finished memorial of masonry. He adds: "The writer speaks thoughtfully when he calls this tower the greatest thing in the country. It is great because it represents the widespread love and admiration of men and women irrespective of creed or nationality, for a noble life, and is a witness to that fine insight, the birthright of humanity, which caused spontaneous homage to true greatness."

CHURCH SERVICES TO-MORROW

METHODIST.

Hennepin Avenue—Morning, Dr. S. D. Hutsinpiller, "The Uncrowned King and His Prayer." Young People's meeting at 6:30.

North—W. A. Shannon, morning and evening.

Wesley—James S. Montgomery, D. D.; morning, "The Suppressions of a Well-ordered Life"; evening, "Christianity and the Laboring Man."

First—Morning, Rev. William Love, Ph. D., has returned from his vacation and will preach; evening, union service.

Trinity—L. A. Willsey; morning, "Co-Laborers"; evening, "God's Gifts to Men."

Lake Street—William Fielder, presiding elder; evening, Rev. T. W. Stout.

Thirteenth Avenue—T. F. Allen; morning, "Seeing Visions"; evening, sixth commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Simpson—Morning, Rev. W. H. Rider, "Christian Sociology"; evening, Rev. W. H. Easton.

Richfield—Rev. Rupert Swinnerton; morning, "The Supreme Gift of God"; evening, "The Transforming Power of Communion."

Forest Heights—John Henry Cudlipp; morning, "The Philosophy of Prayer"; evening, "The Young Man and the Church."

Central German—C. L. Lehnert; morning, "The Heroic Christ"; evening, "Two Hundred Fainting Men."

Twenty-fourth Street—Donald McKenzie; morning, "Different Ways of Entering the Kingdom of Heaven"; evening, "A Clean Politician."

St. Louis Park—Evening, Rev. William Fielder.

Fowler—Rev. P. A. Cool; morning, "How to Open the Window of Heaven"; evening, special song service.

Bloomington Avenue—Rev. Charles Fox Davis; morning, "Judging Our Neighbors"; evening, "The Sons of Toil and the Dignity of Labor."

CONGREGATIONAL.

Open Door—Rev. Ernest E. Day; morning, "Witnesses to the Light"; evening, "The Ship Without a Pilot."

Thirty-eighth Street—Rev. William Wilkinson; morning, "Saul of Tarsus"; evening, address to young men.

Fremont Avenue—Rev. Richard Brown; morning, "God's Marvelous Power to Heal"; evening, "A Vision of Real Goodness."

Pilgrim—Rev. F. A. Sumner; morning, "The Guileless Heart"; evening, "Foundations."

Vine—Rev. John S. Rood; morning, "A Holy Life"; evening, "The Sacredness of the Marriage Relation."

Lyndale—Morning and evening, Rev. J. C. McConnell of Northfield, Minn., in exchange with the pastor; evening service at 7.

Plymouth—Morning, Rev. S. S. Estey of Salina, Kan. No evening service.

Lowry Hill—Rev. Henry Holmes; morning, "Labor Day Address." No evening service. Christian Endeavor at 6:30.

Fifth Avenue—Morning, Rev. J. E. McConnell. No evening service.

Linden Hills (at C. P. Cooper's residence, 4124 Sheridan avenue S)—7:30 p. m., preaching by Rev. S. S. Esty of Kansas.

Park Avenue—Rev. J. E. Smith; morning, "The Law of Spiritual Development." No evening service.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Stewart Memorial—Rev. R. K. Porter; morning, "Working People and Their Employers, Viewed in the Light of God's Word"; evening, a missionary service.

Shiloh—Rev. Willard S. Ward; morning, "Selling the Birthright"; evening, "Via Crucis."

Oliver—Rev. H. M. Pressly; morning, "True Worship"; evening, "True Wisdom."

Andrew—Rev. James H. Nicol; morning, "The Recompense of Joy"; evening, union service at First Congregational church.

Westminster—Rev. John Timothy Stone; morning, "The Great Prayer"; evening, "Able to Save to the Uttermost."

Bethlehem — Morning, "The Conquering Church"; evening, "Vacation Lessons."

Bethany—Rev. H. J. McCrossan; morning service at 10:45; evening at 7:45. Special song service, assisted by orchestra, when the pastor will speak to the children on "Ants."

First—Morning, Rev. D. L. Kiehle, D. D., "Walk by Faith." No evening service.

Fifth Avenue—Rev. C. H. Sweatt; morning service.

BAPTIST.

Olivet—Rev. Frank H. Cooper; morning, "The Lessons of the Burning Bush." Evening, "Two Cities."

Immanuel—Rev. G. A. Cleaveland; morning, "It Is Eternal Life to Know God"; evening, "The Laws of Spiritual Growth."

Central—Rev. W. W. Dawley, D. D.; morning, "Christian Satisfaction"; evening, "A Strenuous Life."

Norwegian-Danish—Morning, Rev. H. A. Sather. Evening, Rev. Ivan Larson.

Tabernacle—Rev. G. H. Gamble; morning, "Forward, God Is With Us'; evening, "What Hast Thou Done?" second in series on "Questions of Conscience."

Calvary—Rev. C. H. Rust; morning, "Faithfulness"; evening, "Abundant Pardon."

First—Rev. W. L. Riley, Detroit, Minn., will preach both morning and evening.

Berean Branch—Evening, Rev. William Francis, "Jesus at Bethesda."

Century Music Hall—Bible school at 3 p. m.

Emerson Avenue Mission—Bible school at 3:30 p. m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

First Church of Christ—Morning, "Man"; evening, "Man."

Second Church of Christ (First Unitarian church)—Morning, "Man."

Third Church of Christ (No. 6 W Lake street)—Morning, "Man."

EPISCOPAL.

All Saints—Morning, Rev. George H. Trabert, "Covering Sins"; Sunday school, 12 m.

St. Mark's—Morning, Rev. Andrew D. Stowe, secretary of the diocese. No evening service.

Christ Church—Rev. Andrew D. Stowe; morning, divine service and holy communion; evening, parish meeting, in connection with regular service.

St. Paul's—Rev. William Wilkinson; morning service, 10:30 o'clock. No evening service.

UNIVERSALIST.

All Souls'—Morning, Rev. A. N. Alcott, "My Father Worketh Hitherto and I Work."

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

Portland Avenue Church of Christ—Morning, Rev. A. E. Major will preach; evening, Rev. C. J. Tannar, "The Living Sacrifice."

LUTHERAN.

Trinity (German)—Morning, Rev. J. Rosenwinkel.

ADVENTIST.

Advent Christian—Rev. B. Forester, morning and evening.

SPIRITUALIST.

Christian Spiritualists (720 Fourth street S)—8 p. m., Professor Gray and other mediums.

Richmond Hall—Evening, George Roberts and other mediums; test service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

People's New Thought Church (Academy of Music)—Morning, Dr. William C. Gibbons, "The Son of God."

People's Mission—4 p. m., temperance rally. Evening, revival service.

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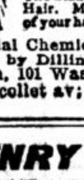

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Gran-Solvent is the wonder of the century. Discovered by the Chemist Fabrion, it quickly interested the great Scientist and Physician, Erdman, who developed it and proclaimed that marvelous action in Urethral Ailments which electrified the world.

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During the past year 20,468 weak, wasting wrecks were cured—20,463 men born again to begin life anew with fresh vigor, full of strength and the consciousness of restored health. Under the influence of this sovereign solvent urethral obstruction is dissolved and dislodged in 15 days.

From time immemorial cutting and dilating have filled up the brutal, fruitless record of treatment in urethral obstructions, and yet there has never been one cure by such savage methods. The eagerness with which medical men are applying for this Solvent is an open confession of their error in the past. Over 800 leading physicians in the United States and Canada have abandoned the knife and are employing "Gran-Solvent" in their practice as a humane and unfailing agent.

Varicocele is an accumulation of sluggish blood in the veins, due solely to imperfect circulation, and has its origin in a diseased Gland. Operations in this disease are only temporary, and no mechanical device yet discovered has cured a single case. Gran-Solvent heals and restores healthy circulation. Varicocele disappears and the sluggish accumulation is replaced by pure, healthy, red blood.

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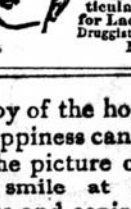

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