

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern. Chicago & Northwestern. Going East. No. 2, Overland Limited—stops..... 9:32 p. m.

MALCOLM KIRK

by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

(Continued From Seventh Page.)

been to antagonize the business men in his church against Kirk with some success. Kirk's wife has been a great help to him. I think I never knew a more happy union of workers in all my life.

thin and feeble that Malcom was instantly reminded of a call he had made in the spring on a family living on what was called "The Forks," eight miles from Conrad, in a very desolate ravine between two ridges of land that formed almost the only hill country for miles around.

She spoke the last words in such a tone of hopeless sadness that Dorothy lifted up her head and looked at her.



"Oh, Mrs. Kirk, may God help you! Forgive me!"

CHAPTER VIII. THE BEST SOLACE FOR OUR OWN GRIEF IS TO LIGHTEN THE SORROWS OF OTHERS. For a few moments Malcom Kirk experienced a feeling of anguish on his own account that shut out entirely this other forlorn and bleeding heart.

which had been fast bound within her as if it would burst, felt the first relief she had known. God was leading her. She still did not know that what Malcom had experienced had come to her also.

This is only a fragment of Wilson's letter, but the number of times he referred to the death of the baby as marking a crisis in the lives of Malcom and Dorothy revealed the depth of the impression made upon his mind by the manner in which they were affected by their loss.



The death of the firstborn.

took up his pen and dipped it in the ink and then sat there, thinking, thinking, of his baby. He recalled every little look, his smile, his new habits, added day by day. His heart swelled at the thought of all that he had dreamed for his baby's future.

What he actually did the next minute after all this was to ask Mrs. Barton to come into the house. He took her into his study, and then after a single moment of hesitation he went out into the back yard to Dorothy.

"Dear," he said very gently, "will you come with me into the house? There is some one there who has come to see me—to see us both."

"The little woman could see that something unusual had happened at the parsonage, but her own trouble practically absorbed her feelings. She looked at Dorothy, however, with the admiration which her beauty of face often excited in what we call ordinary people.

He had never been inside of a saloon in his life. He shrank from the ordeal before him with all the shuddering of a highly sensitive spirit in the presence of an ugly, repulsive, hideous evil. But he went at once into the first saloon on the main street and stopped inside near the door and looked around him.

"The man looked very much embarrassed. He shuffled his feet nervously in the dirty sawdust under the table. "I saw him yesterday. He was in Valmer's place in the next block."

"Thank you," said Malcom slowly. "Can any of you gentlemen tell me anything about him? Has any one seen him today?"

"You won't find him here. I won't say he hasn't been here. He knows a good thing when he sees it. Won't you step up and take a glass of iced beer this morning? We keep the best in the town on tap for preachers."

tomers alone, will you, and mind your own business?" "That's just what I am doing," replied Kirk earnestly, and, as he spoke, his pale blue eyes filled with a high, white light.

He spoke very quietly, almost softly; his voice did not declaim, but the unusual quality of it thrilled everybody there. He looked into their faces a moment and with a last appealing look at Carver he turned and went out.

The other men did not respond with much enthusiasm. Carver had risen from the table. "Better have one before you go," said the saloon keeper.

The sights that greeted Malcom in the saloons were never forgotten by him. He was astonished to see the number of men and boys gathered in the saloons. Many of the faces he knew, and his entrance invariably created a distinct embarrassment through the company.

He said to himself every time he came out and faced the dumbly appealing face in the farm wagon: "And yet we Christian people license these enemies of the race and allow them to continue their devilish work, although we know well enough how devilish it is."

It was nearly noon when he finished his tour of the saloons, and as he came out near the lower end of the main street there was a large group of men looking off across the prairie and talking eagerly together.

"If this wind keeps up, this town will have its hands full in about an hour." The speaker ran to his horse, jumped on it and was soon galloping out of the town toward one of the new ranches in the direction of "The Forks."

She drove out of town, after thanking Kirk earnestly for all that he had done, and Malcom promised to continue the search after dinner.

He was just starting home, after asking several men if there was really any immediate danger to the town

A little farther down the street the horses were caught and stopped. Kirk ran up with a crowd of other men.

"No signs of Phil anywhere," said one of the men who had helped to catch the team.

"Drunken men never get killed." "I wouldn't give much for his chances if he fell off in the gully grass over there," said another, pointing toward the district from which the horses had come into the town.

"I believe Dorothy would tell me to go," he said to himself. Then he spoke aloud: "I don't feel like giving young Barton up if he is anywhere near. We can perhaps reach him before the fire reaches us. Who will go with me?"

The men ran on. Over on the near horizon a line of flame and smoke over 25 miles long marched down toward them and the town of Conrad, with a prairie gale behind it and human love and courage in its path.

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