RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Going East.

No. 2, Overland Limited—stops	9:52 p. m
No. 4, Colorado Special—stops	9:10 a. m
No. 6, Atlantic Express—stops	7:14 p. m
No. 8, Chicago Express—all stops	2:20 p. m
No. 14, Local to Chicago—stops	6:55 p. m
No. 24, Way Freight	11:20 a. m
No. 40, Freight	3:00 p. m

Going West

No. 1, Overland Limited—stops	5:54 a. m
No. 9, Fast Mail—don't stop	6:47 a. m
No. 3, Pacific Express—all stops	1:20 p. m
No. 5, Colorado Special—stops	9:18 p. m
No. 15, Fast Mail—don't stop	12:50 p. m
No. 11, Local to Council Bluffs—stops	7:25 a. m
No. 39, Way Freight	9:40 a. m
No. 23, Freight	12:50 p. m

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line.

Leave Denison	7:25 a. m.	6:55 p. m
Arrive Wall Lake	9:00 a. m.	8:15 p. m
Leave Wall Lake	10:30 a. m.	8:40 p. m
Arrive Denison	1:10 p. m.	10:15 p. m

No trains Sunday.

Wall Lake, Boyer & Mondamin.

Freight.	Going West.	Passenger
10:15 a. m	Boyer	3:15 p. m
	Going East.	
5:08 p. m	Boyer	11:15 a. m

Illinois Central.

Going East.

No. 2, Chicago & St. Paul Limited—a	9:48 p. m
No. 4, Chicago Express—a	1:20 p. m
No. 26, Omaha & St. Paul Express—b	9:20 a. m
No. 32, Fort Dodge Passenger—b	6:53 p. m
No. 52, Chicago Manifest & Stock—a	11:15 p. m
No. 62, Fast Stock—c	6:30 a. m
No. 94, Local Freight—b	1:05 p. m

Going west.

No. 1 Omaha Limited—a	5:57 a. m
No. 3 Omaha Express—a	1:50 p. m
No. 25 St. Paul & Omaha Express—b	7:27 p. m
No. 31 council Bluffs Passenger—b	8:00 a.m
No 51 Maniest Freight—a	6:04 p. m
No. 61 Omaha Stock—c	11:15 p. m
No. 93 Local Freight—b	9:20 a. m

a—means daily. b—daily except Sunday. c daily except Saturday.

No. 2 arrives Chicago 10:20 a. m.
No. 4 arrives Chiago 7:00 a. m.
No. 2 arrives St. Paul 8:00 a. m., at Minneapolis 7:30 a. m.
No. 26 arrives St. Paul 7:30 p. m., at Minneapolis 7:00 p. m.
Freight trains No. 93 and No. 94 carry passengers.
Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points.

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MALCOLM KIRK

by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

(Continued From Seventh Page.)

knowledge. This fact, however, is shown by the common allusions to Conrad by other towns. They speak of it as 'Kirkville.' A higher compliment to a man's influence it would be difficult to find.

"It is of course still true that the devil does business in Conrad. Kirk has told me that the whisky men have never ceased from the day they were driven out of Conrad to attempt to come back in some form and carry on their work. At the present time he tells me that through failure on the part of the officers of the law to enforce the law the whisky men have grown bold and opened several places. He is right now in the midst of the old struggle again. This time it is a struggle with state and county officials who have broken their oaths of office. It is the same struggle in another form. At the bottom of the whisky business in any state, whether it has a prohibitory statute or not, is the incentive of great financial returns for a very little real labor and also the human passion for drink, two things which Kirk says must be recognized by the temperance people and always reckoned upon in the problem of temperance.

"It remains therefore to be said that so far as Kirk and his wife are concerned the contest they began here, the battle they entered for victory over the world, still goes on. Is there a place in the world where a Christian may cease from fighting the good fight of the faith? But I am profoundly touched by the extent of overcoming to be seen in this place. I have been unable to silence the question, 'What if every minister as he entered a new place, no matter how small or difficult, entered it with a passion like Kirk's to redeem the lost part of it and bring it back to God?' I know this much is true of the work done here. There has been no unusual excitement and no extraordinary means employed to produce the astonishing results. There is no question that Kirk has certain qualities that have helped him. His voice is, as it always was, a fine instrument. He knows how to talk to people, and he writes uncommonly well. But, on the other hand, he is still awkward, homely of appearance and by no means always at his best. He loves people. He longs, as Paul did, for the salvation of the world. And there lies the secret of his work. It is nothing which other men may not also have.

"I don't know a minister in our churches anywhere who might not claim all that Malcom Kirk and his wife have claimed. They have overcome the world by means of their love, by following the plain path of duty at the cost of suffering, by not pleasing themselves. They are still engaged in the struggle. It will never cease this side of death and paradise. But I wish that every pastor and every church might come here and see what has been done and what the future seems certain to record. The most malignant forces of evil have evidently arrayed themselves against Kirk and his wife, and so far these two have overcome them all. Heaven has won the victory out here, and I do not know why it should not do so everywhere. Do we want the world to be saved? Do we have a passion to save it? Do we put the kingdom first? If we did, should we not see the results everywhere that we see here? I shall return home from my visit to Malcom Kirk with that question sounding in my heart."

There was one brief allusion in this letter which meant even more than Wilson knew. It was his allusion to what he called Malcom Kirk's "peculiar habits of generosity." Indirectly these led to events which have to do with this history of the human conflict against sin and involved in that growing conflict all the members of Kirk's family.

A few days after Wilson's departure Faith and her mother were sitting together in the "common room," as Faith called it, the room that the family used for dining and sitting room together. Dorothy was sewing, and Faith was helping her with some work on the boys' suits.

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and Malcom Kirk was up stairs in his study. The boys were at school, and Faith, who had finished the high school, had been staying at home for two years helping her mother.

"Mother, how does Gilbert manage to tear his coat across the back like that?" asked Faith, holding up that garment and looking at it with grave astonishment.

Dorothy could not help smiling, although the next instant she sighed a little.

"He said one of the boys pushed him against a wire fence last Saturday while they were out fishing near 'The Forks.'"

"Well, the boy that did it ought to be made to wear it after I have mended it. That would be 'making the punishment fit the crime,'" said Faith as she stabbed the back of the coat with a big needle and began turning over the basket to find some thread.

"I'm sorry Gilbert hasn't a better suit," said Dorothy gravely. "He must try to get along with it this fall, anyway. Mend it as carefully as you can, Faith."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Faith. "I am trying to find something besides white silk. At the same time, mother, don't you think white silk on a black background would be a warning to Gilbert not to get his coat torn again?"

Mrs. Kirk laughed, and before she could answer the bell rang.

Faith put aside the work and went to the door.

"Can I see Mr. Kirk?" asked a voice that Dorothy recognized at once.

"No," said Faith decidedly. "Father is in his study writing, and he ought not to be disturbed."

"But he told me to call today, and I want to see him very much."

"Did he tell you to call this morning?"

"Well—no—he said today. But I couldn't come at any other time."

There was silence a moment while Faith stood holding the door uncertainly, but still resolutely blocking the entrance.

Malcom Kirk came out of his study at the top of the upper hall. "Is that Mr. Barnes, Faith? Tell him to come up."

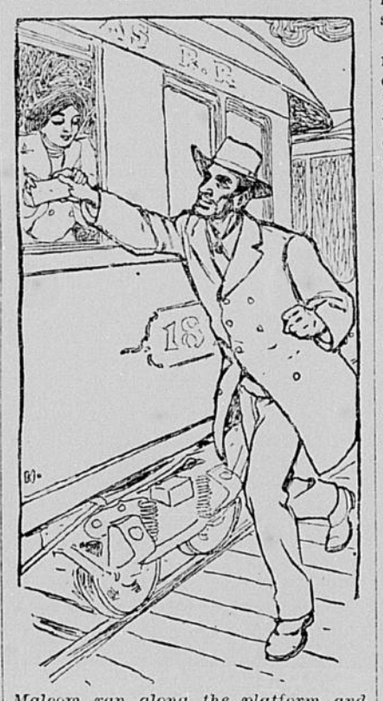
Faith at once stepped aside, and a shabby looking man came in. As he passed the door of the sitting room he bowed clumsily and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Kirk." Then he stumbled noisily up stairs and entered Malcom's study. The door closed, and Faith went back to her work.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAITH LEAVES THE HOME NEST.

As she picked up the coat she was looking at her mother closely and could see that she was troubled.

"Mother," said Faith suddenly, "I don't think people ought to impose on



Malcom ran along the platform and handed up an envelope to Faith.

father the way they do. They know he would take everything he has and give it away if we didn't prevent him, and they just impose on his great hearted generosity. And you and the boys have to suffer for it."

"Hush, Faith! Your father does what seems to him the wise and Christian thing to do. It is true that everybody in the county comes to him for help. But that is what makes his work what it is. There is no one else they think of that way." Dorothy spoke with the pride of 25 years' companionship with the man of her choice. She loved him now with deeper, truer devotion than she had ever known in her younger days.

Faith was silent a moment. "But how can father afford to give money to people? I don't think he ought to."

Dorothy did not answer at once.

"If people need the help of money more than anything else, how else shall we help them? Sympathy and prayers don't seem to be enough in such cases."

"I think father might make Mr. Barnes a present of a box of soap," said Faith. "I am sure he needs that as much as the $5 he has come to beg for."

"They are very poor," sighed Dorothy.

"So are we," replied Faith. "Or we shall be if we always give to everybody."

Dorothy did not answer this, and Faith picked up the coat and worked on in silence. She was evidently planning something serious in her mind. It was not the first time she had ventured to remonstrate about the habit her father had of helping all sorts of people. Until a few years past Dorothy had not allowed a thought of the matter to disturb her. Malcom's salary was very small still. The most rigid economy was necessary to keep the family expenses within the income. The annual income from his writings now amounted to about $500, but a large part of it was given away, and Dorothy faced increasing difficulty each year in managing the household finances.

The study door opened, and Malcom and his vistor came down stairs.

"I am going out for a little while, Dorothy. Mrs. Barnes is very sick, and I am going over there. Don't wait dinner for me if I'm not back before half past 12."

He kissed his wife and went out. Faith and her mother watched the tall, heavy figure go out of the yard, with the unattractive Barnes shambling after him. Malcom was growing gray, but he was erect and vigorous, in his prime, and to these two women watching him out of the window he was the best man in the world.

"I'd like to see any one say anything against father!" said Faith decidedly, while an unusual tear came into her eyes. At the same time her mother and herself were wondering how Malcom ever found time to write his sermons or anything else.

Faith stole up to the study and looked at the loose leaves of the sermon on the father's desk. The last words he had written were a quotation, "Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"Dear old father," said Faith softly. "I'd better let the Lord rebuke him. At the same time we've got to live. Here I am a woman grown and earning no bread, and the boys want to go to college and mother saving every cent"—

She went off to her own room that afternoon and brooded. When Faith brooded, something happened. And it was not altogether a surprise to Dorothy when a few days afterward Faith announced her decision:

"Mother, I have made up my mind to go away and earn something for the family. I've tried every possible place here, and you know how it is."

Dorothy looked at the girl gravely, but did not say anything.

"I have been writing to Grace Holley, who went to Chicago a year ago to learn retouching in Keffen's studio. She is earning as high as $17 and $18 a week. She says there will be a vacancy there soon, and if I apply at once I may get the place. You know I have learned retouching here, all they can teach me, and I like it. Mother, I can't stand it any longer to remain here at home doing nothing. The boys will soon want to go to college. I never cared about it. I want to be a photographer or an architect or a paper hanger or something useful. If father can spare enough money to get me started, I can be in a position before the year is out to help the family. We never can break father of his habits of helping everybody, and I want to be self supporting and help the rest too."

This was a long speech for Faith to make, but it was the beginning of several family conferences, and the end of it all was that one day in winter of that year Faith and her father went down to the station, and Faith took the express for Chicago. The arrangements had all been completed for her to enter the studio, where she was to receive $8 a week to begin with and promise of rapid increase if the work was satisfactory.

"Goodby, father. Don't give away your overcoat before you get home, will you?" Faith called out of the window as the train started.

Malcom Kirk smiled and waved his hand. Then he ran along the platform and handed up an envelope to Faith. She managed to kiss his hand as she took the envelope and then leaned back in her seat and cried.

When she opened the envelope, a check for $25 dropped out.

"This is a 'good companion,' my dear. You will find it good company on the road. Your father." This was written hastily in a note with the check. Faith understood it was the price of a story Malcom had written that fall. She tucked the check into her purse and cried harder than ever.

But when she found herself in Chicago next morning, she set herself resolutely and with courage toward her new life.

The work in the studio was extremely interesting to her. Her letters to the people at home were very entertaining and even funny. But after she had been in the city a few months she was obliged to face a serious condition, one that she had not anticipated.

In the first place, it cost her nearly every cent of the $8 a week to live. But economize as she would after counting out rent and fuel and light, with what her clothes and car fare cost, with everything that must enter into the account of daily existence, she had very little left when Sunday came.

One day she realized, with a shock, that she had been obliged to draw on the $25 check. She had used all the money her father had been able to spare. The work in the studio had for several weeks been piecework, and it happened that business was dull, and several weeks she had been able to earn less than $5.

Then came a crisis that she had not counted on. The studio changed hands, and the new proprietor began to cut down expenses and dismiss some of the retouchers. Faith was one of the latest arrivals, and one evening as she came down to the office from the little workshop under the roof she was notified that her services would not be wanted after the next week.

She went out of the studio, and instead of taking the car as she usually was obliged to do on account of the distance to her room she walked on until she was at the corner of Madison and State streets.

She plunged through that boiling crowd of humanity and started to walk up State street the four miles that yet lay between her and her room. And as she walked on she was deeply thinking of what she would do. The idea of writing home for money was so distasteful that she could not bear to entertain it. Her lips closed firmly, and she said to herself: "I never will do it while I can live. I have made a failure out of it so far here, but I can't burden father and mother right now. I know how matters are going at home with all the expense there and Hermon's illness last month. No, no! I started out to be a breadwinner. I must earn my own living."

She was suddenly brought to a stop by a crowd that filled up the sidewalk in front of a large window. There was a picture on exhibition there, and Faith, after running into one or two people, seeing what was the object of attraction, stopped herself and gradually was pushed up to the window as the crowd went and came.

It was an oil painting with life size figures, representing the deck of an ocean steamer. A man was holding a baby in his arms, and the baby was looking up into the man's face and smiling. The title of the picture in gilt letters on the frame was simply "Motherless."

It was one of those pictures that appeal to a common humanity, and the crowd on the sidewalk was irresistibly drawn to it. But the effect on Faith was electrical. As soon as she had seen the face of the man on the canvas she exclaimed aloud, "Why, that's father!"

Those nearest her looked at her in surprise. She checked herself and was silent. But there before her was the likeness of Malcom Kirk as she had seen him in the sketch her mother had often shown her. And the story of the baby whose mother had died in midocean was familiar to all the children at home.

She looked at the corner of the canvas and saw the artist's name, Francis Raleigh. A card in the window announced the fact that the picture was sold and that the artist's studio was in one of the new blocks on Randolph street.

Faith slowly pushed out of the crowd and went on her way. But the picture affected her deeply. The sight of the dear father protecting that motherless baby made her cry. And it also strengthened her purpose not to appeal for financial help from home. She could not have told why that feeling accompanied her sight of the picture. But it did, and she determined that she would make every effort to support herself without help from home.

The end of the following week found her without a place, and as she came away from the studio that Saturday evening she realized as never before in her life what it meant to a girl without any friends or a home to face a great city without work or means. She knew that she could go home at any time or get help from that source if she asked for it. But how about the great army of unemployed that had not even that resort? She shivered as she turned down toward the great artery of the city's human traffic and was swept along with it.

She went up by the window where the picture was still on exhibition, and there was the usual crowd in front of it.

She stopped again and looked hungrily at it. It was like getting a glimpse into the dear home circle in the parsonage at Conrad.

It was perhaps a little strange that she had not entertained the idea of calling at Raleigh's studio and telling him that she was the daughter of his subject in the picture. But Faith was very shy in some ways, and she simply never thought of trying to meet the artist.

As she stood there this Saturday night two men in the crowd were talking about the picture. They stood so near her that she could not help hearing what they said.

"It seems too bad to take the picture out of the window."

"We can leave it there another week."

"When do you start west?"

"The last of next month."

"Better leave it here till then."

"I think so too. But what a force it has, Malcom."

Faith started at the familiar name and looked up.

The man who spoke was a middle aged, gray bearded gentleman, and the man whom he called "Malcom" was perhaps 25 years old, a stalwart, fine looking fellow, with something in his face that made Faith puzzle over something foreign there. For an instant their eyes met. Then Faith blushed and moved back out of the crowd and went on. She did not look back, but she seemed to feel that the two gentlemen were looking after her.

"They are the persons who have bought the picture and will take it away," she said as she walked along. She was sad at the thought, for she had come to cherish the look at the father's face which she had enjoyed every day since she first saw it there.

During the next few weeks Faith had an experience that tried her as she had never been tried.

She visited scores of photographers' studios to get piecework. In some of them she would find waiting a dozen girls all on the same errand. She prov-

"Why, that's father!"

ed the value of her work on several occasions, for she had learned to do the retouching in a superior manner, and still, work as hard as she would, the orders she could get did not equal her expenses which she had reduced to the lowest possible figures.

She came back to her room one day after an unsuccessful application for orders in 20 places thoroughly tired, for she had walked a good many miles, and the streets were running over with mud and snow.

She counted over her money and for the first time realized that she had reached the end. She was determined not to run in debt, although her landlady in the flat had been very kind.

She went down to a little newsstand on the corner and bought an evening paper and looked over the wilderness of "wants" and wondered how in a city like that any one ever found anything to do. She envied the butcher's boy who was just coming out of a market near by and thought of asking him how he managed to get his position while so many boys were probably without any.

She took the paper to her room and finally settled on one advertisement as offering a possible chance for her.

She had made up her mind for several weeks that she could not make a living by retouching.

"I'll do it," she said, with a faint flush of color in her face. "I wonder what mother would say!"

The advertisement was as follows:

WANTED.—An American girl to do cooking and general housework. Wages satisfactory. Apply, with references, to — Ellis avenue.

"If I can get $4 a week with my board, I can save nearly every cent of it," said Faith resolutely. "And mother taught me how to cook. I am sure it is as honorable a way to earn a living as working in a store."

There was a bit of adventure in it also that attracted her. The thought of Dorothy Gilbert's daughter working out as a "hired girl" gave Faith something of a surprise at herself, but it was a part of her love of experiments that made possible the strange experience she was now about to know.

She went to the studio early Monday morning and secured good references. For the rest she said she would frankly ask the people to try her for a week at least and then employ her for what she could do.

She took a Cottage Grove avenue car and went directly to the number on Ellis avenue. It was a large house, with a veranda on three sides. She went around to the side entrance and, mounting the steps, rang the bell, her heart trembling a little as she did so.

(To be Continued.)

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