

# Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"But you have. Not in words, perhaps, but you have told me. I know. Please go on and tell me all. If you don't," with determination, "I shall make Uncle Elisha tell me as soon as he comes. I shall."

Sylvester sighed. "Well, by George!" he repeated feelingly. "I'll tell you one thing, young woman, you're wasting your talents. You should be a member of the bar. Any one who can lead a battle scarred veteran of cross examination like myself into a trap and then spring it on him, as you have done, is gifted by Providence. I ought not to say another word on the subject," he declared emphatically. "What Captain Warren will say to me when he finds this out is unpleasant to consider. What is it you want me to tell you?"

"Everything. I want you to sit down here by me and tell me the whole story from the beginning. Please."

He hesitated a moment longer and then, his mind made up, returned to his chair, crossed his legs and began. "Here it is," he said.

"Caroline, about twenty years ago or such matter your father was a comparatively poor man—poor, I mean, compared to what he afterward became. But he was a clever man, an able business man, one who saw opportunities and grasped them. At that time he obtained a grant in South America for—"

"I know," she interrupted. "The Akrae Rubber company was formed. You told Steve and me all about that. What I want to know is—"

"Wait. I did not tell you all about it. I said that another man invested \$10,000 with your father to form that company. That man, so we now know, was your uncle, Captain Elisha Warren."

"I guessed that. Of course it must have been he."

"It was. The captain had saved some money; also at that time he idolized his brother and believed in his shrewdness and capability. He invested this \$10,000 on Rodgers Warren's word that the investment was likely to be a good one, that and to help the latter in business. For a few years the company did nothing. During that time your father and uncle disagreed—concerning another matter, quite unconnected with this one—and they did not see each other again while Rodgers lived. In that long period the Akrae company made millions. But Elisha supposed it to be bankrupt and worthless, because—well, to be frank, because his brother wrote him to that effect."

"Now we come to the will. Your father, Caroline, was not a bad man at heart. He realized how he had defrauded the brother who had been so kind to him, and he kept promising himself to some day repay the money he had taken. To insure that he put that note with the other papers of the company. If he did repay it could be destroyed; if he did not, if he should die, it would be there to prove—what it did prove. But always in his mind was the thought of you and Steve, the children he loved. He had quarreled with his brother, it is true. He had cheated him, but restitution for that cheat he had provided. But what would become of you, left-in case he died without making restitution—peniless? He knew his brother, as I said, knew his character, respected his honesty and believed in his conscientiousness and his big heart. So he made his will, and in it, as you know, he appointed Elisha your guardian. He threw his children and their future upon the mercy and generosity of the brother he had wronged. That is his reason, as we surmise it, for making that will."

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Yes, Because I Want Him." SYLVESTER paused. Caroline did not speak for a moment; then she asked:

"And no one knew—you or my uncle or any one of all this until last March?"

"No. Graves had, with his usual care and patience, pieced together the evidence and investigated until we were sure that a stockholder in the Akrae company existed and that all of your father's estate belonged to him. Who that stockholder was we did not know until that day of the meeting at our office. Then Captain Warren told us."

"But he did not know either?"

"Not until then. He supposed his Akrae stock worthless and had practically forgotten it. When we told him of its value, of the note and of the missing shareholder, he knew of course. One would have thought he was the wrongdoer and not the wronged. He would have gone straight to you and asked your pardon if we would have permitted it."

"But, Mr. Sylvester, now we are coming to the part I cannot understand. Of course the estate belonged to him. I know that. It is his. But why didn't he tell Steve and me the truth then, at once?"

"Caroline, Caroline, don't you understand yet? Do you imagine for one moment that your uncle intends keeping that money?"

She stared at him in utter amazement.

"Keeping it?" she repeated. "Why not? It is his. It belongs to him."

"Caroline, I'm afraid you don't know him even yet. He was for going to you at once and destroying the note in your presence. He would have done it, but we persuaded him to wait and think it over for a day or two. He did think and then decided to wait a little longer for your sake."

"For my sake? For mine?" She passed her hand in a bewildered way across her forehead. "Mr. Sylvester, I don't seem to understand even now. I—"

"For your sake, Caroline. Remember, at that time you were engaged to Malcolm Dunn."

Her intent gaze wavered. She drew a long breath. "I see," she said slowly. "Oh—I see."

"Yes, Captain Warren is one of the best judges of character I ever met. The Dunns did not deceive him for one moment. He was certain Malcolm intended marrying you because of your money. For that matter, so was I. He knew you must see the proof with your own eyes. And he showed it to you."

"But then," she begged distractedly, "why couldn't he tell me after that? I—I am so stupid, I suppose—but, Mr. Sylvester, all this is—is—"

"He might have told you then, but he did not think it best. Caroline, your uncle has always believed in you. Even when you sent him from your home he did not blame you. He said you were deceived—that was all. But, too, he has always declared that you had been, as he expressed it, 'brought up wrong.' Your money had, in a way, warped your estimate of people and things. And there was Steve. You know, Caroline, that money and what it brought were spoiling Steve. He has never been so much of a man as during the past year, when he thought himself poor. But your uncle has planned for him as well as for you, and when he believes the time has come he—"

"Please," she interrupted falteringly, "please don't say any more. Let me think, Mr. Sylvester. You say that Uncle Elisha intends giving us all that father took from him—all of it?"

"Yes, all. He considers himself merely your guardian still and will accept only his expenses from the estate."

"It is wonderful!" she repeated brokenly. "Even though we cannot take it, it is wonderful."

"What? Cannot take it?"

"Of course not! Do you suppose that either my brother or I would take the fortune that our father stole—yes, stole—from him, after he has been living almost in poverty all these years and we in luxury—on his money? Of course we shall not take it!"

"But, Caroline, I imagine you will have to take it. I understand your feelings, but I think he will compel you to take it."

"I shall not!" She sprang to her feet. "Of course I shall not! Never! Never!"

"What's that you're never going to take, Caroline—messes or another trip down in these parts? I hope 'tain't the last, 'cause I've been callin' you'd like it well enough to come again."

Caroline turned. So did Sylvester. Captain Elisha was standing in the doorway, his hand on the knob. He was smiling broadly, but as he looked at the two by the fire he ceased to smile.

"What's all this?" he asked suspiciously. "Caroline, what—Sylvester, what have you been tellin' her?"

Neither answered at once. The captain looked from one to the other. "Sylvester!" Caroline had never seen her uncle thoroughly angry before. "Sylvester," he cried, "have you—have you—dast to tell her what you shouldn't? Didn't you promise me? If you told that girl I'll—I'll—"

His niece stepped forward. "Hush, Uncle Elisha," she said. "He didn't tell me until I knew already. I guessed it. Then I asked for the whole truth, and he told me."

"The whole truth?" Caroline!

He wrung his hands. "Yes, uncle, the whole truth. I know you now. I thought I knew you before, but I didn't—not half. I do now."

"Oh, Caroline!" He stepped toward her and then stopped, frantic and despairing. "Caroline! Caroline!" he cried again. "Can you ever forgive me? You know—you must know I ain't ever meant to keep it. It's all yours. I just didn't give it to you right off because—because—Oh, Sylvester, tell her I never meant to keep it! Tell her!"

The lawyer shook his head. "I did tell her," he said, with another shrug, "and she tells me she won't accept it."

"What?" The captain's eyes were starting from his head. "What? Won't take it? Why, it's hers—hers and Steve's! It always has been! Do you callate I'd rob my own brother's children? Don't talk so foolish! I won't hear such talk!"

Caroline was close to tears, but she was firm.

Captain Elisha looked at her determined face, then at the lawyer's. But he found no help there. His chin thrust forward. He nodded slowly.

"All right! All right!" he said grimly. "Sylvester, is your shop going to be open tomorrow?"

"Guess not, captain," was the puzzled reply. "It's Thanksgiving. Why?"

"But Graves'll be to home, won't he? I could find him at his house?"

"I presume you could."

"All right, then. Caroline Warren, you listen to me. I'll give you till 2 o'clock to make up your mind to take the money that belongs to you. If you don't I swear to the Lord A'mighty I'll take the fast train, go straight to New York, hunt up Graves, make him go down to the office and get that note your father made out turnin' all his property over to that Akrae company. I'll get that note, and I'll burn it up. Then—then you'll have to take the money, because it'll be yours. Every bit of evidence that'll hold in law is gone."

He turned, strode to the door and out of the room. A moment later they heard a scream from Miss Baker in the kitchen: "Lisha Warren, what ails you? Are you crazy?" There was no answer, but the back door closed with a tremendous bang.

Half an hour after his dramatic exit Captain Elisha was pacing up and down the floor of the barn. It was an odd refuge of his, a place where he was accustomed to go when matters requiring deliberation and thought oppressed him. As he turned in his stride he saw a shadow move across the sill of the big, open door. He caught his breath and stopped.

Caroline entered the barn. She came straight to him and put her hands upon the lapels of his coat. Her eyes were wet and shining.

"Caroline!" he faltered eagerly. "You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

"Caroline!" His voice shook, but there was hope in it. "Caroline, you're going to take the money?"

"Yes, Uncle Elisha. Mr. Sylvester has shown me that I must. He says



"You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

you will do something desperate if I refuse."

"I sartin would! And you'll take it really?"

"Yes, Uncle Elisha."

"Glorious! And—and, Caroline, you won't hold it against me, my makin' you think you was poor and makin' you live in that little place and get along on just so much, and all that? Can you forgive me for doin' that?"

"Forgive you? Can I ever thank you enough? I know I can't, but I can try all my life to prove what—"

"S-s-h! S-s-h! There!" with a great sigh, almost a sob, of relief, "I guess this'll be a real Thanksgivin' after all."

But a few minutes later another thought came to him.

"Caroline," he asked, "I wonder if now that things are as they are, you couldn't do something else—something that would please me an awful lot?"

"What is it, uncle?"

"It's somethin' perhaps I ain't got any right to ask. The other day you told me you cared for Jim Pearson but that you sent him away 'cause you thought you had to earn a livin' for you and Steve. Now you know that you ain't got to do that. And you said you told him if you ever changed your mind you'd send for him. Don't you s'pose you could send for him now—right off—so he could get here for this big Thanksgivin' of ours? Don't you think you could, Caroline?"

"Send for him—now?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes, now—right off—in time for tomorrow."

"He could not get here," she whispered.

"Yes, he could. If you send him a telegram with one word in it—'Come'—and sign it 'Caroline' he'll be here on tomorrow mornin's train or I'll eat my hat and one of Abbie's bonnets have in. Think you could, Caroline?"

A moment, then in a whisper, "Yes, Uncle Elisha."

"Hooray! But—but," anxiously, "hold on, Caroline. Tell me truly now. You ain't doin' this just to please me? You mustn't do that, not for the world and all. You mustn't send for him on my account; only just for one reason—because you want him."

He waited for his answer. Then she looked up, blushing still, but with a smile trembling on her lips.

## Who Is On the Lord's Side?

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.  
Secretary of Correspondence Department,  
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Whoso is on Jehovah's side let him come unto me.—R. V.

It is related that at a certain point in Lincoln's presidential experience, when the affairs of the Union were in a precarious condition, a friend remarked to him that it was a good thing to have the Lord on our side. Mr. Lincoln very seriously replied that he was more concerned about whether he were on the Lord's side. There are indications that the German Kaiser is more concerned on having the Lord on his side than about being on the Lord's side.



The natural tendency of man is to seek his own or the things of humanity, rather than the things of the Lord, and man is simply asking what some particular course will bring to him, or what it will bring to his time. The chief end of man in these days is not to glorify God. In this, grievous wrong is done. When a course of action is before one, the chief question should not be, "How will it affect me?" nor, indeed, "How will it affect my neighbor?" but "How will it affect God?"

The great need of the day is a new sensing of God—God at the beginning, God in the middle, God at the ending. The right thing for man is to ask where God is, and to go where he is. If man would do that many of his great theological questions would be settled. God manifests himself through his Word, and if men would go to the Word of God with these questions they would soon be substantially correct on all of them.

The text suggests the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" or rather, "What man or woman has a right to say that he is on the Lord's side?"

In the particular case before us, the people had made a golden calf and were worshipping it. To do that was to break the first two commandments of the Decalogue, and it became open idolatry. It is inevitable that a man worship. If he does not worship God he will worship some thing, or some one else. Nor can a man be on the Lord's side if he does those things that the Lord hates.

If a man would know his duty to the Lord he should seek to know what the Lord thinks of certain things, and here again he must take the Lord's judgment through his Word, for he cannot know what the Lord thinks unless he knows his Word. As to particular actions, a man may be left to his own judgment, but as to the great principles that lie at the root of things, the Lord makes clear declaration in his Word. Does the Lord love a liar, brutality, deception? The remnant of God's image in man says at once, "No! No!" Does the Lord favor truth, liberty, kindness? That same remnant of God's image says, "Yes! Yes!" And consequently, the duty is clear, and he should stand for these things. We might sum up everything by saying, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The scene connected with our text was probably this: There was a golden calf and people were dancing about it. Moses stood aloof and made the cry, "Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come to me." According to the constitution and nature of man we make appeals to him as to his conscience, to his sense of duty or privilege, and he must make choice.

What is it to be on the Lord's side? It is a natural inheritance from our sinning first parents that we will either be indifferent to God's commands or we will positively refuse to obey them. Fundamentally, the issue is the same. In the case before us, the worshiper of the golden calf either continued his dancing and worship, or just endeavored to be neutral. A man must "come across;" he must take a positive stand. The position of a neutral is the position of the enemy of God. There are no neutrals in our country now as to Germany. Politically we were neutral until the president said that a state of war existed, but now the neutral is a pro-German. We must be out and out for the United States of America. A man's religious obligations could be illustrated by taking the two sides of an imaginary line, and to an imaginary line there can be only two sides. It is one thing or it is the other. We must be positively, clearly, professionally on God's side, or we are against him. In the day in which we are living the ideals and motives are to be more sharply defined than in former days.

An eloquent man said very recently that heretofore men were living to make money, and now they are dying to preserve righteousness, a tremendous reversal of form. Precisely so of a man's actions; if their character is to be determined by whether they are right in the sight of God rather than whether they have been personally or socially beneficial man will arrive at the realization of the purpose of God and at the realization of his own greatest happiness.

Woman's Imagination. When a woman arrives three minutes late at a railway station she imagines that the engineer saw her coming and pulled out just for spite.

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### Quite Natural.

Tinwater had never been what you might call plump, and since rations had become general he certainly hadn't been putting on weight.

"I say," he remarked to a friend, "I met Fuller yesterday, and he told me that I was getting fatter."

"Well, it's only natural that he should say so," was the answer.

Tinwater looked surprised, and asked why.

"That's easy," replied the friend. "You were looking Fuller in the face."

### Get New Kidneys!

The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering out and throwing off the poisons developed in the system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the back; highly colored urine; loss of appetite; indigestion; irritation, or even a sense in the bladder. These symptoms indicate a condition that may lead to that dreaded and fatal malady, Bright's disease, for which there is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first indication of trouble in the kidney, liver, bladder or urinary organs start taking Gold Medal Haarem Oil Capsules, and save yourself before it is too late. Instant relief is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A delay is often fatal.

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SONG FOR ALL ABLE TO HEAR

Trouble is That All People Have Not Properly Attuned Themselves to Listen to it.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear," sings the poet. Let us go a little further and say that there is ever a song everywhere—if we have the ear attuned to it.

The cultured musician will tell you that what the masters sing in their strange and complex studies is the highest music to those who are trained to catch it. But the simple heart finds the harmony in the simple, lowly melodies.

What to the one class is purest music is to the other meaningless noise. If we just knew how to listen we could love the songs of each. To some the jingle of money is the only music in the world. It deafens them to all other sounds. To some the melody of their own names spoken in praise is the only music worth hearing. The ears of these seem to open inward. The greedy and the vain shrink their whole world to their own hear.

But to those who can hear it there is a song in every phase of life. Fortunate is he who can hear more than a very few.—Exchange.

The Price Goes Up. A penny for your thoughts. "Not in war times. The least I could take would be six cents."

United States government recently ordered \$145,000,000 worth of meat in Chicago.

### Post Toasties

(MADE OF CORN)

Taste twice as good now cause I know they Help Save the Wheat

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