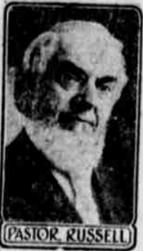


BODIES ARE GOD'S TEMPLES

"Be Ye Filled With the Spirit."

The Uregenerates—Their Privileges. "If the Spirit of God Dwell In You," Greater Privileges—Greater Responsibilities—Greater Honors and Glories. Saved to Human Perfection—Saved to Spirit Perfection—Earthly Glory, Heavenly Glory.



Providence, R. I., Jan. 11.—Pastor Russell preached here today. His text was, "If any man desire the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—1 Corinthians 3:17.

The Pastor declared that this Scripture could not be applied indiscriminately to all men. Only the Church are the Temple of God in the sense the Apostle here mentions; for only such as have been regenerated, or begotten of the Holy Spirit, are sons of God. These have received a new life, and are Scripturally described as "New Creatures in Christ." These have entered into a covenant with God through the merit of Jesus, who imputes His righteousness to them, justifying them freely from their unintentional imperfections and weaknesses.

Then the Pastor pointed out the distinction between these spirit-begotten New Creatures and the remainder of mankind, however just and well-intentioned. He showed that ordinarily we do not speak of humanity apart from their bodies; for, cut off from the body, they would be dead. We speak of such separation as *dissolution*. As the union of life (vitality) with organism (body) forms the soul, or sentient being, so their separation causes the soul to cease. Death would be the end of humanity, had not God provided for the redemption of the race, and its restitution by resurrection. Restitution will be merely a bringing back of that which death is now destroying—human, or earthly, being.

Next the speaker showed that anything done, either deliberately or carelessly, to injure God's workmanship would be sin. There is a Divine Law to the effect that whoever sins shall suffer. Whoever defiles his body, either by impure thoughts, angry thoughts, malicious thoughts, or by missing it contrary to Divine arrangement, or by drinking or by gluttony, is defiling the temple of his own soul—the work of God.

pondering to appetite, is sure to bring depravity of body or mind or both; and depravity, he claimed, is death at work. Unless such depravity be overcome through Christ, the end will be everlasting death, as is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

The same principle, said the Pastor, applies to all who do evil to others, either by poisoning their minds or their morals, or by injuring their physical systems. Such do violence to God's work, and degrade their own manhood. The operation of Divine Law will surely bring punishments, which, unheeded, will ultimately bring death—"everlasting destruction."

We may warn every man along the broad Biblical line, "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," continued the speaker. Whoever sows to the flesh—to sin, selfishness, meanness—to the fallen propensities—anger, malice, envy, hatred, strife, evil speaking, etc.—will be sure to reap correspondingly bitter experiences. This way, persisted in, will finally bring him to the Second Death.

God's Temple the Church.
The Pastor then briefly reviewed Israel's wilderness experiences. When God entered into covenant relationship with the Israelites, He manifested Himself by the Shekinah Glory, which shone out from between the Cherubim covering the Mercy Seat in the Tabernacle. The Israelites drew near to God through His appointed servants, Aaron and his sons, who had access to God's presence.

The Tabernacle was therefore the temple of God, but it was merely a tent. After the dedication of Solomon's Temple, God appeared there instead, and manifested His presence in the same manner.

Then the Pastor explained fully that the Church is God's antitypical Temple; but that, as St. Peter points out, it is not yet constructed as a Temple. Each consecrated child of God, begotten of the Holy Spirit, is a living stone in preparation for a place in that glorious Temple, soon to be constructed. These living stones are God's workmanship. He works in them by the Spirit of Truth; and by His providence He shapes them, polishes them, develops their characters, and makes them ready for the coming building.



THE MAIDS OF PARADISE

By Robert W. Chambers
Author of "Cardigan," "The Conspirators," "Maids at Arms," etc.

Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Scarlett, an American soldier of fortune in the employ of the French Imperial Police at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, is ordered to arrest John Buckhurst, a leader of the Communists, who is suspected of having stolen the French crown jewels. While searching for Buckhurst Scarlett is ordered to arrest Countess de Vassart and her group of socialists and escort them to the Belgian border.

CHAPTER II—Scarlett finds Sylvia Elven of the Odéon disguised as a peasant and carries her to La Trappe, where the countess and her friends are assembled.

CHAPTER III—All are arrested. The countess saves Scarlett from a fatal fall from the roof of the house. He denounces Buckhurst as the leader of the Reds and the countess conducts him to where Buckhurst is secreted.

CHAPTER IV—German Uhlans descend on the place and Buckhurst escapes during the melee. Scarlett is wounded.

CHAPTER V—He recovers consciousness in the countess' home at Morabronn, where he is cared for by the countess. A fierce battle is fought in the streets between French and Prussian soldiers.

CHAPTER VI—Buckhurst professes repentance and returns the crown jewels to Scarlett. He declares he will give himself up to the authorities. Scarlett doubts his sincerity. Buckhurst urges the countess to go to Paradise.

CHAPTER VII—Buckhurst admits that he receives pay from the Prussians for information which he does not give. He secures passports to the French lines for Scarlett, the countess and himself.

It was late in the afternoon when the last Prussian outpost halted us. I had been asleep for hours, but was awakened by the clatter of horses, and I opened my eyes to see a dozen Uhlans come cantering up and surround our carriage. One of the troopers tied a white handkerchief to his lance-tip, wheeled his wiry horse, and, followed by a trumpeter, trotted off ahead of us.

Presently, very far away on the gray-green hill-side, I saw a bit of white move. One minute, two, three, ten passed. Then, distant galloping sounded along the road, nearer, nearer; three horsemen suddenly wheeled into view ahead—French dragoons, advancing at a solid gallop. The Uhlans with the flag spurred forward to meet them, saluted, wheeled his horse and came back.

And now the brief ceremony was over and our rusty vehicle moved off down the hill, while the Uhlans turned bridle and clattered off, scattering showers of muddy gravel in the rising wind.

I dozed towards sunset, waking when the Countess stepped back into the carriage and seated herself by my side. Then, after a little, I slept again. And it was nearly dark when I was awakened by the startling whistle of a locomotive. In the dark southern sky a luminous haze hung.

"The lights of Strasboars," whispered the Countess, as I sat up, rubbing my hot eyes.

I looked for Buckhurst; his place was empty.

"Mr. Buckhurst left us at the railroad crossing," she said.

"Left us!"
"Yes! He boarded a train loaded with wounded. . . . He had business to transact in Colmar before he presented himself to the authorities in Paris. . . . And we are to go by way of Avricourt."

So Buckhurst had already begun to execute his programme. But the abrupt, infernal precision of the man jarred me unpleasantly.

In the dark I felt cautiously for my diamonds; they were safe in my hip-pocket.

Presently our carriage stopped before a tremendous mass of masonry pierced by an iron, arched gate, through which double files of farm-wagons were rolling, escorted by customs guards and marines, and we entered Strasboars in the midst of a crush of vehicles. The Countess and our Alsatian driver helped me to the platform. I looked around with dread at the throng, being too weak to battle for a foothold; but the brave Alsatian elbowed a path for me, and the Countess warded off the plunging human cattle, and at length I found myself beside the cars where line-soldiers stood guard at every ten paces and gendarmes stalked about, shoving the frantic people into double files.

I caught the sleeve of a captain of gendarmes who was running to enter a first-class compartment.

"Eh—what do you want, monsieur?" he snapped in surprise.

"Try to make room for this lady in your compartment," I said.

"Willingly, monsieur. Hasten, madame; the train is already moving!" and he tore open the compartment door and swung the Countess to the car platform.

I suppose she thought I was to follow, for when the officer slammed the compartment door she stepped to the window and tried to open it.

"Quick!" she cried to the guard, who had just locked the door; "help that officer in! He is wounded—can't you see he is wounded?"

The train was gliding along the asphalt platform; I hobbled beside the locked compartment, where she stood at the window.

The cars were rolling a little faster than I could move along.

out and brushing the shabby-gloved fingers with my lips.

"I shall never forgive this wanton self-sacrifice," she said, unsteadily. Then the car rolled silently past me, swifter, swifter, and her white face faded from my sight.

The station-master passed, a haggard gentleman in rumpled uniform and gilt cap; and as he left the office by the outer door the heavy explosion of a rampart cannon shook the station. "Can you get me to Paris?" I asked. "Quick, then," he muttered; "this way—lean on me, monsieur! I am trying to send another train out—but Heaven alone knows! Quick, this way!"

A car, doors swinging wide, glided past me; I caught the rail and fell forward into a compartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Man to Let.

The train which bore me out of the arc of the Prussian fire at Strasboars passed in between the fortifications of Paris the next morning about eleven o'clock. Ten minutes later I was in a closed cab on my way to the headquarters of the Imperial Military Police, temporarily housed in the Luxembourg palace.

I did not enter my door or even glance at it; I continued straight on, down the corridor to a door, on the ground-glass panes of which was printed in red lettering:

"HEADQUARTERS IMPERIAL MILITARY POLICE SAFE DEPOSIT."

I entered, passed rapidly along the face of the steel cage behind which some officers sat on high stools, writing, and presented myself at the guichet marked, "Foreign Division."

A very elegant officer strolled up to the guichet as I laid my bag of diamonds on the glass shelf, languidly unlocked the steel window-gate, and picked up the bag of jewels.

The officer was Mornac, the Emperor's alter ego, or *ame damnee*, who had taken over the entire department the very day I left Paris for the frontier. "Name and number?" inquired Mornac, indolently. I gave both.

"You desire to declare?" I enumerated the diamonds, and designated them as those lately stolen from the crucifix of Louis XI.

Mornac handed me a printed certificate of deposit, opened a compartment in the safe, and tossed in the bag without sealing it.

I limped off past the glittering steel cage, thankful that the jewels were safe, turned into the corridor, and hastened back to my own rooms.

To tear off my togs, bathe, shave, and dress in a light suit of civilian clothes took me longer than usual, for I was a trifle lame.

Pondering, I slowly retraced my steps through the bedroom and dressing-room, and out into the tiled hallway, where, at the end of the dim corridor, the door of Colonel Jarras' bureau stood partly open.

As I sat down I glanced around and saw my old comrade, Speed, sitting in a dark corner, chewing a cigarette and watching me in alert silence.

"You are present to report?" suggested Colonel Jarras, heavily.

I began my report, but was immediately stopped by Jarras with a peevish gesture: "All right, all right; keep all that for the Chief of Department. Your report doesn't concern me."

"Doesn't concern you!" I repeated; "are you not chief of this bureau, Colonel Jarras?"

"No," snapped Jarras; "and there's no bureau now—at least no bureau for the Foreign Division."

Speed leaned forward and said: "Scarlett, my friend, the Foreign Division of the Imperial Military Police has been abolished."

"Who the devil did that?" I asked savagely.

"Mornac!"

Mornac! The Emperor's shadow!

Then truly enough it was all up with the Foreign Division. But the shame of it!—the disgrace of us faithful a body of police, mercenaries though they were, as ever worked for any cause, good or bad.

As we sat there in silence, a soldier came to summon Colonel Jarras, and he went away, leaning on his ivory-headed cane, head bowed over the string of medals on his breast.

When he had gone, Speed came over and shut the door, then shook hands with me.

"He's gone to see Mornac; it will be our turn next. Look out for Mornac, or he'll catch you tripping in your report."

"Look here," I said, angrily, "how can Mornac catch me tripping? I'm not under his orders."

"You are until you're discharged. You see, they've taken it into their heads, since the crucifix robbery, to suspect everybody and anybody short of the Emperor. Mornac came smelling around here the day you left. He's at the bottom of all this—a nice business to cast suspicion on our division because we're foreigners. Gad, he looks like a pickpocket himself—he's got the oblique trick of the eyes and the restless finger movement."

"Perhaps he is," I said.

Speed looked at me sharply.

"I were in the service now I'd arrest Mornac—if I dared."

Then a soldier appeared to summon us both, and we followed to the temporary bureau.

At a careless nod from Mornac I muttered the formal "I have to report, sir—" and began mumbling a perfunctory account of my movements since leaving Paris.

I told the truth as far as I went, which brought me to my capture by Uhlans and the natural escape of my prisoner, Buckhurst. I merely added that I had secured the diamonds and had managed to reach Paris via Strasboars.

He listened very quietly while I told of my encounter with Buckhurst in Morabronn, of our journey to Saverne, to Strasboars, and finally by own arrival in Paris.

"Where is Buckhurst?" he asked. "I do not know," I replied, doggedly. "That is to say that you had him in your power within the French lines yet did not secure him?"

"Yes. There was something more important to do than to arrest Buckhurst. I had every reason to believe that an important conspiracy was being ripened somewhere near Paradise. I had every reason to believe that the robbery of the crown jewels might furnish funds for the plotters."

"The arrest of one man could not break up the conspiracy; I desired to trap the leaders; and to that end I deliberately liberated this man Buckhurst as a stool-pigeon. If my judgment has been at fault, I accept the blame."

Mornac examined his carefully kept finger-tips in detail.

"You say he bribed you?" "I said he attempted to do so," I replied, sharply.

"With the diamonds?" "Yes."

"You have them?" "I deposited them as usual."

"Bring them."

Angry as I was, I saluted, wheeled, and hastened off to the safe deposit. The jewel-bag was delivered when I presented my printed slip; I picked it up and marched back, savagely biting my mustache and striving to control my increasing exasperation. Never before had I endured insolence from a superior officer.

Mornac was questioning Speed as I entered, and he lolled in his chair with an absent-minded expression like the expression of a cat who pretends to forget the mouse between her paws.

The shock came almost immediately, for, without a word, he suddenly



"I Refuse to Be Discharged!"

emptied the jewel-bag on the desk before him. The bag contained little pebbles wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Suppose you explain this farce?" Mornac suggested, unmoved.

"Suppose you explain it!" I stammered.

He raised his delicately arched eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that an hour ago that bag contained the diamonds from the crucifix of Louis XI! I mean that I handed them over to you on my arrival at this bureau!"

"Doubtless you can prove what you say," he observed. "It seems to me that it is high time we abolished the Foreign Division, Imperial Military Police."

"I refuse to be discharged!" I said, hoarsely. "It is your word against mine; I demand an investigation!"

"Certainly," he replied, almost wearily, and touched a bell. "Bring that witness," he added to the soldier who appeared in answer to the silvery summons.

Somebody entered the room behind me, passed me; there was an odor of violets in the air, a faint rustle of silk, and I saw Mornac rise and bow to his guest and conduct her to a chair.

His guest was the young Countess de Vassart.

Mornac turned directly on me. "Madame, do you know this officer?" "Yes," said the countess, smiling.

"Did you see him receive a small sack of diamonds in Morabronn?" The countess gave me a quick glance of surprise. "Yes," she said, wonderingly.

"Thank you, madame; that is sufficient," he replied; and before I could understand what he was about he had conducted the countess to the next room and had closed the door behind him.

"Quick!" muttered Speed at my elbow; "let's back out of this trap. There's no use; he's one of them, and he means to ruin you."

"But he's got those diamonds! Do you think I can stand that?" "I think you've got to," muttered Speed, savagely. "Do you want to rot in Cayenne? If you do, stay here and bawl for a court-martial."

He seized me with a growl of "Idiot! come on!" and fairly shoved me through the colonnades of the institute, along the quay, down the river-wall, to a dock where presently a swift river boat swung in for passen-

gers. And when the bateau mouche shot out again into mid-stream, Speed and I stood silently on deck, watching the silver-gray facades of Paris fly past above us under the blue sky.

We sat far forward, quite alone, and separated from the few passengers by the pilothouse and joined funnel.

I waited; Speed chewed his cigar grimly.

"Look here, Scarlett," he said. "Do you know what has become of the crown jewels of France?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you. You know, of course, that the government is anxious. But you don't know what a pitiable fright the authorities are in. The crown jewels, the bars of gold of the reserve, the great pictures from the Louvre, the antiques of value, including the Venus of Milo, have been packed in cases and loaded on trains under heavy guard."

"Twelve of these trains have already left Paris for the par-port of Lorient. The others are to follow, one every twenty-four hours at midnight. A swift cruiser—the *Per-de-Lance*—is lying off Paradise with steam up night and day, ready to receive the treasures of the government at the first alarm and run for the French possessions in Cochinchina."

"And now, perhaps, you may guess why Buckhurst is so anxious to hang around Paradise."

"Of course I was startled. Speed's muttered information gave me the keys to many doors. And behind each door were millions and millions and millions of francs' worth of plunder."

"Our eyes met in mute interrogation; Speed smiled."

"Do you remember an application for license from the manager of a traveling American show—a Yankee circus?"

"Byram's Imperial American circus?" I said.

"That's it. They went through Normandy last summer. Well, Byram's agent is going to meet us at Saint-Cloud. We're engaged; I'm to do ballooning—you know I worked one of the military balloons before Petersburg. You are to do sensational riding. You were riding-master in the

Sphinx—were you not?" "I tamed three lions for my regiment at Constantinople," I said.

"Good lad! Then you can play with Byram's lions, too. Oh, what the devil!" he cried, recklessly; "it's all in a lifetime."

(Continued next week.)

Salts Is Fine For Kidneys, Quit Meat

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

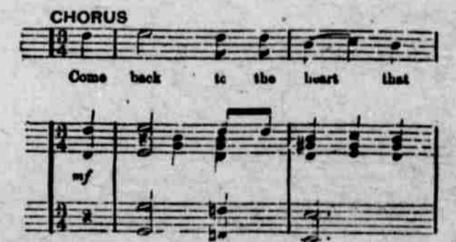
No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by saying a well known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

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