The Strange Case of Cavendish

By Randall Parrish

Author of "The Devil's Own" "My Lady of the North," Etc.

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"THAT'S ALL."

...ris.—Frederick Cavendish, ...ark man of wealth, receives ...r from an old friend, Jim ...ett, urging him to come at ...e Colorado. Deciding to go, ...ploys a lawyer, Patrick En... to draw up a will leaving ...of his estate to charity, with ...e pittance to John Cavendish, ...cousin and only relative, a dis... youth. That night Frederick ...endish is murdered in his apart... No will being found, John ...endish inherits the estate. Two ...nths later Enright informs John ...endish of the existence of the ...ill and offers, for $100,000, to say ...thing of it. John agrees. Stella ...onovan, newspaper writer, learns ...om Frederick Cavendish's valet ...at he is not satisfied the body ...found was that of his employer. ...She is directed by Farriss, city edi...tor of the Star, to follow up the ...case. Stella learns of the will En...right had drawn up, also of John ...Cavendish's infatuation for Celeste ...Le Rue, chorus girl. A conversa...tion Stella overhears between Ce...leste and John Cavendish convinces ...her Frederick Cavendish is alive, ...the victim of a conspiracy engi...neered by Enright to secure his ...fortune, and that Celeste knows ...where he is hidden. Ned Beaton, ...notorious gunman, is also men...tioned. Celeste is about to leave ...for Haskell, Colorado.

CHAPTER IV.

—3—

Miss Donovan Arrives.

...hen the long overland train ...ed a moment before the ancient ...car that served as the depot for ...town of Haskell, nestled in the ...half a mile away, it deposited ...Donovan almost in the arms of ...n, the station agent, and he, ...of the wiles of women and the ...of society, promptly turned her ...to Jim Westcott, who had come ...to inquire if the station agent ...a telegram for him—a telegram ...he expected from the East.

"She oughtn't to hike to the Tim...s house alone, Jim," Carson said. "...is yere is pay day up at the big ...es, an' the boys are havin' a h—— ...a time."

In view of this disclosure, Miss ...onovan welcomed the courteous ...escence of Westcott, whom she ...ged to be a man of thirty-one, with ...e and character—these written in ...lines of his big body and his ...e, kind face.

"I'm Miss Stella Donovan of New ...k," she said directly.

"And I," he returned, with hat off in ...deepening gloom, "am Jim West...t, who plugs away at a mining ...im over yonder."

"There!" laughed the girl frankly. ...re introduced. And I suppose we ...start for the Timmons house."

...her words trailed off there came ...sound of yelling, sharp cries, ...revolver shots from the gulch be...where lights twinkled faintly. ...ghing warmly, Westcott picked ...her valise, threw a "So-long" to ...n, and with Miss Donovan close

...e Drunken Fool," He Muttered Quietly.

...ind him, began making for the dis...t lights of the Timmons house. As ...followed the road, which paral...d a whispering stream, the girl be...to draw him out skilfully, and was ...ised to find that for all of his ...gh appearance he was excellently ...ated and a gentleman of taste. ...ally the reason came out.

"I'm a college man," he explained ...ly. "So was my partner—same ...l. But one can't always remain ...the admirable East, and three years ...he and I came here prospecting. ...ally struck some pay-dirt in the ...yonder, too, but it sort of petered ...on us. It was broken in two by ...upheaval of nature. We were ...trying to find it when my part...father died and he went East to ...the fortune that was left. I ...the vein again—when my last ...was gone. That was a month ...I wired my old partner for help, ...He stopped, listening intently. ...y were nearing a small bridge ...Bear creek, the sounds of Has...revelers growing nearer and ...r. Suddenly they heard an oath ...a shot, and the next moment a ...rider, lashing a foaming horse ...a stinging quirt, was upon them. ...cott barely had time to swing the ...d in safety as the tornado flew past.

"The drunken fool!" he muttered ...ly. "A puncher riding for camp. There will be more up ahead probably."

His little act of heroism drew the man strangely near to Miss Donovan, and as they hurried along in the silent night she felt that above all he was dependable, as if, too, she had known him months, aye years, instead of a scant hour. And in this strange country she needed a friend.

"Now that I've laid bare my past," he was saying, "don't you think you might tell me why you are here?"

The girl stiffened. To say that she was from the New York Star would close many avenues of information to her. No, the thing to do was to adopt some "stall" that would enable her to idle about as much as she chose. Then the mad horseman gave her the idea.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I forgot I hadn't mentioned it. I'm assigned by Scribbler's Magazine to do an article on 'The Old West, Is It Really Gone?' and, Mr. Westcott, I think I have a lovely start."

A few moments later she thanked Providence for her precaution, for her companion resumed the story of his mining claim.

"It's might funny I haven't heard from that partner. It isn't like him not to answer my wire. That's why I've waited every night at the depot. No, it's not like 'Pep,' even if he does take his leisure at the College club."

Miss Donovan's spine tingled at the mention of the name. "Pep," she murmured, trying to be calm. "What was his other name?"

"Cavendish," Westcott replied. "Frederick Cavendish.'

A gasp almost escaped the girl's lips. Here, within an hour, she had linked the many eastern clues of the Cavendish affair with one in the West. Was ever a girl so lucky? And immediately her brain began to work furiously as she walked along.

A sudden turn about the base of a large cliff brought them to Haskell, a single street running up the broadening valley, lined mostly with shacks, although a few more pretentious buildings were scattered here and there, while an occasional tent flapped its discolored canvas in the night wind.

They went forward, Westcott watchful and silent, the valise in one hand, the other grasping her arm. The narrow stretch of sidewalk was jammed with men, surging in and out through the open door of a saloon, and the two held to the middle of the road, which was lined with horses tied to long poles. Men reeled out into the street, and occasionally the sharp crack of some frolicsome revolver punctuated the hoarse shouts and bursts of drunken laughter. No other woman was visible, yet, apparently, no particular attention was paid to their progress. But the stream of men thickened perceptibly, until Westcott was obliged to shoulder them aside good-humoredly in order to open a passage. He released her arm and suddenly gripped the shoulder of a man passing. He was the town marshal.

"Say, Dan, I reckon this is your busy night, but I wish you'd help me run this lady through as far as Timmons; this bunch of longhorns appear to be milling, and we're plum stalled."

The man turned and stared at them. Short, stockily built, appearing at first view almost grotesque under the broad brim of his hat, Stella, recognizing the marshal, was conscious only of a clean-shaven face, a square jaw and a pair of stern blue eyes.

"Oh, is that you, Jim?" he asked, briefly. "Lord, I don't see why a big boob like you should need a guardian. The lady? Pardon me, madam," and he touched his hat. "Stand back there, you fellows. Come on, folks!"

The little marshal knew his business, and it was also evident that the crowd knew the little marshal. Drunk and quarrelsome as many of them were, they made way—the more obstreperous sullenly, but the majority in a spirit of rough good humor. The three passed straight through the surging mass in the man-crowded lobby of the disreputable hotel.

At the desk, wide-eyed with excitement, Miss Donovan took a service-worn pen proffered by landlord Pete Timmons, whose gray whiskers were as unkempt as his hotel, and registered her name.

"A telegram came today for you, ma'am," Peter said in a cracked voice, and tossed it over.

Miss Donovan tore it open. It was from Farriss. It read:

"If any clues, advise immediately. Willis digging hard. Letter of instruction follows. FARRIS."

The girl folded the message, thrust it in her jacket pocket, then turning to the marshal and Westcott, gave each a firm hand.

"You've both been more than kind," she said gratefully.

"H——, ma'am," Dan deprecated, "that warn't nothin'!" And he hurried into the street as loud cries sounded outside.

"Good-night, Miss Donovan," Westcott said simply. "If you are ever frightened or in need of a friend, call on me. I'll be in town two days yet, and after that Pete here can get word to me." Then, with an admiring, honest gaze, he searched her eyes a moment before he turned and strolled toward the rude cigar case.

"All right, now, ma'am?" Pete Timmons said, picking up her valise. The girl nodded, and together they went up the rude stairs to her room, where Timmons paused at the door.

"Well, I'm glad you're here," he said, moving away. "We've been waitin' for you to show. I may be wrong, ma'am, but I'd bet my belt that you're the lady that's been expected by Ned Beaton."

"You're mistaken," she replied shortly.

As she heard him clatter down the stairs Miss Stella Donovan of the New York Star knew that her visit would not be in vain.

The miner waited, leaning against the desk. Timmons came down the stairs, eager to ask questions.

"Lady friend o' yours, Jim?" he asked. "If I'd a knowed she wus comin' I'd a saved a better room."

"I have never seen her until tonight, Pete. She got off the train and Carson asked me to escort her uptown—it was dark, you know."

"What do you suppose she's come yere for?"

"Not the slightest idea; I take it that's her business."

"Sure; but a feller can't help wonderin', can he? Donovan," he mused, peering at the name; "that's Irish. I take it—hey?"

"Suspiciously so; you are some detective, Pete. I'll give you another clue—her eyes are Irish gray."

He sauntered across to the stove, and stood looking idly at the card-players, blue wreaths of tobacco smoke circling up from the bowl of his pipe. Some one opened the street door, letting in a babel of noise, and walked heavily across the office floor. Westcott turned about to observe the newcomer. He was a burly, red-faced man, who had evidently been drinking heavily, yet was not greatly under the influence of liquor, dressed in a checked suit of good cut and fashion, but hardly in the best of taste. He bore all the earmarks of a commercial traveler of a certain sort—a domineering personality, making up by sheer nerve what he might lack in brains. But for his words the miner would have given the fellow no further thought.

"Say, Timmons," he burst forth noisily, and striding over to the desk, "the marshal tells me a dame blew in from New York tonight—is she registered here?"

The landlord slowed the book forward, with one finger on the last signature.

"Yep," he said shortly, "but she ain't the one you wuz lookin' for—I asked her that, furst thing."

"Stella Donovan—huh! That's no name ever I heard; what's she look like? Dark or light?"

"Waal, sorter medium, I should say; brown hair with a bit o' red in it, an' a pair o' gray eyes full of fun—some girl, to my notion."

The questioner struck his fist on the wood sharply.

"Well, what the devil do you suppose such a woman has come to this hole clear from New York for, Timmons? What's her game, anyhow?"

"Blessed if I know," and the proprietor seated himself on a high stool. "I didn't ask no questions like that; maybe the gent by the stove there might give yer all the information yer want. He brought her up from the depoo, an' kin talk English. Say, Jim, this yere is a shorthorn frum New York, named Beaton, an' he seems ter be powerfully interested in skirts—Beaton, Mr. Jim Westcott."

The two men looked at each other, the miner stepping slightly forward, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. Beaton laughed, assuming a semblance of good nature.

"My questions were prompted solely by curiosity," he explained, evidently not wholly at ease. "I was expecting a young woman, and though this new arrival might prove to be my friend."

"Hardly," returned Westcott dryly. "As the landlord informed you, Miss Donovan is a lady."

If he expected this shot to take effect he was disappointed, for the grin never left Beaton's face.

"Ah, a good joke; a very good joke, indeed. But you misunderstand; this is altogether a business matter. This young woman whom I expect is coming here on a mining deal—it is not a love affair at all, I assure you."

"I thought possibly you might care to question me regarding my acquaintance with the young woman?" Westcott went on, his voice hardening slightly. "If so, I have not the slightest objection to telling you that it consists entirely of acting as her escort from the station to the hotel. I do not know why she is here, how long she intends staying, or what her purpose may be. Indeed, there is only one fact I do know which may be of interest to you."

Beaton, surprised by the language of the other, remained silent, his face turning purple, as a suspicion came to him that he was being made a fool of.

"It is this, my friend—who she is, what she is, and why she happens to be here, is none of your d——n business, and if you so much as mention her name again in my presence you are going to regret it to your dying day. That's all."

Beaton, glancing about at the uplifted faces of the card players, chose to assume an air of indifference, which scarcely accorded with the anger in his eyes.

"Ah, come now," he blurted forth, "I didn't mean anything; there's no harm done—let's have a drink, and be friends."

Westcott shook his head.

"No, I think not," he said slowly. "I'm not much of a drinking man myself, and when I do I choose my own company. But let me tell you something Beaton, for your own good. I know your style, and you are mighty apt to get into trouble out here if you use any Bowery tactics."

"Bowery tactics!"

"Yes; you claim to live in New York, and you possess all the earmarks of the East side bad man. There is nothing keeping you now from roughing it with me but the sight of this gun in my belt, and a suspicion in your mind that I may know how to use it. That suspicion is correct. Now you go back to your barroom, where you will find plenty of your own kind to associate with. It's going to be dangerous for you to hang around here any longer."

Beaton felt the steady eyes upon him, but was carrying enough liquor to make him reckless. He stepped backward, feigning a laugh, watchful to catch Westcott off his guard.

"All right, then," he said. "I'll go get the drink; you can't bluff me."

Westcott's knowledge of the class alone brought to him the man's purpose. Beaton's hand was in the pocket of his coat, and, as he turned apparently to leave the room, the cloth bulged. With one leap forward the miner was at his throat. There was a report, a flash of flame, the speeding bullet striking the stove, and the next instant Beaton, his hand still helplessly imprisoned within the coat pocket, was hurled back across a card table, the players scattering to get out of the way. All the pent-up dislike in Westcott's heart found expression in action; the despicable trick wrought him to a sudden fury, yet even then there came to him no thought of killing the fellow, no memory even of the loaded gun at his hip. He wanted to choke him, strike him with his hands.

"You dirty coward," he muttered fiercely. "So you thought the pocket trick was a new one out here, did you? Come, give the gun up! Oh! so there is some fight left in you? Then let's settle it here."

It was a struggle between two big, strong men—the one desperate, unscrupulous, brutal; the other angry enough, but retaining self-control! They crashed onto the floor, Westcott still retaining the advantage of position, and twice he struck, driving his

"Miss Donovan Is a Lady."

clenched fist home. Suddenly he became aware that some one had jerked his revolver from its holster and, almost at the same instant a hard hand gripped the neck-band of his shirt and tore him loose from Beaton.

"Here now—enough of that, Jim," said a voice sternly, and his hands arose instinctively as he recognized the gleam of two drawn weapons fronting him. "Help Beaton up, Joe. Now, look yere, Mr. Bully Westcott," and the speaker shook his gun threateningly. "As it happens, you have jumped on a friend o' ours, an' we naturally propose to take a hand in this game—you know me!"

Westcott nodded, an unpleasant smile on his lips.

"I do, Lacy," he said coolly, "and that if there is any dirty work going on in this camp it is quite probable you and your gang are in it. Now listen; you've got me covered, and that is my gun which Moore has in his hand. I cannot fight you alone and unarmed; but I can talk yet."

"I reckon yer can, if that's goin' ter do yer eny good."

"So the La Rosita Mining company is about to be revived, is it? Eastern capital becoming interested. I've heard rumors of that for a week past. What's the idea? Struck anything?"

Lacy, a long, rangy fellow, with a heavy mustache, and a scar over one eye, partially concealed by his hat-brim, grinned at the others as though at a good joke.

"No, nuthin' particular as yet," he answered; "but you hev', an' I reckon thet's just about as good. Tryin' ter keep it dark, wasn't yer? Never even thought we'd caught on."

"Oh, yes, I did; you flatter yourselves. I caught one of your stool-pigeons up the gulch yesterday, and more than ten days ago Moore and Edson made a trip into my tunnel while I happened to be away; they forgot to hide their trail. I knew what you were up to, and you can all of you look for a fight."

"When your partner gets out here, I suppose," sneered Lacy.

"He'll be here."

"Oh, will he? Well, he's a h—— of a while coming. You wired him a month ago, and yer've written him twice since. Oh, I've got the cases on you all right, Westcott. I know you haven't got a cent left to go on with, and nowhere to get any except through him." He laughed. "Ain't that right? Well, then, yer chances look mighty slim ter me just at present, ol'-timer. However, there's no fight on yet; will yer behave yerself, an' let this man Beaton alone if I hand yer back yer gun?"

"There is no choice left me."

"Sure; that's sensible enough; give it to him, Moore."

He broke the chamber, shaking the cartridges out into his palm; then handed the emptied weapon over to Westcott. His manner was purposely insulting, but the latter stood with lips firmly set, realizing his position.

"Now, then, go on over thar an' sit down," continued Lacy. "Maybe, if yer wait long enough, that partner o' yours might blow in. Come on, boys, let's liquor. Big Jim Westcott has his claws cut, and it's Beaton's turn to spend a little."

Westcott sat quietly in the chair as they filed out; then took the pipe from his pocket and filled it slowly. He realized his defeat, his helplessness, but his mind was already busy with the future.

CHAPTER V.

A Night and a Morning.

Stella Donovan never forgot the miseries of her first night in Haskell. When old Man Timmons finally left her, after placing the flaring lamp on a chair, and went pattering back down the bare hall, she glanced shudderingly about at her unpleasant surroundings, none too pleased with the turn of events.

The bed-clothing, once turned back and inspected, was of a nature to prevent the girl from disrobing; but finally she lay down, seeking such rest as was possible, after turning the flickering flames of the lamp as low as she dared, and then finally blowing it out altogether. Her thoughts, never still, wandered over the events of the evening—the arrival at Haskell station, the strange meeting with Westcott, and the sudden revelation that he was the partner of Frederick Cavendish.

The big, good-natured miner had interested her from the first as representing a perfect type of her preconceived ideal of the real westerner. She had liked the firm character of his face, the quiet, thoughtful way in which he acted, the whole unobtrusive bearing of the man. Already he had awakened her trust; she felt convinced that if she needed friendship, advice, even actual assistance, here was one whom she could implicitly trust.

She was young and she awoke rested and refreshed, in spite of the fact that her body ached at first from the discomfort of the cot. She stared about at the bare, board walls, the bullet-scarred mirror, the cracked pitcher, before she could fully reassure herself; then stepped upon the disreputable rug and crossed to the open window.

She straightened up, emitting a swift breath of delight, as her wide-open eyes surveyed the marvelous scene of mingled loveliness and grandeur. The stream, curving like a great snake, gleamed amid the acres of green grass, its swift waters sparkling in the sun. Beyond, seemingly at no distance at all, yet bordered by miles of turf and desert, the patches of vivid green interspersed with the darker coloring of spruce, and the outcropping of brown rocks, the towering peaks of a great mountain-chain swept up into the clear blue of the sky, black almost to their summits, which were dazzling with the white of unmelted snow.

Women were deceivers ever, as Jim finds out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS TO INFANT AUTHORSHIP

Many Who Afterward Achieved Greatness May Properly Be Classed as Youthful Prodigies.

Pope, who "lisped in numbers," had the moral courage to burn all his childish and boyish verses, including the epic, "Alexander." He took no chance of posthumous publication, says the Youth's Companion.

When little Tom Macaulay was seven years old he wrote a "Compendium of Universal History," beginning with the creation, and when he was eight a heroic poem on "Olaus the Great." It was natural that his mother should have cherished those proofs of early talent and have shown them occasionally to friends; but, as his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, neatly observes, "If the affection of one generation has preserved them intact the piety of another generation refrains from submitting them to the public."

A distinguished book collector has had printed for his own pleasure and for the pleasure of his friends the "History of Moses," composed by Robert Louis Stevenson when he was six years old and dictated to his mother. The tiny volume is embellished with a facsimile of Mrs. Stevenson's manuscript and with a delightful illustration in water colors from the hand of the little prodigy. It represents the Israelites hilariously leaving Egypt. They smoke long pipes and carry umbrellas and bundles. One of them pauses long enough to beat a protesting Egyptian over the head. The narrative is both comprehensive and concise. It won a prize from a generous uncle in 1856, and it is today as good an example of infant authorship as we are likely to read.

Beautiful St. Sophia.

St. Sophia's church at Constantinople is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. In architectural features the structure has a 107-foot dome carried on four pillars, one at each corner, and composed of light pumice stone, with the apex 175 feet above the floor.

So extraordinary is the appearance of the church that the awe-stricken Sultan Mohammed is reported as having stopped at the door when the building was taken over by the Moslems and, seeing a soldier hewing at the floor "For the faith," exclaimed, "ye have the whole city to pillage and enslave; leave ye me the buildings!"

The Mohammedans have never destroyed the treasures of art they found upon taking Constantinople, but have covered them up. They have preserved whole cisterns or cellars full of priceless manuscripts of Greek and Byzantine literature, and writings belonging to the early part of the Gospel age.

Ridiculous Importance.

You cannot hope for anything like contentment so long as you continue to attach that ridiculous degree of importance to the events of this life, which so many people are inclined to do.—Arthur Helps.

Industry's Advantage.

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot.—Beecher.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR JULY 25

DAVID SUCCEEDS SAUL AS KING.

LESSON TEXT—II Sam. 2:1-7; 5:1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT—Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine understanding.—Prov. 3:5.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—I Sam. 31; 1-13; II Sam. 1-27; 2:8-4:12.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Shepherd Boy Becomes a King.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How David Became a King.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Secret of David's Success.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—True Success and How to Win It.

The death of Saul lay open to David the path to the throne. This would have rejoiced the heart of many, but David was sad. Instead of reward being given to the slayer of Saul, quick vengeance was executed upon him.

I. David Made King Over Judah (2:1-4).

He knew full well that the Lord by the hand of Samuel had anointed him to be the successor of Saul. He had learned the essential lesson which the School of Providence was designed to teach, namely, that the position now open to him was no easy one to fill. His exile and sufferings gave him self-control. He had the good sense to know that promotion to the throne did but bring "harder duties and multiplied perplexities." He threw himself upon God and asked for guidance. He rendered instant obedience to the Lord's answer. If we are to enjoy God's fellowship and blessing we must render quick obedience. He made a right beginning, therefore God prospered him. When he reached Hebron the men of Judah came and anointed him king over them. Thus a part of the nation recognized him as king and ratified the work which Samuel did many years before. When David went up he took with him all who had been with him in exile and suffering. They are now sharers with him in the kingdom. When David's great son, Christ, shall enter upon his glorious reign, those who have been faithful to him in his rejection shall reign with him. "If we suffer we shall also reign with him." (II Tim. 2:12); "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in his throne." (Rev. 3:21).

II. David's Behavior Toward the Men of Jabesh-Gilead (2:4-7).

The men of Jabesh owed much to Saul (I Sam. 11), and they showed this recognition of debt by making a daring dash to rescue his body from the ignominious exposure at Bethlehem. David's act of sending men to Jabesh with a message of good will for their affectionate remembrance of Saul is an exhibition of his noble generosity. His love for the unfortunate king survived all the injuries which he suffered at his hands. He forgave and forgot them all. This was an act of political shrewdness as well as a generous one. In fact the only policy which proves effective is that which proceeds from a generous heart. He deftly follows this generous commendation with a solicitude for the men of Jabesh to transfer their loyalty to himself, since he is now their legal king. Since Saul is now dead, he urges them to be valiant for him. In view of the civil war which was to follow he knew it would require valiant men to stand by God's king. This appeal to be valiant is needed now, for we are all called upon to take sides between God's appointed king, Jesus Christ, and Satan, the pretender to the throne. May Christ's appeal result in making us faithful and valiant for him.

III. The Dual Kingdom—War Between the House of Saul and the House of David (2:8-4:12).

This period of civil war lasted seven and a half years. Most of the tribes of Israel clung to Ishbosheth, Saul's son, whom Abner had proclaimed king at Mahanaim. Feuds continued between the rival generals. David's power increased while that of Ishbosheth's waned.

IV. David Crowned King Over United Israel (5:1-5).

Though the struggle for supremacy lasted long and was a bitter one, Abner's death and Ishbosheth's assassination put an end to David's opposition. David's behavior during this time gradually won for him the confidence of the tribes so that they all came to him at Hebron and anointed him as their king. They accepted his divine right to rule (v. 3). The reasons for anointing him their king were:

1. He is their brother (v. 1). This is true of Christ our King. Through the incarnation he has become one with us.

2. He was their true leader in war, even in Saul's time (v. 2).

3. He was the Lord's choice (v. 2).

One Thing Needful.

Jesus says to all of us, "Ye are distracted about many things, but one thing is needful. Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Mary saw things in their true proportion, and when the Master was present the most important thing was to hear his words. She also saw that there are times for all things and so we ought to see that there are times when all other things ought to be laid aside and put out of mind, and give ourselves to earnest communion with Christ. That takes the fret and worry out of life, for we come to understand that "one thing is needful."

The Joyful Harvest.

He who sows, even with tears, the precious seed of faith, hope, and love, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him, because it is the very nature of that seed to yield a joyful harvest.—Cecil.

Speaks to the Imagination.

The silent upbraiding of the eye is the very poetry of reproach; it speaks at once to the imagination.—Mrs. Balfour.

CHINESE CAPITAL FEARS AN ATTACK

BATTLE OF RIVAL FACTIONS ALARMS FOREIGN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES.

CITY IN APPREHENSION

Imperial Family Appeals To Foreign Legations For Protection, Fearing Assassination, Would Limit Fighting Areas.

Shanghai. — The first important battle between the Anhu forces of General Tuan Chi-Jui and Chi Hli troops under General Wu Pei-Fu occurred July 15 north of Tein-Tsin, and ended in victory for the Anhuites who captured Yangsun, the largest center on the Peking-Tien-Tsin railway. This cut off communication with Peking.

It is reported that troops in the suburb of Nan Yuan are looting.

The imperial family has appealed to the foreign legations for protection, fearing that they will be victims of propaganda alleging that General Wu Pei Fu is carrying on a movement for the restoration of the monarchy.

There is much apprehension in Peking in view of the continued arrival of defeated troops and an alleged plan to wreck vengeance on the city.

A brigade of frontier troops has been captured by forces of General Wu Pei Fu, according to a report from Paotingfu. The report adds that two regiments have deserted to the colors of Wu Pei Fu.

Frontier defense troops under General Tuan Chi Jui attacked near Chochow, 80 miles south of Peking, and drove back the Wu Pei Fu forces by superior artillery fire.

A consular mission, consisting of British, French, Japanese and Americans has gone to Yangsun to invoke the treaty protocol limiting the fighting areas.

Fighting is reported in the Lofa district, where Chi Hli troops are said to be fleeing southward in disorder. It is understood the diplomatic corps is taking measures to protect them. Martial law has been proclaimed in Peking.

Deschanel Is Better.

Paris.—Reports from Rambouillet that the health of President Deschanel is greatly improved, have been confirmed, says the Journal, which adds it is probable he will resume his presidential functions in September.

Offensive Is At Standstill.

London. — Russian Bolsheviki offensive in the Ukraine has come to a standstill, according to advices from Bucharest, which declare the counter offensive of the Ukranian forces is making progress.

Lithuanians Hold Vilna.

Warsaw.—Polish governmental authorities have agreed with the Lithuanians for the occupation of Vilna by Lithuanian troops, and this step will soon be taken, according to information received in military quarters.

Bela Kun To Russia.

Vienna.—Bela Kun, former dictator of Hungary, and all the communists whose extradition has been demanded by Hungary has left Vienna for Russia, by way of Germany, in a prisoners' convoy.

Japs Get 1,000 Acres.

El Paso, Tex. — Sale of 938 acres of land, siuatted near San Elizario, El Paso county, to T. Dyo and F. Shiraishi, Japanese from California, has been completed, according to warranty deeds on file.

Greeks Still Advance.

London.—As official communique from army headquarters says that the advance guard of the Greek forces has reached a line 15 kilometers beyond Brussa.

French Begin Advance.

London.—The French have begun operations in Syria, moving toward Aleppo and Damascus, according to a report.

Tank Steamer Burns.

Mexico City.—A petroleum steamer belonging to the Cortes Oil Corporation was destroyed by fire at Tampico.

Polish Women Soldiers.

Warsaw. — Women soldiers have taken up positions for the defense of Vilna. They have been assigned to an eight-mile front.

Storm Sinks Boats.

Buenos Aires.—Five fishing boats have been lost and 15 others sunk as a result of a storm in the harbor of Mar Del Plata, 23 miles southeast of this city. It is believed that 24 seamen were drowned.

To Alaska in Airplanes.

Mineola, N. Y.—Preparations for the 9,000-mile flight to Nome, Alaska, and return which army service pilots will attempt in four airplanes, have been completed here.

Big Banks To Merge.

New York.—Reports of a pending merger of the Bankers Trust Company and the Liberty National Bank, wiht capital stock aggregating $30,000,000, were circulated in Wall Street.

Miner Badly Injured.

Fort Smith.—Jack Bishop, aged 19, overseas veteran, is in Sparks Memorial hospital dangerously injured as a result of an accident sustained in a coal mine at Tahona, Okla.