

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landless painter, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purry has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting of Jesse Purry breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

He sauntered down the road, but, when he had passed out of vision, he turned sharply into the woods, and began climbing. His steps carried him to the rift in the ridge where the white oak stood sentinel over the watch tower of rock. As he came over the edge from one side his bare feet making no sound, he saw Sally sitting there, with her hands resting on the moss and her eyes deeply troubled. She was gazing fixedly ahead and her lips were trembling. At once Samson's face grew black. Some one had been making Sally unhappy. Then he saw beyond her a standing figure, which the tree trunk had hitherto concealed. It was the loose-knitted figure of young Tamarack Spicer.

"In course," Spicer was saying, "we don't low Samson 'll spicion him, an' I heered just now that them dawgs was trackin' straight up hyar from the mouth of Misery. They'll git hyar aginst Misery."

Samson leaped violently forward. With one hand he roughly seized his cousin's shoulder and wheeled him about.

"Shut up!" he commanded. "What d—n fool stuff hev ye been tellin' Sally?"

For an instant the two clansmen stood facing each other. Samson's face was set and wrathful. Tamarack's was sunny and smiling. "Hain't I got a license ter tell Sally the news?" he demanded.

"Nobody hain't got no license," retorted the younger man in the quiet of cold anger, "ter tell Sally nothin' thet'll tret her."

"She air bound ter know hit all pretty soon. Them dawgs—"

"Didn't I tell ye ter shut up?" Samson clenched his fists, and took a step forward. "Ef ye opens yore mouth agin, I'm a-goin' ter smash hit. Now, git!"

Tamarack Spicer's face blackened, and his teeth showed. His right hand swept to his left arm-pit. Outwardly he seemed weaponless, but Samson knew that concealed beneath the hickory shirt was a holster, worn mountain fashion.

"What air ye a-reachin' atter, Tamrack?" he inquired, his lips twisting in amusement.

"That's my business."

"Well, git hit out—or git out yerself, afore I throws ye off'n the cliff."

Sally showed no symptoms of alarm. Her confidence in her hero was absolute. The boy lifted his hand, and pointed off down the path. Slowly and with incoherent muttering, Spicer took himself away. Then only did Sally rise. She came over, and laid a hand on Samson's shoulder. In her blue eyes, the tears were welling.

"Samson," she whispered, "ef they're atter ye, come ter my house. I kin hide ye out. Why didn't ye tell me Jesse Jurvey'd done been shot?"

"Hit tain't nothin' ter tret about, Sally," he assured her. He spoke awkwardly, for he had been trained to regard emotion as unmanly. "Thar hain't no danger."

She gazed searchingly into his eyes, and then, with a short sob, threw her arms around him, and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Ef anything happens ter ye, Samson," she said, brokenly, "hit'll jest kill me. I couldn't live withouten ye, Samson. I jest couldn't do hit!"

The boy took her in his arms, and pressed her close. His eyes were gazing off over her bent head, and his lips twitched. He drew his features into a scowl, because that was the only expression with which he could safeguard his feelings. His voice was husky.

"I reckon, Sally," he said, "I couldn't live withouten ye, neither."

The party of men who had started at morning from Jesse Purry's store had spent a hard day. The roads followed creek-beds, crossing and re-crossing waterways in a fashion that gave the bloodhounds a hundred baffling difficulties. Often, their noses lost the trail, which had at first been so surely taken. Often, they circled and whined, and halted in perplexity, but each time they came to a point where, at the end, one of them again raised his muzzle skyward, and gave voice.

"Does anybody live on Misery that—er—that you might suspect?" The Hollmans laughed.

"This creek is settled with Souths thicker'n hops."

The Lexington man looked up. He knew what the name of South meant to a Hollman.

"Is there any special South, who might have a particular grudge?"

"The Souths don't need no part'lar grudge, but thar's young Samson South. He's a wildcat."

"He lives this way?"

"These dogs air a-makin' a bee-line fer his house," Jim Hollman was speaking. Then he added: "I've done been told that Samson denies doin' the shootin', an' claims he kin prove an alibi."

The Lexington man lighted his pipe, and poured a drink of red whiskey into a flask cup.

"He'd be apt to say that," he commented, "These dogs haven't any prejudice in the matter. I'll stake my life on their telling the truth."

An hour later, the group halted again. The master of hounds mopped his forehead.

"Are we still going toward Samson South's house?" he inquired.

"We're about a quarter from hit now, an' we hain't never varied from the straight road."

"Will they be apt to give us trouble?"

Jim Hollman smiled.

"I hain't never heered of no South submittin' ter arrest by a Hollman."

The trailers examined their firearms, and loosened their holster-flaps. The dogs went forward at a trot.

CHAPTER V.

From time to time that day, neighbors had ridden up to Spicer South's stile, and drawn rein for gossip. These men brought bulletins as to the progress of the hounds, and near sundown, as a postscript to their information, a volley of gunshot signals sounded from a mountain top. No word was spoken, but in common accord the kinsmen rose from their chairs, and drifted toward their leaning rifles.

"They're a-comin' hyar," said the head of the house, curtly. "Samson ought ter be home. Whar's Tamrack?"

No one had noticed his absence until that moment, nor was he to be found. A few minutes later, Samson's figure swung into sight, and his uncle met him at the fence.

"Samson, I've done asked ye all the questions I'm a-goin' ter ask ye," he said, "but them dawgs is makin' fer this house. They've jest been sighted a mile below."

Samson nodded.

"Now"—Spicer South's face hardened—"I owns down thar ter the road. No man kin cross that fence withouten I choose ter give 'im leave. Ef ye wants ter go indoors an' stay thar, ye kin do hit—an' no dawg ner no man hain't a-goin' ter ask ye no questions. But, ef ye sees fit ter face hit out, I'd love ter prove ter these hyar men that we Souths don't break our word. We done agreed ter this truce. I'd like ter invite 'em in, an' let them damn dawgs sniff round the feet of every man in my house—an' then, when they're plumb teetotally damn satisfied, I'd like ter tell 'em all ter go ter hell. Thet's the way I feels, but I'm a-goin' ter do jest what ye says."

Lescott did not overhear the conversation in full, but he saw the old man's face work with suppressed passion, and he caught Samson's louder reply.

"When them folks gets hyar, Uncle Spicer, I'm a-goin' ter be a-settin'!"

"They Have Followed Their Moses Here."

right out that in front. I'm plumb willin' ter invite 'em in." Thet's, the two men turned toward the house.

Already the other clansmen had disappeared noiselessly through the door or around the angles of the walls.

Fifteen minutes later, Lescott, standing at the fence, saw a strange cavalcade round the bend of the road. Several travel-stained men were leading mules, and holding two tawny and impatient dogs in leash. In their number, the artist recognized his host of two nights ago.

They halted at a distance, and in their faces the artist read dismay, for, while the dogs were yelping confidently and tugging at their cords, young Samson South—who should, by their prejudiced convictions, be hiding out in some secret stronghold—sat at the top of the stile, smoking his pipe, and regarded them with a lack-luster absence of interest. Such a calm reception was uncanny. After a whispered conference, the Lexington man came forward alone. Old Spicer South had been looking on from the door, and was now strolling out to meet the envoy, unarmed.

And the envoy, as he came, held his hands unnecessarily far away from his

donia imbedded in the earth. The seal was dated 1829, the year the village was incorporated.

It is a brass disk an inch in diameter and a half inch thick. Across the center was engraved a row of gas lights.

Skeptical.

"Jack vowed that his love for me was like the sea."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him I took it with a good many grains of salt."

sides, and walked with an ostentatious show of peace.

"Evenin', stranger," hailed the old man. "Come right in."

"Mr. South," began the dog-owner, with some embarrassment, "I have been employed to furnish a pair of bloodhounds to the family of Jesse Purry, who has been shot."

"I heard tell that Purry was shot," said the head of the Souths in an affable tone, which betrayed no deeper note of interest than neighborhood gossip might have elicited.

"I have no personal interest in the matter," went on the stranger, hastily, as one bent on making his attitude clear, "except to supply the dogs and manage them. I do not in any way direct their course; I merely follow."

"Ye can't hardly foce a dawg." Old Spicer sagely nodded his head as he made the remark. "A dawg jest natch'ly follers his own nose."

"Exactly—and they have followed their noses here." The Lexington man found the embarrassment of his position growing as the colloquy proceeded.

"I want to ask you whether, if these dogs want to cross your fence, I have your permission to let them?"

The master of the house crossed the stile, the low sun shining on his shock of gray hair, and stood before the man-hunter. He spoke so that his voice carried to the waiting group in the road.

"Ye're plumb welcome ter turn them dawgs loose, an' let 'em ramble, stranger. Nobody hain't a-goin' ter hurt 'em. I sees some fellers out thar with ye that mustn't cross my fence. Ef they does—the voice rang menacingly—"hit'll mean that they're a-bustin' the trace—an' they won't nev' go out agin. But you air safe in hyar. I gives yer my hand on thet. Ye're welcome, an' yore dawgs is welcome. I hain't got nothin' 'gainst dawgs that comes on four legs, but I shore bars the two-legged kind."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the road. Disregarding it, Spicer South turned his face toward the house.

"You boys kin come out," he shouted, "an' leave yore guns inside."

The leashes were slipped from the dogs. They leaped forward, and made directly for Samson, who sat as unmoving as a lifeless image on the top step of the stile. There was a half-moment of terrific suspense, then the beasts clambered by the seated figure, passing on each side and circled aimlessly about the yard—their quest unended. They sniffed indifferently about the trouser legs of the men who sauntered idly out of the door. They trotted into the house and out again, and mingled with the mongrel home pack that snarled and growled hostility for this invasion. Then, they came once more to the stile. As they climbed out, Samson South reached up and stroked a tawny head, and the bloodhound paused a moment to wag its tail in friendship, before it jumped down to the road, and trotted gingerly onward.

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said the man from the Bluegrass, with a voice of immense relief.

The moment of suspense seemed past, and, in the relief of the averted clasp, the master of hounds forgot that his dogs stood branded as false trailers. But when he rejoined the group in the road he found himself looking into surlly visages, and the features of Jim Hollman in particular were black in their scowl of smoldering wrath.

"Why didn't ye ax him," growled the kinsman of the man who had been shot, "whar the other feller's at?"

"What other fellow?" echoed the Lexington man.

Jim Hollman's voice rose truculently, and his words drifted, as he meant them to, across to the ears of the clansmen who stood in the yard of Spicer South.

"Them dawgs of yore'n come up Misery a-hellin'. They hain't never turned aside, an' unless they're plumb ornery, no-count curs that don't kin their business, they come for some reason. They seemed mighty interested in gittin' hyar. Ax them fellers in thar who's been hyar that hain't hyar now? Who is their feller that got out afore we come hyar?"

At this veiled charge of deceit the faces of the Souths again blackened and the men near the door of the house drifted in to drift presently out again, ewinging discarded Winchester's at their sides. It seemed that, after all, the incident was not closed. The man from Lexington, finding himself face to face with a new difficulty, turned and argued in a low voice with the Hollman leader. But Jim Hollman, whose eyes were fixed on Samson, refused to talk in a modulated tone, and he shouted his reply:

"I hain't got nothin' ter whisper about," he proclaimed. "Go ax 'em who hit war thet got away from hyar."

Old Spicer South stood leaning on his fence and his rugged countenance stiffened. He started to speak, but Samson rose from the stile and said, in a composed voice:

"Let me talk to this feller, Unc' Spicer." The old man nodded and Samson beckoned to the owner of the dogs.

"We hain't got nothin' ter say ter them fellers with ye," he announced, briefly. "We hain't axin' 'em no questions, an' we hain't answerin' none. Ye done come hyar with dawgs an' we hain't stopped ye. We've done answered all the questions them dawgs he axed. We done treated you an' yore houn's plumb friendly. Es fer them other men, we hain't got nothin' ter say to 'em. They done come hyar because they hoped they could git me in trouble. They done failed. Thet road belongs ter the county. They got a license ter travel hit, but this strip right hyar hain't the healthiest territory they kin find. I reckon ye'd better advise 'em ter move on."

The Lexington man went back. For a minute or two Jim Hollman sat scowling down in indecision from his saddle. Then he admitted to himself that he had done all he could do without becoming the aggressor. For the moment he was beaten. He looked up and from the road one of the hounds raised its voice and gave cry. That baying afforded an excuse for leaving and Jim Hollman seized it.

"Go on," he growled. "Let's see what them d—d curs hes ter say now."

Mounting, they kicked their mules into a jog. From the men inside the fence came no note of derision, no hint of triumph. They stood looking out with expressionless, masklike faces until their enemies had passed out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain. The Souths had met and fronted an accusation made after the enemy's own choice and method. A jury of two hounds had acquitted them. It was not only because the dogs had refused to recognize in Samson a suspicious character that the enemy rode on grudgingly convinced, but, also, because the family, which

had invariably met hostility with hostility, had so willingly courted the acid test of guilt or innocence.

Days passed uneventfully after that. The kinsmen dispersed to their scattered caves and cabins. Now and again came a rumor that Jesse Purry was dying, but always hard on its heels came another to the effect that the obdurate fighter had rallied, though the doctors held out small encouragement of recovery.

One day Lescott, whose bandaged arm gave him much pain, but who was able to get about, was strolling not far from the house with Samson. They were following a narrow trail along the mountain side, and at a sound no louder than the falling of a walnut, the boy halted and laid a silencing hand on the painter's shoulder. Then followed an unspoken command in his companion's eyes. Lescott sank down behind a rock, cloaked with glistening rhododendron leafage, where Samson had already crouched and become immovable and noiseless. They had been there only a short time when they saw another figure slipping quietly from tree to tree below them.

For a time the mountain boy watched the figure and the painter saw his lips draw in a straight line and his eyes narrow with a glint of tense hate. Yet, a moment later, with a nod to follow, the boy unexpectedly rose into view and his features were absolutely expressionless.

"Mornin', Jim," he called.

The slinking stranger whirled with a start and an instinctive motion as though to bring his rifle to his shoulder. But, seeing Samson's peaceable manner, he smiled and his own demeanor became friendly.

"Kinder stranger in this country, hain't ye, Jim?" drawled the boy who lived there, and the question brought a sullen flush to the other's cheek bones.

"Jest a-passin' through," he vouchsafed.

"I reckon ye'd find the wagon road more handy," suggested Samson. "Some folks might 'spicion ye fer stealin' long through the timber."

The skulking traveler decided to lie pleasantly. He laughed mendaciously. "Thet's the reason, Samson. I was kinder skeered ter go through this country in the open."

Samson met his eye steadily and said slowly:

"I reckon, Jim, hit mought be half as risky fer ye ter walk upstadin' along Misery as ter go a-crouchin'." Ye thinks ye've been a-shadderin' me. I knows jest whar ye've been all the time. Ye lies when ye talks 'bout passin' through. Ef ye done been spyin' hyar, ever since Jesse Purry got shot, an' all that time ye've done been watched yerself. I reckon hit'll be healthier fer ye ter do yore spyin' from 't'her side of the ridge. I reckon yer allowin' ter git me ef Purry dies, but we're watchin' ye."

Jim Asberry's face darkened, but he said nothing. There was nothing to say. He was discovered in the enemy's country and must accept the enemy's terms.

Special Ink Evolved.

As the carbon of ordinary printing inks does not bleach in using printed material for new paper, a French firm has patented a special ink. The black pigment is a compound from tanbark extracts acting on ferrous sulphate, and this is incorporated with resin, or mineral oil and resin, or boiled linseed oil. In repulping the paper the ink is bleached with an acid solution of a hypochloride, chlorine gas, or hydrochloric or oxalic acid, the pulp being made perfectly white.

Weaving Called Old Art.

Weaving is believed to be an older art than spinning. Rude looms are pictured on the tombs of Thebes, and it is believed that the ten curtains of fine linen, blue and purple and scarlet, with cherubim of "cunning work," made for the tabernacle, were tapes tries, the work of the loom.

Men and Religion.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it, anything but live for it.—Colton.

"This hyar time I lets ye go back," said Samson, "fer the reason that I'm tryin' like all h—I ter keep this truce. But ye must stay on yore side or else ride the roads open. How is Purry terday?"

"He's mighty poorly," replied the other, in a sullen voice.

"All right. Thet's another reason why hit hain't healthy fer ye over hyar."

The spy turned and made his way over the mountain.

"D—n him!" muttered Samson, his face twitching, as the other was lost in the undergrowth. "Some day I'm a-goin' ter git him."

Tamarack Spicer did not at once reappear, and when one of the Souths met another in the road the customary dialogue would be: "Heard anything of Tamarack?" . . . "No, hev you?" "No, nary a word."

As Lescott wandered through the hills, his unhurt right hand began crying out for action and a brush to nurse. As he watched, day after day, the unweaving of the monumental hills and the transitions from hazy, wrathlike whispers of hues to strong, flaring riot of color, this fret of restlessness became actual pain. He was wasting wonderful opportunity and the creative instinct in him was clamoring.

One morning, when he came out just after sunrise to the tin wash basin at the well, the desire to paint was on him with compelling force. The hills ended near their bases like things bitten off. Beyond lay limitless streamers of mist, but, while he stood at gaze, the filmy veil began to lift and float higher. Trees and mountains grew taller. The sun, which showed first as a ghost-like disk of polished aluminum, struggled through orange and vermilion into a sphere of living flame. Lescott heard a voice at his side.

"When does ye low ter comment paintin'?"

It was Samson. For answer the artist, with his unhurt hand, impatiently tapped his bandaged wrist.

"Ye still got yore right hand, hain't ye?" demanded the boy. The other laughed. It was a typical question. So long as one had the trigger finger left one should not admit disqualification.

"Ye see, Samson," he explained, "this isn't precisely like handling a gun. One must hold the palette; mix the colors; wipe the brushes and do half a dozen equally necessary things. It requires at least two perfectly good hands. Many people don't find two enough."

"But hit only takes one ter do the paintin', don't hit?"

"Yes."

"Well—the boy spoke diffidently but with enthusiasm—"between the two of us we've got three hands. I reckon ye kin learn me how ter do them other things fer ye."

Lescott's surprise showed in his face and the lad swept eagerly on.

"Mebby hit hain't none of my business, but, all day yestiddy an' thet day befo', I was studyin' 'bout this here thing, an' I hustled up an' got thet corn wedded an' now I'm through. Ef I kin help ye out I thought mebby—"

He paused and looked appealingly at the artist.

Lescott whistled and then his face lighted into contentment.

"Today, Samson," he announced, "Lescott, South and Company get busy."

It was the first time he had seen Samson smile, and, although the expression was one of sheer delight, inherent somberness loaned it a touch of the wistful.

When, an hour later, the two set out, the mountain boy carried the paraphernalia and the old man standing at the door watched them off with a half-quizzical, half-disapproving glance.

As the boy, with remarkable aptitude, learned how to adjust the easel and arrange the paraphernalia, Lescott sat drinking in through thirsty eyes the stretch of landscape he had determined to paint.

Then, while he painted, the boy held the palette, his eyes riveted on the canvass, which was growing from a blank to a mirror of vistas—and the boy's pupils became deeply hungry.

The day of painting was followed by the other's left hand made the constant companionship of the boy a matter that needed no explanation or apology, though not a matter of approval to his uncle.

Another week had passed without the reappearance of Tamarack Spicer. On an afternoon Lescott and Samson were alone on a cliff-protected shelf, and the painter had just blocked in with amber and neutral tint the crude sketch of his next picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tribute Money.

Fancy long ago said that the black marks on either side of the head of the haddock were made by the Apostle's finger and thumb as they held him, while extracting the tribute money from his mouth. But alas for fancy! The haddock is not found in the Sea of Galilee! Most of the fish there belong to the barbel family, and no one has ever told us authoritatively what particular variety the tribute bearing fish belonged to. The "half shekel" of the tribute was 12 grains Troy weight of silver, say nearly a quarter of an ounce, worth about thirteen cents today, but greatly more in those days.

The Girl Who Is in Demand.

There is a price on the head of every pretty girl who can bake good biscuits. Most any girl can look pretty under the parlor chandelier or in the soft moonlight, but, ah, how few will do to look at next morning at 6:30, and still fewer can set before the hungry men at breakfast a plate of appetizing hot biscuits, and for the one who can the boys are searching the world of girls.—Hamilton Record.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SEILLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 7

RUTH CHOOSES THE TRUE GOD.

LESSON TEXT—Ruth 1:1-18. (Read entire book.)

GOLDEN TEXT—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God—Ruth 1:16.

The book of Ruth is a great love story, full of deep spiritual suggestiveness. Amid the tales of war, defeat, success and failure, this story most beautifully illustrates another side of the life of the Israelites. The author of the book is supposed to have been the same as the writer of Judges, perhaps Samuel.

1. "There Was a Famine in the Land." This famine drove Elimelech, his wife Naomi and their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, into the land of Moab, even as Abram before them "went down" into Egypt. The immigrant sons married in that land, one of them becoming the husband of Ruth. Through this Israelitish alliance Ruth learned of the true God and the record of this book reveals God to all who turn to him in sincerity and truth. This suggests the essential missionary character of the Old Testament. After the death of her husband and sons Naomi, hearing of returning prosperity in the homeland (1:16), elected to return to her own people.

2. "Entreat Me Not to Leave Thee." This story puts to silence all of the mother-in-law jokes. When Naomi thought they had gone far enough she sought to dissuade the younger women and expressed to them the tender affection which existed between them. A woman in an eastern land can find rest only in the house of her husband and these young widows stood but poor chance of securing husbands among those who hated their race. Moreover we must remember that they were penniless. There seemed to be nothing for them to gain if they proceeded any farther (v. 12). Orpah reluctantly and tearfully turned back but Ruth clung to Naomi (v. 14). This illustrates our experience when we have to decide whether to leave friends, home and everything that we may follow Christ or, on the other hand, have to choose the things which are good and refuse to follow the best. (Matt. 10:37; Luke 14:33.)

3. "Whither Thou Goest I Will Go." Naomi gave Ruth another opportunity to go back to her people and this time bases her appeal upon the love of Ruth for Orpah (v. 15). The word Ruth means "friendship," and one of the strongest motives for a loving nature to forsake the Lord is the love for those that are of the world. Many young men and young women have had such loves but they usually result in making shipwreck of faith. Read II Cor. 5:14, 15; Rom. 10:37. This text caused Ruth to count fully the cost (Luke 14:25-33). No more beautiful nor immortal words can be found in all literature than Ruth's reply (vv. 16, 17). Ruth's words are still sung as best expressing our song of life devotion. They have furnished inspiration for countless lives, sermons and stories, and for some of the earth's greatest musicians as well. They most wonderfully illustrate our attitude towards him "whom not having seen ye love" (I Peter 1:8). (1) "Entreat me not to leave thee. No difficulties, duties, fancies nor persecutions are to turn us aside. (2) "Whither thou goest." Towards every ideal, service, field of endeavor, warfare, or experience. (3) "Where thou lodgest I will lodge." Where his people are in the home, here and hereafter, I will abide in Christ. (4) "Thy people shall be my people." One in love, sympathy and purpose in Christ. (5) "Where thou diest I will die." Let me die the death of the righteous. (6) "There will I be buried." In the same hope of immortality, of the resurrection, of death being swallowed up in victory (Gal. 3:20; Eph. 2:6; I Cor. 15:55). Ruth did not ask for complete data from Naomi before she accompanied her to the homeland (John 12:26).

4. The Sequel. At Bethlehem Ruth had no other thought than to cling to her mother-in-law, even in poverty and a life of lowly service. She did her menial duties faithfully, and displayed more of the real heroism of faith than that shown in the daring exploits recorded in the other history (Judges) of her day. The truest hero is not the reckless participant in Europe's battlefields, nor is he found in the mad struggle for commercial supremacy, but more often in the self-sacrificing acts of tender women and in the common round of life's duties. Ruth in a humble but with Naomi was better off and better satisfied than to have lived in the finest palace in Moab (Phil. 1:23). Through all of this love and devotion Ruth was being fitted for a larger sphere of influence in which she was enabled to give to Naomi the happiest life possible to her. Not once is Ruth's beauty suggested but she had the more attractive attributes of goodness, kindness and courtesy. She may have had personal beauty but her character far outweighed the physical, and like Mary's precious ointment has filled the world with its sweet aroma. Unconsciously she attracted the rich land owner Boaz, who was a true gentleman, and through her marriage to him she became, through David, an ancestress of our Lord Jesus. Rahab the harlot, and Ruth the converted idolatress, are each made a part of this ancestry (Matt. 2:5 R. V.).

This lesson is a suggestive one for Decision day in our Sunday schools. Give all an opportunity to choose and to follow even as Ruth did. For the little folks tell the story simply "as to a little child."

Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often leads to the foundation of serious lung troubles on the other hand. It is a most common and generally delicate little ailment, but the best and most delicate of all the medicinal preparations to keep the child always indoors.

VAPOR VICK'S