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## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED.

The Crossroaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged. He seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was elther magnificently sacrificial and fearless or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body. "Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we

fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!" Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Crossroaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive. His curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless as the two men slid down from the roof the burdened Crossroaders were seen to break into a run, and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding alone up the pike, except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope, and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other, crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him, a big, black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope and drew rein beyond the burning buildings just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop!" he thundered, "Stop!" In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen-to find the wordwas a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring to stop them was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if at the last he had not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait. It would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring and smelling of Hartley Bowlder, won by smoke. Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No

one else was hurt. "What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Crossroaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for awhile.

"Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the missive in his hand, a Western Union



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She made straight at Hartley. arrested at noon in secondhand clothes store wearing Harkless' hat; also trying to dispose torn full dress coat known to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards in empty lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m., badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Hark-less made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skillett, etc. Come over on 9:15 accommoda

The telegram was signed by Horner the shcriff, and by Barrett, the super-

intendent of police at Rouen. "It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on carth. I don't deny but what I believ d it for awhile, and I don't deny but he Crossroads is pretty tough, but von re done a good deal here already oday, and we're saved in time from a nistake that would have turned out lighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw

him on the Rouen accommodation." A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskituneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies u-moldering in the ground.

While we go marching on." Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it-these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggs in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes

through the smoky twilight. From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter.

fainter: "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground, John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,

John Brown's body lies-mold- ••• we go march ••• on."

CHAPTER X.

T the city hospital in Rouer that night a stout young man introduced himself to Bar-rett. superintendent of police; Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and-and-" He paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took

him silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man, the Teller, with us if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the superintendent. "Your friend made it very hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and hacked up his mother wouldn't know him if she wanted to. At least that's what they say out here. We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants found him in the freight yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night. And Slattery-that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hatowned up that they beat their way on that freight. Looks like Slattery-let the Teller do all the fighting. He ain't pretty hard, but he won't open his head, and we hope to get something

they say he'll come to before he dies.

led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low. and the dimness was imbued with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it a nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller.

The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white sheet the man looked immensely tallas Horner saw with vague misgivingand he lay in an odd, inhuman fashion, as though he had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and he as constantly continued such attempts, and one hand, though torn and bandaged, was not to be restrained from a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He had entered the room with a flare of hate for the thug whom he had come to see die and who had struck down the old friend whose nearness he had never known until it was too late. But at first sight of the broken figure he felt all animosity fall away from him. Only awe remained and a growing traitorous pity as he watched the long white fingers of the Teller pick at the coverlet. The man was muttering rapid fragments of words and syllables.

"Somehow I feel a sense of wrong, Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he know. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself, as if it were all out of gear. I know now how Henry felt over the great Guisard. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand." The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained, but they had been good once, especially the linen.'

Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will you? I want to talk to you as a friend."

The incoherent muttering continued. "See here, Jerry!" repeated Barrett more sharply. "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping

"Let me." said Gay and swiftly interposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Plattville when you got through with him. He can't remember, and be thinks there was money left on him that evening. him. Slattery's head was hurt. He can't remember. He'll go shares with you when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money. The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shak-

"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up when he gets it. He'll stand by you.

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly-"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?"

The surgeon drew back, with an exclamation, but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to bimself. Meredith moved forward, with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or some thing," said Barrett, bending over to listen.

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers nev er ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down and gently moved the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the sem blance of an old ballad that Meredith knew. The whisper grew more distinct. It became a rich but broken voice, and they heard it singing like the sound of some far, halting minstrelsy:

"Wave willows-murmur waters-golder sunbeams smile. Earthly music-cannot waken-lovely Annie Lisle."

Meredith gave an exclamation.

The bandaged hand waved jauntily over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he said, almost clearly, and tried to lift himself on his arm, "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There will be little left of anything that stands against them. It's our championship. Did you see Jim Romley ride over his man this afternoon?"

As the voice grew clearer the sheriff stepped forward, but Tom Meredith. with a loud cry of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot and seized the wandering fingers in his own. "John!" he cried. "John, is it

The voice went on rapidly, not heeding him, "Ah, you needn't howl! Well, laugh away, you Indians! If it hadn't been for this ankle-but it seems to be my chest that's hurt-and side-not that it matters, you know. The sophomore's just as good or better. It's only my egotism. Yes, it must be the side-and chest-and head-all over, I believe. I'll try again next year-next year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen-I scratched. We've been at Slattery mean Miss-Miss-Fisbee-no, Sherwood-but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world— you'll forgive me?—and please tell Parker there's no more copy and won't (the figures are for the first nine out of this one. He's delirious, but you'll forgive me?-and please tell

they can't come seven miles-but I'll finish you, Skillett, first; I know you! I know nearly all of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'"- He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Tom Meredith, and sobbed outright. "My boy, my boy-old friend!" The cry of the classmate was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him.

. . . . . .

Two pairs of carriage lamps sparkled in front of the hospital in the earliest of the small hours, these subjoined to two deep hooded phaetons, from each of which quickly descended a gentleman with a beard, an air of eminence and a small, ominous black box, and the air of eminence was justified by the haste with which Meredith had sent for them and by their wide repute. They arrived almost simultaneously and hastily shook hands as they made their way to the ward down the long hall and up the narrow corridor. They had a short conversation with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of manner. They stayed a long time in the

room without opening the door. Meredith went out on the steps and breathed the cool night air. A slender taint of drugs hung everywhere about the building, and the almost imperceptible permeation sickened him. It was deadly, he thought. To him it was imbued with a hideous portent of suffering. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and they seemed to shine from a chamber of horrors, while he outside the inquisition, if indeed a brother would have been allowed to wait outside the inquisition.

Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men sometimes do lose track of their best beloved, but it had always been a comfort to know that Harkless was somewhere, a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like others, he had been waiting for John to turn up-on top, of course-he had such ability, ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so that he would be shoved ahead no matter how much he hung back himself; but Meredith had not expected him to turn up in Indiana.

He remembered now hearing a man

who had spent the day in Plattville on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be governor in a few years. He's a sort of dictator. Runs the party all over that part of the state to suit his own sweet will just by sheer personality. And there isn't a man in the district who wouldn't cheerfully lie down in the and to let him pass over dry. It's that young Harkless, you know. Owne the Herald, the paper that downed Mc-Cune and smashed those imitation 'White Caps' in Carlow county." He had been struck by the coincidence of the name, but he had not dreamed that

He shivered. His name was spoken from within, and Horner came out on the steps with the two eminent surgeons, and the latter favored him with a few words which he did not understand. He did understand, however, what Horner told him. Somehow the look of the sheriff's Sunday coat, wrinkling forlornly from his broad, bent shoulders, was both touching and solemn. He said simply: "He's conscious and not out of his head. They're gone in to git his antemortem statement." And they re-entered the ward.

Harkless' eyes were bandaged. The lawver was speaking to him, and as Horner went awkwardly toward the cot Warren said something indicative



"John, ix it yout"

of the sheriff's presence, and the band on the sheet made a formless motion which Horner understood, and he took the pale fingers in his own very gentmade a gesture which forbade the attorney to speak to him and went to a his hands. A sleepy young man had been

brought in, and he opened a notebook the ink might flow freely. The lawyer, briefly and with unlegal agitation, administered an oath, and then there was sllence.

"Now, Mr. Harkless, if you please," said Barrett insinuatingly, "if you feel like telling us as much as you can about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

- In 1903 we imported 2.687,000 tons rille," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with\_both, and both wanted here. One

To you want to go in with us?"

Do you want to go in with us?"

"Yes," said Meredith simply, and a young surgeon presently appeared and never made a good trade—no—unless—

Tarket there's no more copy and won't to months of the year in each case) was due of course to the coal strike, for since that has been settled the import has gone back to normal again.

## Miscellaneous Beading.

A TALE OF SOUTH SEAS.

Pretty Romance From Island of Sa-

Strange as it may seem there was in this city recently a prince of the island of Samoa, and while here he received a photograph of a princess of that island, and the announcement that the royal beauty had married the man of her choice some months ago, and the prince, who at one time was considering a proposal from the same princess, was by no means cast down when he received the picture and the announcement of his former sweetheart's break from the path of single blessedness, but seemed to be delighted that his old-time girl had forgotten the love of the past and had chosen one of her own station to share with her the joys and sorrows of life on their little island in these summer

The prince in point was Mr. B. W. Cole, hospital steward, United States navy, who was here with the navy recruiting party, No. 4, and who has now gone to Hartford, Conn., where he will continue to aid his Uncle Samuel in getting recruits for service on the big battleships and cruisers that are necessary in his business. When called on by a representative of this paper, who was in search of a big black man with a turban, and asked to be shown the chest in which this curiosity was kept, for, although the reporter had been told many times waited as a brother might have waited during the week that he ought to see this scion of a noble race, he had not been able to scare him up, Mr. Cole reached over to his desk and produced a picture which has been told of above. When asked for the story he did not hesitate to give it as reproduced below.

It was in the summer of 1899 that the United States gunboat Aberanda was sent to the little Island of Samoa which lies asleep in its beauty in the far south seas, for the purpose of establishing Uncle Sam's government on the island and for the further purpose of assisting Gov. B. F. Tilly in securing to the government at Washington the allegiance of the brown-skinned people who inhabit these enchanted regions. The ship steamed into the harbor of Tutuila, one of the finest in the world, and the officers and men landed in the city of Pago-Pago. The news of the fighters' arrival had beome known, and even before the men had landed, great numbers of the natives had gathered along the shore to give them welcome, for they are proud to believe that they were about to become a part of that great country across the water, whose big ship even then lay at anchor in their siendid

harbor. There was no difficulty in regard to the official part of the visit, and as the months slipped away the natives until Helen's telegram had reached and the men of the Aberanda became more and more friendly, Steward Cole being especially popular demand. On this beautiful island, whose tropic breezes, laden with perfume, blew across a sea of gorgeous blossoms, radiant in their blushing beauty, all thoughts of strenuous life in the past was forgotten, and the erstwhile stern men of war gave themselves up to the spell of the lotus flow-

> Friendly from the first the natives became affectionate and as the days passed grew more so. Of all the men of the ship Steward Cole was among the most popular. Welcome from the beginning in the royal family, he became a favorite of the natives, who had nothing too good for this young sailor, whom they had learned to admire and to love. At that time, and indeed at the present, it is said that the most beautitus woman in that small country was Princess Leoto Lelei, who was known as the Princess Fungasa of Tutuila. This royal little lady had just reached the age of sweet sixteen, the age at which Samoan women of her rank usually marry, though the children of the common people generally wed at or before reaching the age of twelve. In addition to the charms of her face and form this princess possessed gifts of intellect and character, and was withal as charming and as refreshing as the perfumed breezes of her little kingdom in the far off southern seas. This daughter of an hundred kings and the humble representative of a great Republic were thrown together frequently, and mischievous Cupid, hiding in the branches of some nearby waving palm, strung his bow for the chase. He fired, and at least one heart was

pierced. As is the prerogative of the royal realized that her heart had been given into the keeping of the fair-skinned visitor, she at once told her father, the king, of the state of affairs ly and then set them back. Smith in order that in her behalf he might turned toward Meredith, but the latter confer with the governor of the island, Steward Coles's chief, for the hand of that young man. Such affairs corner and sat down, with his head in being a matter of state the population of the city was in attendance when the formal call on Governor Tilly was made for the purpose of makand shook a stylographic pen so that ing known the royal love, and the people was placed at the head of the procession, in order that he might be the second student expedition, Prof. that the prince of Samoa and his retinue was approaching with a message the governor and his staff were formed to receive the delegation. Steward Cole said that he would al- Baltimore county alms house at Texways remember the words of the gray-

> governor as follows: man, "representative of the great the alms house inmates, and one of the white father, the Princess Fungasa oldest men of the state.

loves a sailor of the good ship Aberanda-B. W. Cole by name-and or account of this, her royal father, the chiefs and all the people, are well pleased indeed, for Steward Cole is

"If he will take the hand of the Princess Fungasa in marriage we will give him fifty fine mats, kill six hundred pigs, have ten days' feasting and

make him a prince of the royal house I have spoken."

very dear to us all.

The delegation then retired, and Governor Tilly, calling Mr. Cole, made known to him officially the message that had been brought and the proposal for his hand that he had just received. Having ascertained that there was no reason other than a woman's fancy for the proposal, he sent the young man out to the delegation, which had drawn up a few yards distant, telling him to accept or to decline the offer which had been made him.

Mr. Cole chose to decline the offer, but he did so in the language of the country, which he had by this time learned to speak fluently.

Well, queerly enough, neither the king nor the princess were offended and when Steward Cole had concluded he was told that for the love that was borne him by the princess and indeed by all the people, it had been decided to make him, the young American sailor, a prince of the royal house of Samoa, and to thus confer on him all the tribal privileges that such persons have by right of birth. The ceremony was gone through with at the appointed time and at its conclusion a great feast was held. After this event not only did Steward Cole have the communal rights that belong to all of the royal family in Samao, but in addition, as a prince, he was entitled to live in the palace to command the people, to be supported by the state and to enjoy all the royal prerogatives, even as to the manor born.

Two years later, after having remained in these waters for three years, the Aberanda was recalled. Speaking of the farewell festivities, which were held just before the ship weighed anchor, Mr. Cole said that he had taken down the words of the old orator who had made the farewell speech, and he kindly furnished a copy of this for publication. No translation, he said, could do justice to the speech, which in the native language was practically beautiful. When the time of departure had almost arrived, this last and most famous orator of the Samoan people arose and said: "The Great White Father may send many ships and many officers to us, but the Aberanda was the first to come, bringing us happiness and civ-

be dearer to us than any others can It is like a pretty tale told among the Samoans for many generations: A lovely maiden lived in a bush and one day a lusty, handsome youth, hunting, passed the bush and the maiden saw him. The youth loved also the maiden and they were wed. But after a time the youth realized that he must return out into the world and do great deeds, such as his fathers before him had done, which was right, and he said farewell to his bride and went away. She remained there in her bush and was heavy of heart and sad, for life held no joy with her husband, her

first love, her lord, gone away. "And so it is with us, oh men of the Aberanda! We, the Samoan people, are the maiden in the bush and thou art the youth who came this way and taught us to love thee well. Now you are going away and leave us sad. Oh, friends, may your lives be sweetness, but in the happy hours to come in other lands forget not the maiden far away in the bush-the peo ple of Samoa!"

Beneath the photograph of the princess, which Steward Cole had with him, was written, "To la mi Fifi Fici," which, he said, when translated, read, "Greetings to the Prince!"

"The Samoans are a most hospitable people," said the Steward Prince while here. "Strangers are entertained in any part of the island in which they happen to be for any length of time, free of charge. There is no money in the country, straw mats being used as legal tender for trade among all the islands."

Mr. Cole, though a young man, has seen a great deal of life. Soon after he enlisted in Washington, D. C., though a native of Chicago, he was assigned to the Texas and served with that ressel during the Spanish-American war. After this he was sent to Samoa, his trip there resulting in making him a prince. He then served ladies as soon as Princess Leoto Lelei on the Newark during the Boxer outbreak in China, and was at Pekin the world. when that city was relieved by the McCalla expedition. Afterwards he was placed with the recruiting squad, no doubt for the reason that he is a handsome, genial and pleasant young man-one who has no trouble in making friends.-Charleston News and great event. Every Sabbath day is a Courier.

Biblical history and geography twentyone divinity students of the Univerchief and most famous orator of the sity of Chicago are going for a four month's tour of Palestine. This will make the formal proposal. When it Shailer Mathews having taken a parhad been announced to the governor ty to Damascus three years ago. The latest party will be in charge of Prof. their hearts, and celebrated it in their Herbert L. Willett. #0 Rev. James Warden has just been

admitted at his own request to the as, Md. He is an unordained Methohaired old orator, who, advancing a dist preacher and has labored for more few paces to the front, addressed the than sixty years in promoting the spread of the gospel. His age is now "Honored sir," said the stately old 102 years, making him the oldest of

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Important Fact Easily Susceptible of Historical Proof. Written for the Yorkville Enquirer:

The resurrection of Christ has been the battle ground of Christianity. Here the church has marshaled her forces, and here her enemies in the past have made their most deadly assaults. The apostle Paul recognized the vital character of the resurrection of his Lord. "If Christ be not raised," said he: "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Christ himself staked his divinity on his resurrection from the dead on the third day. When he was asked his authority for driving the cattle from the temple and overthrowing the tables of the money changers, he replied, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," meaning "the temple of his body." His resurrection would show him to be divine, and consequently possessed of authority to manage God's

Since the resurrection of Christ is matter of such importance, it certainly deserves 'careful attention. The average Christian will need no further proof than the statement of the Word of God. However, even should the inspiration of the Bible be called in question, the resurrection of Christ could still be established on purely historical grounds more firmly than any event in ancient history.

For no event in the past is there more historical evidence. It is established by the testimony of eye-witnesses, who saw him die and laid in the tomb, and then saw him alive again. These could not have been mistaken in the identity of the person seen, nor could it have been a mere hallucination; for Christ appeared to too many people and too often for hese to have been possible. He appeared at least eleven different times, and on one of these occasions he was seen by five hundred people. (I Cor. xv, 6). Many of those who saw him knew him most intimately, having walked and talked with him for more than three years, some of them having leaned upon his breast. Think you that these could have been mistaken in the identity of the person they saw? The Master set Thomas' doubts forever at rest by showing him his pierced hands and side. Could so many people on so many occasions have seen the same thing if the person they saw had not been a real person but a mere hallucination? These five hundred witnesses went everywhere testifying that they had seen the Lord after his death. They were men and women of the highest character, their enemies being judges. They were willing at any moment to lay down their lives for their testimony. Men will lie, but they will ilization, and the Aberanda and her not sacrifice their lives to propagate men was our first love. They ever will that which they know to be untrue. These five hundred eye-witnesses must be believed. This is but a hint as to the way the resurrection of Christ can be established on purely historical grounds. The proof is superabundant. The late Judge John Randolph and seeing, loved Tucker of Virginia, congressman, great have made some such statement as this to a class of young men he was teaching: "Young gentlemen, in my life I have been interested in many cases in the court of my own state and in the supreme court of the United States. I have lost some cases and I have won many; but I have never won a case in which the evidence was so conclusive as is the evidence for the resurrection of Christ." Few people realize on what a firm foundation the resurrection of Christ is established.

Let us look now at a few of the results that flow from the resurrection of Christ. His resurrection proves his claims to be divine. This proof Christ himself thought sufficient. It proves the completeness of the atonement. Our Savior was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," and the law would never have released her claims upon him had she not been fully satisfied. The fact that he arose shows that his work was done. It proves the possibility of the resurrection. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some that there is no resurrection of the dead?" 1 Col. xv, 12. The resurrection of Christ involves the resurrection of his people. He is the head; they are the members. If the head be raised, the members must rise also. If, on the other hand, Christ had not risen from the dead, his claims to divinity would have been disproven, there would have been no atonement, there could have been no justification by faith nor regeneration by the Holy Spirit, man's sins would have followed him and tormented him through eternity, he could never have awakened in God's likeness, he would have been without God and without hope in

It will not seem strange now, seeing as we must do, something of the vital importance of the resurrection of Christ, that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first to commemorate this reminder of the resurrection. Just as the sun arises from the sleep of the If For the purpose of studying night on that sacred day to shed blessings upon the world, so Christ came forth from the grave on that day to shower blessings upon the children of

Christian people do well to make much of the resurrection of Christ. In the past they have enshrined it in hymns; and may the day never come when the importance of this great event shall be forgotten. J. K. HALL.

in Girls who make fools of men usually make lasting impressions.

## When a man tells the truth in a horsetrade it is a sign that he will never go to congress.