## THE WALDMAN AND SOUTHKON, CTOBER 26, 1910

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"Yes. And when That person-half good prince and half bad prince, remember-gets into a mysterious underground passage, say, and the adventure takes him to where the people are good, why, then he tries to be all good too."

The child pondered over this truth, little comprehending those strange contradictions and complexities of the soul, of that dual personality which has mystified older and wiser heads than his, that has baffled sage and scientist alike and will baffle them to the end of time.

"Then are you trying not to be a bad prince now-not any more at all ever?" he finally asked.

"Not where you and your sister are." said Kirby, his voice trembling.

"But you'll turn out bad again when we go away?" suggested the child.

"I don't know just what will happen then," confessed the man, staring dully at the floor.

Silence came. Then the child sighed. "I'd like to know the end of that story."

The man echoed the sigh, smiling wanly. "I'm afraid I can't tell you the end."

Although no herald of intrusion had been apparent, he was suddenly conscious that some one had entered the room before the General had expressed bis wish. Rising, he discerned Adele Randall, who now came swiftly forward and, ignoring him, assumed a protecting attitude over the child, as if to shield it from an infinitely contaminating presence. She appeared the same as on the first occasion of his meeting with her-pale, sad, dressed entirely in black, hopelessly emotionless and uncompromisingly hopeless.

"Mis Randall," he ventured at length, ignoring her attitude, "I have something for you. Several times I have sent one of the servants to you ing an interview. I don't you to regret all your life the fact that you refused to listen to me." Without a word or a glance she turned to the General and took him by the hand, the child struggling with all his small strength. "Please don't make me!" he implored. "Dele, he's trying not to be bad like they said. And, don't you remember, I promised to be his trusty friend. Can't I even talk to him?" "Miss Randall," quietly interposed Kirby, "there isn't a slave on this plantation you wouldn't listen to if he asked to be heard before you punished him. Won't you"-But she had gone, half carrying the still ineffectually struggling General. Kirby remained grimly eying a slip of paper he had withdrawn from his pocket. It was his last card-the deed to the plantation. Throwing it on the table, he sank into a chair, a prey to the most hopeless dejection.

Despite Adele's earnest request to remain and the plea that she had the right to know the meaning of this strange contradiction of evidence, he resolutely turned to leave the room, his partner obediently following.

But once again M. Veaudry, sinking his own interests in those of justice. stepped forward and detained his sometime rival.

"Make him speak, Tom!" he cried. turning to young Randall. "This miniature of your mother we found in Colonel Moreau's portmanteau." And he handed the other the red morocco box.

"But--but my father lost it to you!" exclaimed the bewildered boy, turning to Kirby.

"No, not to me, Mr. Randall." Again that same patient, emotionless tone, totally devoid of resentment or even interest.

"If-if we've been in the wrong," tremulously whispered Adele, raising her head proudly, but pleading supplication speaking strongly from her eyes. "you will set us straight, you will be fair ?"

For a long moment Kirby hesitated, then finally turned to the now eagerly waiting boy.

"Mr. Randall," he said, with elaborate irony, "the question involved in my conduct is so purely professional that it may be almost impossible to clear it up to the satisfaction of a layman. Mr. Bunce, being one of the brethren, would comprehend me perfectly, but I shall have to point out that in my profession there are separate castes, both high and low, each controlled by its own standards."

"You accuse Colonel Moreau of being a gambler?" said young Randall as the other paused.

"I regretfully admit that he had some claim to the title," replied Kirby, with intentional elegance of manner, "for the group to which the 'colonel' belonged countenances certain practices, such as the intoxication of opponents and the elimination of chance in the fall of the cards, and this, we feel, shows a lack of foresight tending to bring discredit on the entire profession, which might in time drive its followers from their legitimate field of industry. For that reason, when I discovered the late Colonel Moreau in a private stateroom of the Shotwell despoiling a gentleman who was-who was not himself. I took charge of the despoliation of what remained, intending to make restitution in the morning. when the victim should be in better condition."

Young Randall being one who cherished his hatreds and affections and renounced them with difficulty, this new and obviously accurate version of his father's suicide left him in a state

what I am, perhaps?"

"Mebbe she won't think of it tomorrow." said Bunce hopefully.

"But what about that young Veaudry? She'd never have to think of anything he's done-or was," pursued Kirpy. "Pretty square sort of a fellow, Larkin. Looks to me like I owe him a clear field to himself."

"I ain't denyin' but what he acted a gentleman to you, Gene. But now's the time you got to think of yourself."

"Looks to me you're considerable of a turncoat," smiled Kirby, picking up a card. "What were you saying to me about this? 'There's my wife. I married that for better or for worse-too long ago for a woman to come between us now. And what else was that you said? Oh, yes-'Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby; then take another at her.'"

Bunce snuffled feebly. "I've kind o' changed my mind since I said that," he mumbled. "Besides," consulting his watch, "it was a long time ago. It was last night now."

Silence came, and with it the white dawn, and as still the men sat, one



mutely eying the cards, the other his fingers, a fugitive sunbeam, herald of the morning, stole into the room to shame the smoky yellow of the lamps. In the sunbeam's golden wake there followed a faint breeze that stirred the curtains and sent a current of cool, pure air swirling through the stagnant atmosphere. Then there fell upon the silence, with a softness so impalpable that it seemed merely a progression of the hush, the sound of distant singing. For some time strain and source were alike indefinite, a

"I'm not," protested the child, with ture teachings and usages, declines to great earnestness, opening wide his recognize woman as a teacher of reeyes only to promptly close them after ligion in the Church amongst his folan ineffectual struggle. "1-want-to- lowers. No woman was given a place know-the-end." He gave a vexed, amongst the twelve Apostles-nor even protesting sigh; then his breathing when the seventy evangelists were sent grew deep and regular.

"Your sister will tell you the end in the morning." said the man.

Rising, he gently laid the now sleeping child on the sofa and with clumsy tenderness covered him with a rug. For a long time Kirby stood looking down upon the faithful little General, who of them all had from the first given his full measure of unswerving loyalty and devotion without question and without price, and this despite the influence of family pressure, the venom of lying tongues or the specious evidence of circumstance. He knew only that he loved; that was faith and trust sufficient. As yet he was only a very small juvenile member in life's boys' brigade, but still he had his own dim notions of standing true to the colors.

When at length Kirby turned away it was to find himself face to face with Adele. How long she had been standing there he did not know. The fugitive sunbeam had long since vanished. as if heartily ashamed of taking precedence over its majestic progenitor, and the room was now suffused by a dull. rosy glow. For a space girl and man eyed each other in silence, both waiting for the other to speak. Finally she whispered:

"Am I to tell him the end of the story?" nodding to the sleeping General. "But he'll want you to."

"I'm afraid it won't be fixed so that I can, Miss Randall. You see, I was only waiting to say goodby to you." "He'll-he'll be disappointed," she

ventured, with a pitiful attempt at composure. "And-you are only waiting to say goodby?" He nodded, smiling wanly.

"You remember that story I told you of the rosebush and the playing cards?"

"Are you and I like that?" "Just like that," he said.

"But some time" - She broke off, making a hopeless, pleading gesture. "Tell him when he awakes," said Kirby, taking a great breath and holding high his head, "the end is that for one great day, from sunrise to sunrise, the mixed prince was with somebody so good that he went away to try to make himself all over. And if he can"- He fahered and stopped; then, taking courage from her eyes, began again, "And if he can"-

"And if he can," she prompted, a great wave of color surging to cheek and neck. "And if I should wait for that-that wouldn't be the end?"

"No. That would be"-

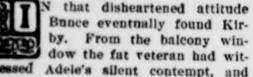
forth with the simple message, which any woman could have given, surely as glibly as any man, or more so; even on this mission he did not send women, nor even a representative of the sex. The man, in Scriptural usage, is the figure of the Lord; the woman, the figure of the Church. It would be out of harmony with the figure that the Church should be the instructor and the Lord the pupil. Consistently, therefore, it would have been improper for woman to have been commissioned to represent the Lord. Hence, women as teachers in the Church have no authority in the Bible for the position. We read that the serpent beguiled Mother Eve and made of her a teacher of er-



ror to her husband. We read that the evil spirits used a certain young woman as a medium to announce the Apostles. But we find no Divine sanction of woman as a teacher in the Church, but that the young woman who acted under the spirit of divination and attempted to preach Christ and the Apostles was rebuked by the Apostle Paul and the spirit of divination dispossessed.

All this, however, does not indicate that either Jesus or the Apostles were either rude toward women or unappreciative of their qualities of heart and mind. Quite the contrary. Amongst the Lo.d's followers were many "honorable women" and his special love for this Mary and her sister Martha is particularly recorded. Let us learn the lesson from the Book and not attempt to teach me Book.

## CHAPTER XIV.



dow the fat veteran had witnessed Adele's silent contempt, and he now laid a sympathetic hand upon his partner's shoulder.

"You see how you stand with her. don't you?" he said quietly. "I won't say she ain't a fine enough woman to make any man act the fool about her. But, Gene, you've got to hold up your head and git ever it. It's too late for you to start your life again, and you can't drag her into it. Take one good look at yourself. Gene Kirby, then take another at her. But, say, she wouldn't take you if you was an angel stepped right out of the first front floor of heaven. What could you ever be to her? Nothin' but a d-d gambler. I seen the way she treated you."

"That's because she doesn't know what I'm going to do," replied Kirby, striving to convince himself. "Look at that paper."

Bunce examined the deed, then turned indignantly upon the signer thereof.

"I've seen you give some pore young feller his money back after you'd won It, but I never knowed you to do it if the feller slapped you in the face first," he said witheringly. "The girl won't stay long enough in the same room to wipe her shoes on you. Don't that hurt you?"

"It won't burt so much after this," replied Kirby, indicating the paper.

"When the fool maker made you I reckon he quit work. He knowed he'd reached his high water mark." commented Bunce, with a despairing shrug-"Now, I'll make her speak to you."

Kirby shook his head, his relaxed figure stiffening with sudden resolution. "No," he said quietly. "You and I'll get out of here. I won't see Miss Ran-

dall again." But the other, giving no heed to the words, quietly left the room, while Kirby remained seated at the table ab-

ing disadvantage.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness to one of my profession " observed the "common gambler," bowing with courteous formality. "You seem to be making quite elaborate preparations. gentlemen, but I think you're putting yourselves to unnecessary trouble. Mr. Randall, you and your sister"-

cuted. He did not know that Mme.

Davezac, Miss Pleydell and the Gen-

eral were already in the carriage wait-

ing to be conveyed to their neighbor's

plantation, waiting for the coming of

Adele, who had been inexplicably de-

layed at the last minute-delayed by

Bunce, who was putting forth every

persuasive effort, pleading, coaxing.

threatening all in one breath, in a des-

perate attempt to bring her back to

the drawing room, to make her grant

At length, in the midst of his brood-

ings, a sound from the window at-

tracted his attention, and, listlessly

turning, he discerned young Randall,

old Pleydell, Aaron and M. Veaudry,

all scrutinizing him intently with a

look there was no misinterpreting.

They considered the ladies safely away.

and the time had now come when a

Before a word had been exchanged

Kirby fathomed their purpose, but no

hint of cognizance was evinced in his

manner. He arose leisurely and with

the courtesy of guest to host rather

than with any intention of self de-

fense, alarm or even interest. And

for a space and in silence the four

men surveyed the one. Then young

Randall spoke ominously and, for him.

"It's pretty dark outside, Mr. Kirby-

too dark to shoot straight. Shall we

settle it here? We are going to give

you a chance, and you'd better get

yourself ready to take it blanked quick

unless you prefer to be shot like a

"If you leave it to me," said Kirby

"Do you realize that in giving you

a fair show we do a common gambler

an honor?" returned the boy, strug-

gling hard against his passion. He re-

sented Kirby's serene composure, for

against it he was placed at a bumiliat-

mildly, "I prefer not to be shot at

with admirable restraint.

rat."

all."

judicial murder might be perpetrated.

a farewell interview to his partner.

"Don't you dare mention the name of any lady of my family!" menaced Tom.

"But that is necessary, sir." suavely murmured the other, "because you and your sister, Miss Adele Randall"-

"You wolf!" snarled the boy, and he struck with all his strength.

The alert and pacific M. Veaudry caught the descending arm, and before the outraged and now thoroughly incensed boy, furious at Kirby's deliberate repetition of Miss Randall's name, could wrest himself free and renew the attack Adele herself had entered the room, followed by the successful Bunce. Her presence instantly prohibited further hostilities, and young Randall sullenly turned away. raging against her delayed departure and unexpected intrusion. The self satisfied and beaming glance cast upon him by the portly veteran Bunce did not improve his temper. although in a measure it afforded an explanation of Adele's presence.

"I have yielded to this gentleman's request," said the girl stonly, waving an ironic and contemptuous hand toward Bunce, while her eyes looked accurately through the top of Kirby's bead. "I grant your interview. What is it you wish to say? Kindly be as explicit and terse as possible."

He handed her the slip of paper which before this he had sought to offer.

"I fear your brother may be too excited to read it," he said indifferently.

She eyed it wonderingly, scanning it twice over and yet again before digesting its brief contents. In silence she handed it to her brother, and he. after a long, incredulous stare, exclaimed:

"He gives it back to buy his safety!" Read the date," commanded Kirby, addressing the girl.

In the same mechanical manner she obeyed, spelling it out as if it were written in some strange language with which she was but vaguely familiar.

"He wrote that the first day the doctors let him set up to a table after Jack Moreau shot him," sharply explained Bunce, angered at the reception accorded what he considered a sublime act of generosity, forbearance and asininity.

the paper and looked steadily at the thing mighty pleasant about me, yours "common gambler." "This was in re- being my oldest friend and therefore morse-for my father?" she whispered complimentary. Oh, yes, nothing but "No." It was said quite simply and a 'damned gambler.' That was it." emotionlessly, as if the question were He seated himself at the table and, too absurd to seriously consider. He as was his wont in moments of abwould have employed the same tone in straction, began to cut the cards, refuting the statement that he was a Bunce diplomatically ignored the

of mental fog. Where dele was only too willing and eager to believe, the boy was loath. To the girl Kirby had once appeared all that woman can think of man, but to her brother he had ever been the personification of evil. Tom had blindly nourished his hatred. Now he felt strangely bewildered, self distrustful and unclean. His credulity had been shattered with his self respect. He flushed hotly at

the thought of how implicitiy and on such meager evidence he had believed the specious and totally unscrupulous Moreau, how from such a tissue of falsehood he had carefully erected his elaborate feud. He had even stooped to the unutterably foul act of swearing a murder upon this man, who, rather than being an enemy, had stood his father's sole friend. To him it was difficult to relegate unto himself a new viewpoint with the "common gambler" as an object for admiration rather than vilification, to disinter and transfer the halo which Moreau had caimly appropriated and taken with him to the grave to this erstwhile master rogue, this arch fiend, titles for which his name of Cameo Kirby had been a synonym.

"You meant to protect my father?" he faltered at length.

"For the honor of the profession," said Kirby. "That's all right. Mr. Randall." he added gently as the boy. utterly crushed and filled with a bitter self hatred, strove to verbally interpret his abject thoughts, to frame some sort of fitting apology "If you'll lend me a horse to get back to the city we'll call it square. I'm ready, Larkin."

He held out his hand, and young Randall, flushing hotly, grasped it firmly, then turned away and, sinking into a chair, buried his face in his arms.

Adele, placing her hand on her brother's shoulder as if he were a child, raised him gently and escorted him from the room. At the door she turned, looking steadily at Kirby.

"You walted for me this afternoon when there was danger." she said tremulously. "Won't you wait for me now, when there is none?"

## CHAPTER XV.

Y George, Gene, it looks to B me like you'd get the girl and the plantation, too!" exclaimed Bunce when at length the two were alone.

"What was that you called me awhile ago?" returned Kirby quizzically, but with an undercurrent of great seriousness, "Nothing but a-what Slowly Adele raised her eyes from was it? Seems to me you said some-

tribute. The mad escapade had termi-

mere setting to harmony the charm of the young morning. And then it ing him with her eyes. arose like a sweeping curve of beauty until it resolved itself into the throaty. melodious chorus of "Mississippi River."

Kirby shivered, and his eyes came back from the great beyond, while Bunce shook himself like a great dog leaving the water.

"There's the niggers goin' out to the cane," he said laconically. "The mornin's here. Well, Gene?"

"Well, Larkin?"

The other hesitated, fortifying himself with a cheroot, which he contented himself with chewing. Finally he arose, offering elaborate si, of departure.

"I hate to see a man lose out on - "She hath done what she could." - Mark 11:8 everything," he tentatively observed. "Well, I'm goin', Gene, I reckon they'll let me have a hoss now. Mebbe I better have two saddled, eh?"

"Well, what do you think?" parried Kirby, slowly lifting the deck of cards from the table. "Is that my wife? Do I turn back to the old river road with you, or do I"- He lifted his head with brightening vision. "Have two in the temple, going at night to the saddled," he added quietly, with bitter home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary at finality.

Bunce nodded slowly, understandingly.

Alone, Kirby remained at the table, staring and seeing not. "'Take one good look at yourself. Gene Kirby; then take another at her." he mused mechanically and with dull monotony reiterating the phrase. " 'Take one good look at your-

self, Gene Kirby.' 1 might never have thought of that-I have been so busy looking at her."

As he sat there face to face with the future, striving to learn renunciation without embitterment, the General, now dressed in nightclothes, tiptoed softly into the room.

"They sent me to bed again," he whispered, triumphant at his evasion, while he cuddled against the man's extended arm. "I want to know the end of that story. 'Tell me.'

Kirby strove to assume his wonted gayety of manner. How long age it seemed since in the closed carriage he had prompted that light hearted laughter!

"So you made another hairbreadth escape, General," he commented lightly. "And you want to hear the end of the story-about the bad prince who was half good? 1-1 don't know if 1 can tell you the end."

"Why? Hasn't the end happened

yet?" "Yes; it's come."

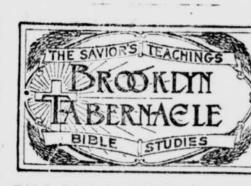
"But it ended all right, didn't 47" persisted the General, with all youth's confident optimism.

"Yes," said the man; "it ended all right.' "But I want to know if he's still a

mixed prince-a mixed good and bad prince. Kirby pressed a weary hand over his throbbing forchead. "I guess he's pret-

"It would be"- she whispered, hold-

"Just the beginning, after all." THE END.



TOLD FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER Matthew 26:1-16-October 30

TN a previous study we considered the Great Teacher's triumphal en

try into Jerusalem on the ass, and his tender of himself to the Nation of Israel as their King, in Julfillment of the prophecy of Zechariah 9:9-12. That was five days before the Passover. For several days Jesus taught Bethany. He knew what to expect-that his hour was come. He knew that even then the chief priests and elders of the people were considering his destruction and hesitating only lest it should cause tumult. Their indignation against the Great Teacher was that he did not teach as they taught and that his teachings had much more power with the masses than all their teachings combined. Anger, envy, hatred, united in branding him as an impostor and in sending him to his death, "for the good of the cause."

The feast at Bethany referred to in this study may have been on the night before our Lord's betrayal, two days before the feast of Passover. But the concensus of opinion seems to be that it occurred on the Sabbath evening preceding the triumphal ride to Jerusalem. It matters not, however. There was such a feast. Jesus and his disciples were present. During the feast a woman approached with an alabaster flask of very precious perfume. She poured it upon his head and the entire room was sweet with the odor. The woman was Mary, the Sister of Lazarus and Martha.

Another account shows that the protest made by the disciples against this | can do for these members, the great as a waste was instigated by Judas, | Head will consider as though don the treasurer of the little company of unto himself. While, therefore, it will interested in the money than in the "especially unto the household of poor and that his mention of the poor faith."

"The Poor Always With You" Our Lord, in reply to the argument of Judas, that the ointment should have been sold for a large sum for the benefit of the poor, answered, The poor ye have always with you. Whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but me ve have not always. Poverty is sure to be a factor in the social order during the present time, because, in our fallen condition as a race, some are more brilliant of mind than others and settishness is the general rule. Hence until the end of the reign of sin and death the poor will be here. And there is a blessing attached to every good deed, every noble endeavor to help any member of the race to higher and better conditions, mentally, moral ly, physically. By and by there will be no poor, for, under the Kingdon condition, love will be the ruling prin ciple, instead of selfishness.

"But Me Ye Have Nut Always" This was true of the Master. A lift tle while and he was gone from them ascended to the Father's right hand The same principle prevails in respect to the Lord's followers styled, "The members of his Body." Whatever we



the Lord's disciples. John remarked always he is order to do good unto all that he was a thief and carried the men as we have opportunity, it will bag and intimated that he was more always be in order also to do good

was merely a subterfuge. But the The spirit of schishness in Judas led Great Teacher rebuked his disciples. on from one degree to another of cov saying, "Why trouble ye the woman; etousness until he was willing to sel for she hath wrought a good work his Master to his encantes. Alas, what upon me; in that she hath poured this a terrible power for evil is selfishness ointment upon my body she did it to How many are willing to barter the prepare me for burial. Truly I say Truth for the sake of worldy ease of unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel prosperity! Such as have the spirit of shall be preached in the whole world, the Truth to a coasiderable extent there shall also this which this wom- should beware of where selfishness an hath done be told for a memorial leads if follow d-to the Second Death of her? (Matthew xxvi, 10-13). How Good results always follow the use considerate was the Great Teacher! How sympathetic! How appreciative of Feley Kidney Pills. They contain ust the ingredients necessary to tone. strengthen and regulate the kidneys "She Hath Done What She Could" and bladder, and to cure backache The Lord, in line with all the Scrip-Sold by Sibert's Drug Store.

tractedly toying with the cards, utterly oblivious to surroundings. His fleeting resolution had already vanished. His grip on the present had relaxed. He felt singularly hopeless, heartsick and utterly alone. He did not know-nor, knowing. would greatly have cared-that Judge sharply. "There's nothing more to be Pleydell's plan was about to be exe-

Chinaman. "That doesn't agree very well with nated far better than he had expected Colonel Moreau's story," sneered young or thought possible, and in conse-Randail, loath to credit such an enemy quence his native fund of good humor with one worthy motive. had been abundantly re-enforced. "You bet your bottom dollar it don't." agreed Bunce. git her," he advised. "She ain't think-"That will do, Larkin," said Kirby in' tonight of you bein' a gambler." said. We're through here." It tomorrow? Think she'll remember

ty much mixed," he confessed, still smiling bravely. The child pondered over this statement until at length he began to nod. "Did-did he go away?" he murmured "Take Miss Randall while you can drowsily, inquisitiveness battling nobly against outraged nature. "Yes- he went away," whispered the of everything done for him; "What do you suppose she'll think of | man, his arm tightening about the small form. "You're sleepy, General."