

**THE CHILDREN
OF THE
HIGHEST**



ISAAC MARSHALL PAGE

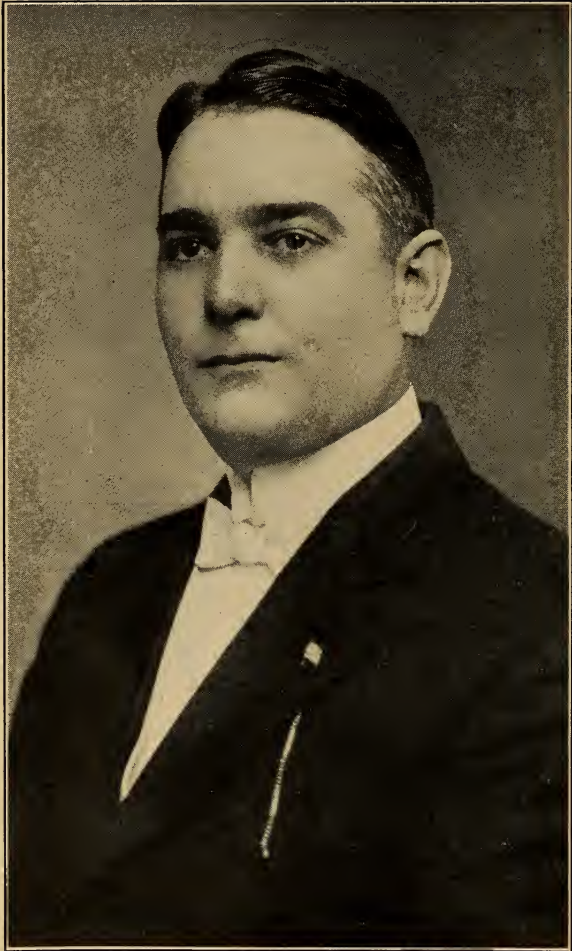


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THE CHILDREN OF THE HIGHEST

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"The Kentuckian; or, A Woman's Reaping."



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CHAPTER 1.

“The Children of the Highest.”

It was the Holy Sabbath day. The earth had donned her beautiful coat of verdure. The Sun touched trees and flowers with millions of tiny rays, adding to the glory of the morning. My thoughts were filled with the greatness and goodness of God, as I listened to the Pastor reading the lesson from the sixth chapter of St. Luke. I heard it all till he read the 35th verse, “And ye shall be the Children of the Highest.” I almost cried out for joy. The minister’s voice went on, but all I could hear was the echo of those wonderful words, “Children of the Highest!” What a sentence! The very words gripped me and lifted me up. They rang through my mind and led me out into new fields of thought.

More than a year has passed since that Sabbath morning, but the echo of that living sentence, “Children of the Highest,” rings in my mind like strange, sweet music. Today the music it brings is sweeter and the Holy Spirit is whis-

pering, "Write!" I am now in one of our great Eastern cities—a city of many iron and steel plants. The sky is dark with the smoke of their furnaces, but beyond the darkness there arises a vision of pastures green, and waters still, where feast-covered tables are spread by the hand of the Highest. No, no, Reader, this is no fancy. This land of such wondrous beauty exists. You can discover it if you will. You can play in its gardens, gather its choice flowers of promise and taste the rich fruits of the Spirit. The tree of life is laden with fruitage and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Do not stay longer here in the wilderness of doubt. Christian experience is merely imitated down here where you are, but come with me up into the gardens of life and you shall really "taste and see that the Lord is good!" Come away from the vain cares and vexations that have cost you so much precious time and made you lose sight of the King's Highway. Come away from the sins that you so dearly love. You are tired and weary where you are. The desert sands are burning your feet and the swift flowing pleasures you have, do not really satisfy you.



“Oh, come up higher, for here are the green pastures and the still waters.”

You are thirsting for the fountain that "springs up unto everlasting life." Oh, come up higher, for here are the green pastures and the still waters. The feast also is spread and He who has prepared it so abundantly says: "Ye shall be the Children of the Highest."

Wilt thou follow? Carefully at first, for the way is not clear to you as it will be. Only be sure, Dear Reader, that you follow. Follow each line and thought with a complete surrender to His divine will and this little book will open to your eyes a vision as wonderful as that seen by the young man who followed Elisha (II Kings 6:17). And thou, Dear Holy Spirit, be pleased to direct my pen that I may faithfully show the path of life!

In this great center—this eastern city of numberless foundries—there is much darkness. The smoke and fog are sometimes so heavy that the street lights have to be lighted. Here are foreign born and poor. There are children here, dirty, tanned and even mangy, playing on the back streets and alleys. They have never heard the name of Christ unless when taken in vain. They eat and sleep and when they grow older

they will hate and fight. Butchery, murder and inordinate desire will make up their life's history. Look at these shadows only that you may help other pilgrims on this way to the better things. Glance quickly as we pass hurriedly on, two blocks this way, and three that way, for you will hear and see evidences of sin. You will hear more, too, of the foreign speech than you do English. The nations from over the sea are gathered here talking ever, talking sin. Turn the corner and look. What places of evil lie here before the eye! Here the vile saloon, and there? Look at them, the dens of opium smokers! That is quite enough. Shut out the picture, for we seek the Gardens of Life in the land that is filled with beauty. No one loves to linger amid these unpleasant scenes, and yet, Dear Reader, each heart is a garden, of good or of evil. These hearts have been filled with the wrong seeds, but if they look vile to us, what do our hearts look like to Him who knew no sin? Quickly go, then, into the garden of your soul and weed out all that is unpleasant to His dear sight.

We pass now from the crowded city

street and turn to the days of yesterday—the days of childhood, when life was fragrant as the dewy flowers of the morning. In these sunlit fields of youth the air is pure and the church bell sends forth its holy harmony each Sabbath day. Let us ride slowly up the rocky hill-side, listening as we go. It is the hour of the Sabbath-school and the children are singing. What music is sweeter than the voices of children? What joyful hearts they have and how happy their faces! Their minds are now fixed on the Christ of Galilee and the first moment we look upon them we know that we are in the presence of Children of the Highest.

What is the difference in these children and the dirty children of foreign birth playing at the stalls of sin? Difference? Why the difference in darkness and light, of shame and glory. The gates of both Heaven and Hell appear in the answer. How wide apart they are! One the children of sin, the other Children of the Highest.

Reader, choose carefully which way you take today! Heaven and Hell both offer themselves, and you must make choice, for you have come to the part-

ing of the ways. One way is broad and smooth for awhile, but it leads to death. The other is narrow and steep and often very rugged, but it leads to the Gardens of Life. Only follow the way ever upward for the Gardens are in full bloom and you may inherit them if you will. "Ye shall be the Children of the Highest."

CHAPTER 2.

“The Way to Be a Child of the Highest.”

I wonder, Reader, if as you read this chapter you do not need to know God. Perhaps you have never been saved from your sins, or perhaps you are His child and in your heart of hearts you want to be nearer to Him; in either case you may have your heart's desire, if only you will. He is much nearer to us than we are accustomed to think. Whoever thou art who readest here, you can be his own child in less than an hour—even in a moment if you desire it. It does not take God long to do his work. Are you ready for Him to have the life you have thus wasted and broken? Then keep close, for the path is narrow.

You have but to come to Jesus to be saved. This is a puzzling sentence to you, Reader, but it is so simple to those who have been over this way of experience. The way to God puzzles many because of its simplicity. You expect something difficult, but His plan is the easiest and most common sense thing in all the world. He tells us that the

way is so simple that a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein. It is so simple that a little child can find it, and so reasonable that the greatest mind must approve it.

Conversion is indeed a great work. So great that no power on earth can perform it. No human teacher nor able preacher can perform it for you; neither can you save yourself. You can no more convert your soul than you can create a world. God alone can do that. He says, "Ye must be born again," but He sees to that great spiritual birth. Don't try to do God's work for Him. You cannot. A great many people waste time trying to bear themselves into the Kingdom. They try to know that their names are written on the Lamb's book of life. They try to merge into the super-natural, when religion is the most natural thing in the world. There is a superhuman work, but you leave that to Him. He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," so, dear one, simply, only come to Him and He will fulfill this promise in your salvation from sin.

How may one come to Jesus? Just as you would go to any one you have

wronged. Religion is the soul of common sense. What God asks is not the most difficult, but the most natural thing in the world. If you have wronged a friend and you desire the forgiveness of this friend, how would you seek that forgiveness? First, you make up your mind that you will cease trespassing against him. Second, you ask him to forgive those trespasses, and you believe that he will forgive. That is just the way to come to Jesus. Is there anything more reasonable? Isn't it just the natural way? So the plan of salvation that you have so often thought of as being a peculiar and difficult affair is the most natural plan. God simply adopted the human way, in order to make it easy of entrance. The only thing that a human being can do is to come and ask. Our Savior does the rest. In theological terms, we say, "Repent and believe." This is the language of Jesus, "Repent and believe the gospel."

1st. **Repentance.** Deal with Him as with the earthly friend you have mistreated. Have you made up your mind that you would trespass against Him no more? That is Repentance. The apos-

tle calls it "Godly sorrow for sin," and that is "Godly sorrow," for you are so sorry for them that you want to quit them for His sake. We hear them speak also of Conviction, which is only the reason of repentance. It is a part of earthly forgiveness. You realize that you cannot live without the friendship of the human friend you have wronged; that it will cost you unpleasant surroundings if you do. Perhaps you desire certain blessings that this earthly forgiveness will bring you. You also think of the friendship of God and know that life is robbed of its best without His friendship. You also dread a never-ending Eternity without Him, so to escape these unpleasant surroundings you go to Him. You also desire certain blessings that His forgiveness will bring; the life of Peace, and better than all, Heaven forever. Just now, dear reader, throw away that burden of sin, for repentance means "turning away from."

2nd. Faith. You cannot believe without repenting, nor can you repent without believing. How inseparable are these steps! To believe Jesus to have really been on earth, Son of the

most high God, is one thing. To take Him as your personal Savior from sin is another. The devils believe and tremble. They believe the history of the Christ. Every sinner believes Christ as a historical character and yet remains in his sins. He must be more to you than a character in history, as Washington, Columbus, and others. He must be your present, personal Savior from sin. Believe Him enough that you are willing to declare His friendship to the whole world; willing to acknowledge that you are a Christian. Do not wait for feeling. Do not wait for the witness of the Spirit. All this will be yours, but just now believe that He keeps His word true in your case. "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out!" He has given even this power to you. Power to become a son of God. Oh, make haste! Fall down before Him! Tell Him all your trespasses against Him! Thrust those sins from you, and believe that He is true to His promise to save! If this you truly do, you are a saved man at this moment. He writes your name in the Book of Life.

These steps are all that a human

being can take. They may be taken in an altar of prayer, in your pew in church, in the quiet of your room, or anywhere. Many have found Him precious to their souls at the old time mourners' bench after weeks of seeking, others have found Him in a moment and away from the house of prayer. He is everywhere. He is near you at this moment. Open your heart and let him come in. You cannot afford to go longer without Him.

This week, this day, this hour, this moment you may be **A CHILD OF THE HIGHEST.**

CHAPTER 3.

“Prayer.”

A child of a King can talk to the King. The King will hear because His child is speaking. You are now a child of the King of Kings and whatever you say to Him is prayer. If you are kneeling, sitting, standing, walking along the street or anywhere, just speak to God and your speaking to Him is prayer. I am glad there is no certain position for prayer. Kneeling is an excellent position. Saint Stephen kneeled, and so have many other eminent Christians in the early days of the church, but our God does not refuse to hear because we do not happen to be in a certain position. Every Christian, both young and old, should always think of God as so near them that he hears each time they speak to Him. St. Paul evidently referred to being in such an attitude of prayer when he said, “Pray without ceasing.” The Christian life becomes so much easier if we keep in mind that God is an ever present friend. We must speak to Him often, just as

we would to an earthly friend if they were walking beside us.

Prayer does so many wonderful things for us. It defeats temptation. If you are thinking of doing wrong, just speak to God. Another wonderful thing it does is to drive away fear; just speak to Him in the moment of fear and fear flees before the light of His face. Prayer does more than this, for by prayer we go to our God with our difficulties and He hears and removes them whatever they are, only we must pray believing.

God does not give the answer to every prayer, because we do not meet the conditions of prayer. Very often we ask for things we do not really want. Oh, yes, we would like to have them, but we would not go to very much trouble to get them. This is praying amiss. You must really want what you ask for, if you expect God to grant it. You must be willing to help God answer your prayer. Are you praying for the salvation of some one? Then tell them about Jesus. Live Jesus in your life and He will answer your prayer. Know that you want a certain thing, and want that thing enough that you are willing

to do all you can to bring it about; then ask in faith believing and he will give you just what you ask for.

You do not have to be a great Christian, for God to answer your prayer. The least in the Kingdom of God will be heard and each petition answered if the conditions of prayer are fulfilled. He tells us in the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of St. John, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." And in the 14th verse, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." Asking in His name, or for His glory, means not for self, but for Him. Can you in the bottom of your heart add to your prayer, "Do this, Dear Lord, for Jesus' sake"? If you can, dear Christian, God will answer your prayer whatever it be. No heart will be too hard. You can reach that lost brother, or companion, or dear friend by prayer. First, want what you ask for with all your heart; even enough to do all you can to bring it about. Second, ask it in Jesus' name, believing; and He will give health, salvation of your friend, or whatever you ask Him for. It may be that you desire the salvation of one who is known to be very hard to reach.

That does not matter, no heart is too hard for God. If you meet the simple conditions of prayer and believe in your heart that He answers, that hard heart will melt, and turn to Jesus.

Perhaps you ask as did another on hearing me make this statement, "Doesn't that limit the free will of man?" No, it does not keep him from using his free moral agency to choose or reject Christ. The hardened will is a slave to Satan and God answers our prayer by driving Satan away from the heart and presenting through His Holy Spirit the issue of salvation. The man chooses for himself. The human soul naturally chooses God, but the soul bound to evil is not free to choose, so that our prayer is answered by the man being brought to where he uses his free-will.

Fix in your heart the one thing that you desire of the Lord and ask Him for that one thing always, in every prayer. Set your whole heart upon it. Meet the simple conditions of prayer and HE WILL DO IT.

A woman was praying for the salvation of her brother. He was a bill-clerk in one of our southern cities and his life

was given up to sin. She wanted to do all she could to help God answer the prayer, so she made a trip of many miles to see him, but when she talked to him about his soul once, he kept out of her way. She stayed several days, to no avail. She returned home realizing that human effort was worthless in his case; then she went to God. She was on her knees nearly three hours pleading with God for his salvation. She held on just like Jacob did, and would not let Him go without the promised blessing. Then, while on her knees, there came to her the sweet assurance that God had answered her prayer. Later the news came that he was converted. It had occurred in this wise: While she was praying in a little town nearly a hundred miles away from him, he was seized with an awful headache and had to leave his desk for the fresh air; but fresh air will not heal a sin-sick soul. He went to his room and to bed. He tried medicines, but these were not the things he needed. Late in the day he decided to try more fresh air, and before he was conscious of his surroundings, he was walking up the steps to a church where there was a revival in

progress. The light came to him and with his own free will he chose Jesus as his Saviour. His conversion came the day his sister prayed an earnest, definite prayer for his salvation.

CHAPTER 4.

“Faith.”

Prayer is worthless without faith. Faith is not a difficult thing; just like everything else in our Father's plan of salvation, it is simple, and may be used by any child of God.

The beautiful 13th chapter of I Corinthians tells us that faith is one of the three greatest things in the world. In the 11th chapter of Hebrews we find a number of wonderful things faith has done. It has locked the mouths of the lions, opened the baren womb, broken the shadow of doubt and led to the incorruptible inheritance. Salvation comes by faith. God saves others because of our faith. How often did Jesus say, “Thy faith hath saved thee”? No wonder the apostle said it was one of the three greatest things!

Jesus uses the most emphatic terms in describing the power of faith: “And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shalt say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou

cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." (St. Mark 11:22-23.)

Saints of all ages have spoken of the importance, or greatness of faith, but, dear reader, do not get the erroneous idea that has defeated so many of the privilege of faith. Some people think that faith is a special gift from God, and that only those who receive it as a gift can use it. This idea is false. **Faith is an act of the human will**, just like a step is an act of the human foot. Faith is simply believing without any doubt. Do not pray, "Lord, give me faith!" That would be like saying, "Lord, give me steps," and not trying to walk. We can pray like the man in Jesus' day, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." We can pray for strength, to believe, as we can pray for strength to walk, but we must not ask God to do for us what He intended us to do for ourselves. He does not walk for us, and He does not believe for us. Perhaps you are thinking of Paul's language, "For by grace are Ye saved, through faith, and that not of your-

selves, it is the gift of God." So many people think this means Faith is the gift of God, but it does not. The apostle is not talking about faith. He is talking about the Grace of God. He tells us Grace is the gift of God and comes through a human act of the human will, believing God.

We do not need a gift of faith, any more than we need a gift of walking; but we need practice to become an able walker, and we need to practice our faith. Fix your mind on one certain thing, find a promise in the Bible that fits that need and believe God is true to that promise in your particular need. Depend upon Him to fulfill it in your case, your prayer will be answered and your faith will grow simpler and more natural day by day. There is a promise in that dear old Bible for every human need.

Edward Cooney had not been a Christian long until he told me he was called to preach. His need was an education and no one knew that need better than he. We prayed about it and he made every preparation he could but they were limited. Edward was poor, and after getting the few clothes he needed

there was little of his earthly goods left. The day came when he was to leave for Kingswood and in excitement he entered my study, telling me that he just couldn't go, on account of the scarcity of funds. I knew that he had faith, and had been believing all the time—that he was only wavering for the moment. I quoted Phillipians 4:19: "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He looked at me in astonishment with the question, "That does not mean that, does it?" I assured him that God meant every need, and especially his need and at that moment. We prayed together, and he exercised faith for the fulfillment of that promise. Was his faith rewarded?

He reached Kingswood that very afternoon with \$1.25 in his pocket, was accepted as a student, stayed right there till he was prepared for the Master's work, and is now preaching those "riches of glory" in the great Northwest. There is nothing so extraordinary about it. He simply believed God. God did the rest—no, not all the rest. He took a paint brush and started working his way through, believing as he

went. Then God did more for him; others became interested in prayer for him. One member of the faculty wrote me that she had the assurance that God would send the money for his education, and He did.

Mr. Munsey, in one of those matchless sermons that only he could preach, describes faith by giving a picture of a man hanging to a vine on the side of a perpendicular wall. He is too far from the top or either side to escape. The distance to the bottom is dazzling, and he can hear the fibers of the vine breaking one by one. Death seems inevitable. Then an angel stoops above him with broad outstretched wing. The man cries to him to save. The angel asks: "Do you believe I am able to save?" The man looks at the mighty build of the angel and answers, "Yes." Then the angel asks: "Do you believe that I am willing to save you?" The man looks at the kindly face of the angel and associates the look with the fact of his coming, and answers, "Yes, I believe you are willing to save me." The angel answers, "Then turn loose the vine and before you fall to the rocks below, I will

lift you up." Now if the man turns loose, that is faith.

I think that is one of the best pictures of faith I ever read. Then faith is just turning loose and depending on another to keep the promise. You tell a child to jump from the stairs into your arms. The little voice comes back: "Will you tech me?" You promise you will and the jump is made. That is pure faith. Go to God, dear reader, with your difficulty; repeat His promise to Him and simply depend on Him to fulfill that promise in your particular need.

CHAPTER 5.

“Service.”

The normal state of the Christian heart is to be serving the Master. A little child loves to do the things that please the parents, and naturally as children of the Highest we must serve in His Kingdom. Each child in the house of God must do a part just as each child in the earthly house does its share in the household duties.

Jesus tells us in the 15th chapter of St. John that He is the vine, the Father is the husbandman, and we are the branches. Now grapes never grow on the vine—they always grow on the branches. Jesus sent His disciples out to win men, to bear fruit. He is the vine and all our strength we must draw from Him, but He gives us strength that we may win men to Him. Listen to Him as He adds: “Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.” How much He has trusted us! The whole work of winning men for the Kingdom has been left to His disciples. I wonder

how anyone can feel that they are good children and faithful to the master's best interest when they do not ever try to say a word for Him to the unsaved?

He made service of such importance that He told the disciples that they were to be witnesses unto the uttermost part of the earth. He said also, "If any man serve Me him will My Father honor!" There are many ways to serve the Master, but there is just one aim that we must strive for, and that is the salvation of the lost. We may have the service of song, the service of prayer, the service of preaching, or we may serve by testimony; but whatever the particular service, we serve to save others. It is the purpose of our service to save the whole world for Jesus, and if only each Christian would follow out the Master's plan the whole world would come to the foot of the cross in a very short time.

Here we see the common sense plan of religion again. The Master did not send us to the man farthest from us, but to the one next to us. To a school-mate, or a neighbor; someone who sits near you at church, or perhaps to a member of your own family. Jesus

gives us a very practical illustration of His service plan in Matthew 13:33, where He tells about the woman who hid the lump of leaven in the flour. Now the leaven did not reach the farthest particles of flour, but the ones next to it; then that lump reached the next and that one the next and so on till the whole container was leavened. You must not wish for the privilege of reaching the far-away heathen, and thus waste your life waiting for an opportunity of doing good, but go after that unsaved heart next to you. The soul you reach will in turn reach another soul and on and on till the whole world has been saved.

We will find also that this method has a world of power in it—this method of Personal Touch. I heard a very able minister say, recently: "If my eternal salvation depended on leading a thousand souls to Jesus and I only had a year in which to perform this service, I would go—not through the pulpit—but by the method of personal touch." It is the surest way. Oh, child of the Highest, you can be a personal worker if you will.

Those who do personal work have

not only the satisfaction of seeing many results from their efforts for the Master, but there are also countless glorious results that will not be fully known till the judgment. Yea, eternity alone can tell what a grand harvest comes from this form of service to the Master. A most striking instance is given in the 40th and 41st verses of the 1st chapter of St. John's gospel. Andrew found Jesus, and then he sought his brother, Peter, and brought him to the Master. Now Andrew was never so famous a preacher as some of the others, **BUT HE IS THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THE APOSTLE PETER TO THE CHRIST.** What an honor! What a matchless service! Look at Peter on the day of Pentecost and those days following when so many thousands were converted. My dear reader, Jesus has chosen you to bear fruit for Him. You may never be great from the world's point of view, but you can lead some one to the Christ, and if you keep leading hungry hearts to Him, you will sometime lead someone who will be a mighty warrior. It may be that you can lead someone who will sing for Him like Sankey, or Rodeheaver, or preach

like Moody, or Gypsy Smith, thus turning millions of men to Him, because you did your part in humble personal work.

It pays to do work for Jesus in leading souls to Him. It pays big dividends of joy. It pays in priceless and unfading honor. Listen to His word: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." The wealth of this world glitters, for only a short time. Where are the great riches of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus but would not follow after him? How much better, had he laid up treasure where "moth and rust doth not corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal"! Alas, poor, rich man, thy riches have melted and vanished; but yonder on the other shore apostles and martyrs, the humble followers and personal workers, rejoice in that "joy unspeakable and full of glory," for in the bank of Heaven they have gains that can not be counted in the figures of earth. Too many come to Jesus as did this young man of wealth, desiring His name, a home in Heaven or a place in the church, but unwilling to follow after Him.

Oh, reader, break from you the idol that keeps you from giving yourself in whole-hearted service, and plunge into the golden field of service, and "thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."

Personal work for Jesus can be done any time and any place. There are dozens of chances each day to speak a word for the Christ. I do not mean that you must go like the pharisee, with bowed head; nor that you shall spend your time asking people to get down in the street, or in their stores and let you pray for them then and there. If you win men you must not appear unto men to fast. Just remember in your own heart that you are a witness for Jesus and you will find a way for witnessing for Him that will be very effective. A "no" to temptation, or "I can't do that," are little expressions that speak for Jesus with a most eloquent appeal to the unsaved. They hear your voice, and believe in you, which leads them to love your Christ. There are times to ask a personal question like, "Are you a Christian?" or "Would you like for me to pray for you?" Yes, or even push the matter of salvation earnestly upon them. These, however, are special op-

portunities, which should be used in His name, but unless the way opens it is often best to wait until it does.

I shall never forget driving through a skirt of woods in the Mississippi valley, one dark, cloudy day in mid-summer, when an awful rainstorm drove me into a little tennant house for shelter. In that house was a young man, his wife and baby—a very cute baby, too. They were starting out to build a home and yet they neither knew God. The man yielded first and after I had prayed with him he gave his heart to God. His wife then handed the child to her husband, saying: “Here, Bob, take the baby.” She knelt and surrendered her life to Jesus, too. What a beautiful rainstorm! That rainstorm meant opportunity for service, and I am so glad the Holy Spirit opened the way and gave power.

Let us go to God with this prayer: “Dear Lord, make me to know the sweetness of serving Thee! Let me say something every day that will point someone to Jesus. Make me a winner of the souls of men and I shall be faithful to remember that always whatever I do or say, it is for Thy glory. Amen!”

CHAPTER 6.

“Power.”

A child of the Highest has many privileges and one of the most blessed of these is the gift of Power. Power to deal with men. Power that draws men to God. Such power that your words reach the unsaved and they can hardly resist following you to Jesus.

One day in a church an infidel sat listening in a spirit of criticism. The minister preached an earnest sermon. One or two very able personal workers urged this man of doubt to seek the Lord, but their efforts were of no avail. Near the close of the service a little boy who had been converted in this meeting walked back and laid his hand on the skeptic's knee. I do not know that he said a word and if he did it was only a word spoken quietly, but that touch was full of power. The strong man followed that little boy to the altar and surrendered his life to Jesus.

In another series of revival services a young lady stubbornly resisted Jesus. No power seemed able to touch her

hardened will. She laughed at each appeal made to lead her to surrender. In that community was another young lady who had lived a very quiet Christian life. She had never given herself to personal work, but rather shrank from public service. One day after the girl with the hardened will stubbornly rejected the invitation of an older Christian, this quiet Christian girl walked back to her and reached out her hand; her lips quivered but she did not speak a word. The other girl looked at her a brief moment, took her hand, and followed her to the altar of prayer, where she willingly surrendered herself to God. Strange as ever these incidents may seem, they are true to the experience of every child of the Highest who has followed the footprints that are marked in Blood. The one who follows close to Jesus, is the one who wins men, and as a soul winner he will see people yield when the appeal is so simple that they are surprised at the yielding. The appeal as far as the words may be concerned may be very weak, but there is in each of these instances an unuttered appeal that is so powerful as to break down the resisting will. Do not misun-

derstand me. The human will is the strongest power on earth and if set against seeking God; that will has power to turn every appeal away, for God does not save men against their will, but He does give his children power that will drive an appeal, whether spoken or unspoken, into the human heart with such force that they often use their will and choose God, because of this appeal. You need not expect a power that will break every will which you would lead to God, but thank God, there is a power that will make your work a grand success for God.

Jesus meant for every one of his disciples to have this power for He said, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high." This power is yours, Christian, if you desire it. Do you want power? Then listen, Christian, power is the Holy Ghost. There is no power without Him. God will use your service, but if you would have power with men you will find that power only by receiving the Holy Spirit. In Luke 24:49, where Jesus tells them to tarry in Jerusalem, He tells them that He will send the promise of the Father upon them. Open your Bible in the first

and second chapters of the Acts of the Apostles and you find that the disciples waited in Jerusalem and that they received power on the day of Pentecost, when they received the Holy Ghost.

Would you receive the Holy Ghost you must take the two human steps, leaving Him to fulfill His promise. Just as you repented of your sin and believed Him to save you, so you must surrender your life, time, talents, everything to Him to use to His glory and in faith wait till He sends the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon you.

Oh, what power that power is! Power to resist temptation! Power to win men! Power to believe when the way is dark! Oh, He will speak through you, convincing and convicting men. I ask, Christian, what corner in your heart is so dear that you will not let the Holy Ghost take possession? What thing in life so dear that you will not surrender it to His keeping?

He was a saloonkeeper and kept one of the worst places in town. I talked to him often and urged him to let God use the rest of his life, but he would not yield. His wife was a quiet, consistent Christian. She was the cause of my

talking to him. She desired his salvation most of all things, but he was not to be easily won. Finally, I urged her to surrender her life fully to the keeping of the Holy Ghost and receive Him, that she would have power to win her husband. Her surrender came and only a few days after it her husband was wonderfully converted from his sins. She had wanted me to talk to him at other times, but now she had power, and she, the quiet little woman, walked deliberately to him in church and for the first time he sought God. A few days later as we talked about what God had done for him, he told me that it was through the influence of his wife that he came to Jesus. Yes, that touch of power was hers, and, reader, it is yours if you let God have complete right-of-way with your keeping.

CHAPTER 7.

“An Angel of Hope.”

If I were elected to a place among the angelic hosts, and the keeper of the heavenly records should ask me what kind of an angel I wanted to be, I think I would answer an “Angel of Hope.” Should my request be granted and the angelic nature bestowed upon me, I would wing my way through the world whispering hope and cheer to all the children of men. I would find the soul bowed down with the heavy burden and shed such beautiful rays of Hope about him that the clouds would lift from his pathway. I would whisper a wonderful secret into each tired heart—the Christian secret of Hope—and then watch the wrinkles and disappointed look flee away, while new life and smiles wreath festoons of Hope in the pilgrim’s face. I would visit the hard-fought battlefield and gently touching the arm tired, or wounded in battle, point the way through the conflict to the peace that follows. I would find the soul on the verge of temptation and fix the hope

upon the throne by whispering "Hope thou in God." I would go to each prison camp and give a word of hope to each one there. I would search for the sick and the afflicted and bring cheer and hope to them. It would be wonderful to be an angel of Hope. I am not surprised that the apostle told us Hope is one of the three greatest things in the world.

Then I will be an angel of Hope. I may not have wings that I may fly as do the heavenly hosts, but I can walk and, though my feet grow tired, somewhere on the path of life I shall find where a precious word of Hope will do its mission; thus when I am gone it will be as though an angel had passed that way.

There are so many angels that we may be like if we only will. A careful glance at the Bible will show that we are here to take up the work the angels once had to perform. In the Old Testament we find that angels often appeared to men. They appeared during the life of Jesus, and when He had risen, but from that time we see them no more for their dispensation had passed. Then followers of the Christ took the work

that once had been done by the super-human. Jesus said: "Greater works that these shall ye do because I go to my Father," and again, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." We also find in the second and third verses of the second chapter of the Hebrews that Paul speaks of the word brought by the angels being steadfast, and then He speaks of the word of men who witnessed our Lord's ministry being proven by signs and wonders.

In a meeting one night a man started giving his testimony by saying: "There are two angels who follow me every day. They come very close to me and I have even learned their names. One is named Goodness, the other Mercy." Then he repeated: "Surely Goodness and Mercy will follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

So it becomes plain to us that we may do the work of these angelic beings. Our calling is to be children of the Highest, and as His children we may so deal with men that our very lives will seem angelic to those who know us. Do you want to be an angel of GOODNESS? Then you must be good. Do

you want to be an angel of Mercy? Just remember to be merciful, for "Blessed are the merciful." I think one could be an angel of FAITH, ever inspiring those around them to believe.

It would be grand to be an angel of LOVE, going out with a sword of love and killing hatred in angry hearts, that in its place may spring the flowers of LOVE. You can be an angel of love if you want to be. You can go out changing the unlovely world into a world of love. You can whisper a message of love to those who know not the Master. You can bear to the heart torn in the excitement of conflict a whisper of love, then watch the restless heart grow quiet in the wonderful power that love gives.

Isn't it wonderful how the Master has trusted us to be His message bearers? Whoever thou art, O child of the Highest, you have some message that He expects you to bear. No one else can bear it for you. He has given it to you to bear for Him. He has made you an Angel of FAITH, or LOVE, or HOPE.

Dear Master, may this message of hope reach some one who will also take a message from Thee!

CHAPTER 8.

Sayings of I. M. Page, as Used in Addresses Throughout the United States.

A home is not made by the magnificence of the structure. It may be grand as a house and for all that not be a home. Or it may be but a cabin and contain a home that measures up to God's ideal.

* * * * *

Stop and think, Parents! It has never occurred to you but that your boy will be the grandest man, or your daughter the sweetest and purest woman in the world. I am going to tell you right here just what your children are going to be. I will tell their fortunes and not look into your hand to do it. They will be just exactly what the home back of them is. How do I know? I have been reading the oldest fortune telling book on earth. Here it is! (lifting the Bible.) It says: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." You sow defects in the home

and you reap them in the lives of your children.

* * * * *

Don't fix your eyes on your own people to the exclusion of all others. You must love all men! Pray for all races! There is no race gospel—if there was we all would be uneasy, but when the Holy Ghost made it a WHOSOEVER gospel that included every one of us who believes.

* * * * *

The Home is so important in God's plan that every book that has ever been written contains some description of some home or some reference to it. The main theme of the Bible is the home theme. Perhaps you say, "No, the main theme of the Bible is the Blood?" Listen, brother, Jesus never would have died on the cross, had there not been a Home where He can take men in the end.

* * * * *

The Devil has many big guns trained against the Home. The main aim is to wreck the virtue of the generation. Listen, Mother, his agents would pay big money for the ruin of that little girl of yours, and yet you do not watch what

company she keeps.

* * * * *

You may have the most beautiful residence in the state, filled with paintings from the masters, and all the musical instruments in the world, but be a HOMEless man. If you have a family altar and Christian character you have a home that will make itself felt after you are playing on your golden harp.

* * * * *

The Devil is the handiest fellow in the world. It looks sometimes like he is standing around behind a telephone pole just ready to jump out with a new temptation when you are not looking for him,

* * * * *

It is often bravery to run. It is always the brave who run from temptation. I heard a minister telling about a little boy who was passing a fruit stand. He said: "When he felt himself almost reaching out to steal an apple, he whirled and ran as fast as he could. Turning the corner in his great haste he ran against a big man and knocked him down. That man was first angry, but when he learned that the little fel-

low, who was from a poor family, had run to keep from stealing, he gave him an education. That boy afterward became a successful banker.”

* * * * *

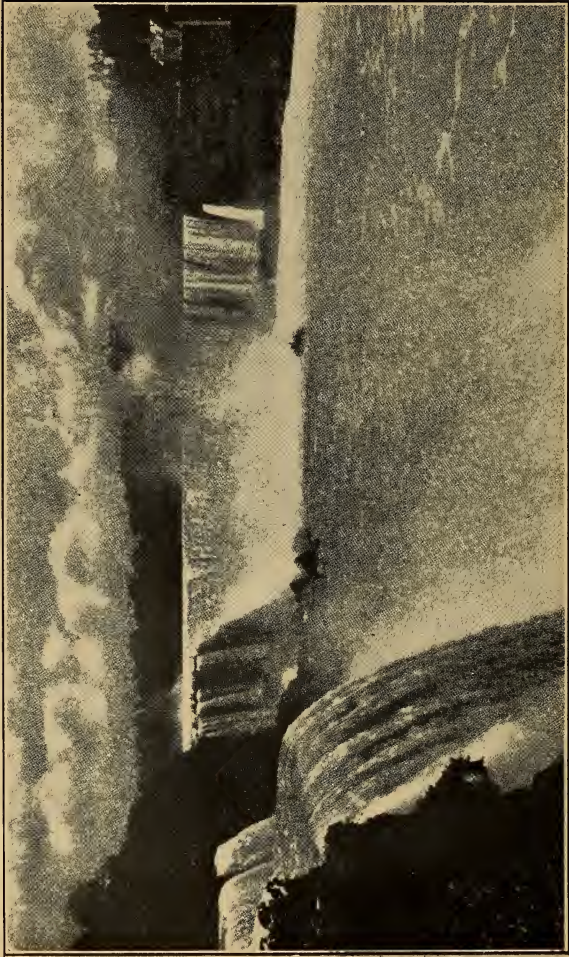
The story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde shows a vivid picture of man's dual nature. There is a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde in us all. If you don't cultivate your better nature the Dr. Jekyll will one day leave you forever and the heartless old Hyde will haunt your remaining days.

* * * * *

There are two classes of people in this country—those who know the secret of love; and those who know only how to hate. The criminal hates. He wants vengeance on the Judge, the Jury and all the witnesses who had to do with sending him behind prison bars; but those whose lives are filled with the sweetness of love are anxious to lift men to where they will see the beauty of life. Do you belong to the LOVE, or the HATE class?

* * * * *

If the other fellow reached success, so can you. I guess you have heard the story of the two frogs who went walk-



“Wonderful Falls! Beauty Incarnate! Voice of God, flow on! Flow on, for thou hast answered every argument the infidel has ever produced.”

ing and fell into the jar of milk? Well, one got mad; swore that he wouldn't kick himself to death and drown too, so he went down. The other one kept kicking away. Finally the milk was churned; he crawled onto the cake of butter and jumped out to safety.

* * * * *

I have been praying all the while that I would never sour. Brother, just keep sweet! The sourest thing in the world is the man or woman who complains at everything and everybody—they are human pickles.

* * * * *

The second time I visited the Niagara Falls, I lingered for hours in Victoria Park, gazing from the Canadian side upon their matchless glory. What a treat! Both those mighty Falls before your eyes at the same moment! They go roaring and crashing over that gigantic precipice in all their wild majestic beauty. Wonderful Falls! Thou art a nation's boast! Fairest daughter of King Flumen! One of the greatest wonders of the world! Beauty incarnate! Voice of God, flow on! Flow on, for thou hast answered every argument the infidel has ever produced. The in-

fidel may scoff; the unbeliever continue in his unbelief; but moment by moment and age upon age thou art telling forth the majesty of Him who is thy creator! A crown of rainbows mark thee as His own. Thy peace, thy purity, thy swift course of life all tell of Him. Great, beautiful, wonderful, glorious Falls, thanks to thee for thy message, and all glory and praise to Him who gave it thee!

* * * * *

Don't leave your church membership in one place while you live in another. The fellow who does that is like the soldier on furlough. Now the soldier on furlough is still a soldier. He even wears his uniform. Yes, you are still a Christian, for you have your garments of righteousness. But the soldier off on furlough has left his weapons of warfare behind him. He has nothing to fight with; and so with you. You left your influence in the town where you left your church membership. The old enemy, Satan, is not afraid of you, for you are an unarmed soldier of the cross. Come on down the aisle and get into the church! Too much depends on it! You can't afford to wait longer!

PREFACE TO
"THE GIRL THAT DISAPPEARED."

The story of *The Girl That Disappeared* has been so popular that in a little more than two years fourteen thousand copies have been sold, and countless letters have come to the author expressing appreciation for the message it bears. It seems to have awakened many mothers and made them more careful as regards their own daughters; but it has done more. Young hearts have yearned for purer ideals. Some have felt an arrow of conviction and surrendered their young lives to the Master. It is therefore with the feeling that it may save some mother's heart from being broken, or some untrained feet from the wrong path that we send it out in this new form.

People often ask: "How came you to write it?" "Did it really happen?" etc.

Yes, it really happened once, twice, many times. A letter was handed to the author one day from a broken hearted minister and father. That letter is the foundation of the story as it follows, except that some literary color has been used in some places in order to make more forceful the teaching of its pages. The reader will also bear in mind that for the family's sake, the name Flora Johnson is used instead of the name in the original letter.

With a prayer that this message may continue to be used of the Master,

I am sincerely,
ISAAC MARSHALL PAGE.

CHAPTER 1.

“The Slave Trader and His Work.”

Before me sat a girl about twenty years of age. There were traces of her youthful beauty, and yet she was prematurely old. A discolored portion of flesh near her eyes and here and there a wrinkle told the sad story of what drugs can do in marring beauty.

“Yes,” she said, “I have been a ‘White Slave,’ and, after hearing you lecture last night, I determined to tell you my life story, that you may tell it to the world. If the people of the United States knew as well as I do the need of the work you are doing, you would not have to ask for money to aid in the work. They would mail it to you. They would shower it at your feet before you could finish lecturing. Tell my fate to the world, that other girls may escape these traps that have ruined me and so many other pure, innocent girls.”

“You are wise,” I said, “and good, too. I shall be glad to hear your life story in all of its details.”

“I was born,” she continued, “in one

of the Southern states, in the home of a Methodist preacher. We moved every four years, but seldom oftener than that. In fact, I cannot remember that we ever moved oftener, except when one of the leading men of the conference died and papa was appointed to take his place. Yes, it was hard to break away from friends and acquaintances, but new ones were soon found.

“My school preparation was good. I had finished at the high school and was nearly through the first year in college when it happened—

“Oh!” she cried, as the hot tears rushed into her eyes. Then a new light came into her face and she exclaimed: “But I can’t help it. I am the same pure girl I was when I was at home! Everybody seemed to love me then.

“Well,” she continued, “I had advanced rapidly in school, and had put in much time at music and art under the best private teachers to be had. I had finished seven grades in music, and was naturally adapted to it. I could reproduce most any piece from the masters on hearing it two or three times. In art I seemed to have a special gift, and my best time had been given to it from

the time I was six or seven years of age. I had made many drawings that surprised my teachers. Then, I had made many reproductions from life and landscapes that were so like the originals that everyone recognized them who knew the subjects."

"Were you a Christian?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I was converted early and taken into the church by my father. I had much religious zeal, and was a leader among the young people in church work. I was also a teacher in the Sunday school from the time I was fifteen years old. The Young People's Society used me in its missionary and entertainment departments.

"In all this I took the greatest delight. I had also been successful in revival meetings in bringing many of my friends into the church."

Again the tears burst from her large brown eyes, and between sobs she said:

"Those days are gone! They are the sweetest vision my poor, broken memory retains! Oh, mother, mother, why didn't you warn——?"

She leaned forward and buried her face in her hands.

"You must be calm," I said. "It is

not good for you to do like that. You are a little nervous this morning, and talking to a stranger excites you. You must be calm, for I am your friend."

"I know it," she said, as she straightened up. Then, smiling, she said:

"You are not a stranger; you are a brother. For it was a man who works for your association who rescued me.

"It was in the month of April," she continued, "when we were taking examinations and getting ready for commencement week at the college. (I was then nearly eighteen years of age.) A gentleman came to our house and told papa he was working for a school of art in D——. He represented the school as being a preparation to the greatest art school in Paris, France. He was a young man, about twenty-five years of age. His face and head showed superior intelligence. He was very handsome and dressed in the latest styles of the day. He said: 'Miss Roberts (who was one of my art teachers) tells us of your daughter.' Then he produced one of my paintings — where he got it I don't know — and said: 'This picture was sent to the faculty as a picture painted by a 17-year-old girl. They

graded the work and were astonished to find that such a difficult drawing graded 99 points—and that by a girl so young. The matter was brought before the attention of the school board and they immediately voted her a free scholarship. Then they wrote me, as I am their representative in this state, to come and tell you of this good fortune.'

"'What is the value of the scholarship?' my father asked.

"'Five hundred dollars,' he replied.

"'How many free scholarships do you give?' asked my father.

"'A rare thing that we give any. This is the second one in the seven years the school has been running.'

"'When does the school open?' father queried.

"'In two weeks,' responded the man.

"Papa had always wanted me to be an artist, and it was fixed in his mind at that moment—I was to enter the Paris Art Academy for the summer term. But papa was not a man to be taken in at a moment's notice. This man must show papers.

"He had the papers, the strongest endorsements one could ask. He had

even the letter he claimed the school had written him.

“This man stayed in my father’s house for a day and a night, then left with his promise to send me to the school. I came home that afternoon from the college with spirits high. My examinations were easy, and I was delighted in thinking I would make such good grades. In ten minutes the whole plan was before me. My heart rose to its zenith. That was what I had longed for. That night I could not sleep for joy. The two weeks would not pass soon enough. Earth became a paradise, and all was joy and delight.

“The year’s work was over, and one of my teachers was going with me as far as T——. Papa had written a letter of thanks to the school, and they had responded in a very complimentary letter and cautioned him of the danger of a young lady traveling alone. They asked the very train of my arrival, to which he answered in detail.

The school proved to be a white slave station to procure young girls; but they had school stationery, and there was no room left for doubt in any of our minds.

“The way was delightful, for my teacher, Miss Roberts, was full of life. When my train left T—— I was a little lonesome, but that was easily driven away in the happy thoughts of the future days at school.

“When we were near D—— an elderly woman got on the train, and, after looking carefully over the girl passengers, came to me and said:

“‘Is this Miss Flora Johnson?’

“‘It is,’ I replied.

“She sat down by me and, as she was taking her place, said, ‘The school sent me to meet you.’

“My confidence was perfect. Innocent child that I was, I did not dream that I was being hurled to my ruin, nor that the motherly old woman by my side was a viper so poisonous that every word she spoke was tainted by the venom of her tongue.

“The train stopped at a little station near the city. ‘We will get off here and take an auto, for we are near the college,’ said the woman. We were soon in an auto, driven by a red-faced man with mean, piercing eyes, which hurried us across country for miles and miles. It was getting dark when we entered the

city, but we were soon stopping in front of a large, three-story house, one of the finest I had ever seen. As we were getting out of the car, the woman said to the driver, in a low voice, 'Come up to 311 in about an hour, for you may be needed. I was carried to the third story of the building and was taken into room 311. The woman started as if to enter with me, but when I was well in the room she stepped back quickly, slammed the door and locked it from the outside.

"The sudden noise frightened me out of my wits. I turned quickly and tried the door, but it was locked. I ran to the windows, but they were fastened. If they had not been, I was high up, in the third story and, as I learned when daylight came, there was no fire escape. 'What does this mean?' thought I. Then there rushed into my mind some awful things I had read in a white slave book. Yes, I had read them, but did not believe them.

"Just then the door opened, and two women dressed in the strangest half-nude costume came in. They told me where I was and what I would have to submit to. I screamed, and cried, and

begged. They told me to remove my clothing. At this command, my blood rushed to my head, and I rushed for the window, determined to jump through the glass and kill myself on the ground below, but as I would have leaped through the window they seized me, threw me on to the floor and took off every particle of clothing from my body. I fought with all my might, but they overcame and threw me helplessly upon the bed and held me. The door opened and the same hackdriver came into the room. I pleaded for cover to conceal my form, but this was answered by a taunting laugh. I saw the demon face of the auto-driver coming nearer. I smelled the hot, whisky-fumed breath; then I fainted and knew nothing more till the bright, sad light of day streamed into my prison.

“Awaking, I heard the rustle of clothing,” she continued, “and I opened my eyes only in time to see the cruel hackdriver leaving the room. Oh, I tried to believe it a dream, a night mare; but, no; it was true; I was a ruined girl.

“I heard the door lock as that cruel beast walked out. I was a prisoner, and knew not what to do. Then I re-

solved to again try to leap through the window and kill myself. I strained every nerve in my attempt to move, but I could not rise. Acute pains and a strange weakness held me.

“‘Oh, papa! papa!’” I cried, ‘If you only knew my fate, and where I am, you would get me out of this awful place!’ But papa was too far from me.

CHAPTER 2.

“A Ray of Hope.”

“Soon a bloated-faced woman stood over me and offered me food, but I could not eat. I could not have swallowed a bite had I tried. My very throat seemed swelled together. It was days before I swallowed food, for I had resolved I would die of starvation to escape a life of shame. Near night I became so thirsty I was nearly perished for water. They brought it to me, but the water was drugged, and I was soon under a helpless sleep, from which I awoke only in time to see some man dressing and leaving the room. Each morning the same thought of suicide rushed to my mind. In a few mornings I awoke to see a demon face gleaming at me, even more horrid than that of the hack-driver. He dressed hastily and left. I was still dazed by all this, but it was real. As that door slammed and locked, I said: ‘I’m getting weaker every day; surely, I will not have to last long.’ Then I thought of God, and said: ‘Lord,

forgive me; I have forgotten Thee in this calamity. Do let me die before another night, I pray Thee.' A moment later my eyes closed to the world and a beautiful angel stooped over me. Then I seemed to be floating up through the air. The old, wicked city looked like a speck below me. A current of wind blew in beneath me and wafted me upward. For several minutes I mounted on this buoyant breeze. I looked, and nothing was in sight that was unpleasant. About me was a multitude of beautiful worlds. In the center of the beautiful complexus was a sight more beautiful than language can paint. It was a beautiful golden city. I rose a little higher and stepped on the prettiest street I ever saw. Before me were two pearly gates. These gates were wide open and I walked through. Yes, it was heaven, and I am going there," she exclaimed, as her face lighted up with a new joy, and she continued:

"The throne of the Lord and His Christ were in the midst of it, and from the throne burst forth a river of salvation. Flowers, trees and mansions of heavenly architecture were so wonderfully blended as to fill my enraptured



"I looked, and nothing was in sight that was unpleasant."

heart with wonder. Then there were beautiful angels moving here and there, and all were so happy. I turned around and, to my delight, there was a table spread with everything pleasant to the taste of man. I felt so tired that I sat down to rest on one of the dining couches by the table. A lovely angel stooped over me and offered me the food, dish by dish. Then a great hunger seized me and, as I would have taken the food from the angel's hand, I awoke and found it was all a dream. But there stood the old, bloated-face woman with food for my breakfast. Then a new thought seized me. I didn't want to die. I wanted to live. Just then the old woman's lips quivered, and she said: 'Dear, you are going to die if you don't eat, and I have fixed you the nicest breakfast I could.' It was not so tempting as the food in my dream, but I was hungry. Then, I felt that I would have a chance to get out, for my dream must betoken good. So I ate, and enjoyed my breakfast. My heart was large with hope, and I was glad all day. Something was going to happen for my good. I could not get enough to eat, and they were careful about what they gave me.

In fact, I think," she said, "my keepers were afraid I would die. That day they did not give me the usual drug, nor was anyone turned into my room that night. I was happy for some reason, I knew not why.

"I was too weak to rise, but soon fell into a refreshing sleep, almost free of dreams. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I was suddenly awakened by two women, who dragged me from bed and told me to obey orders or they would kill me. I was carried to a blind door in my room and put into a chute (or small, concealed elevator,) and lowered into the basement. In less than ten minutes about a dozen young girls were lowered and placed in this same room. It was a dismal affair. Nothing but a dim light was there by which to see. I looked about for doors, but there were none. Neither was there a window. A mean, masculine-looking woman was with us and said: 'Girls, there is a band of men searching the house, and if one of you makes a sound I'll kill you.' What were they searching for? I wondered. Soon I heard the trample of men on the floor above my head. 'Maybe it's papa,'

thought I. I cleared my throat, so he could hear. The madam's face put on a frown, but she did not say anything. There was a dead silence upstairs for nearly a minute, which was soon broken by my father's voice, as he said, 'That's Flora.' My heart leaped with emotion. I tried to call out to him, but I was too full to speak. Then, before I could gain my composure, the hand of the old matron was upon me, and a gag was fastened into my mouth, so that I could not speak even in a whisper. I could hear the footfalls above me. I could hear papa say to someone, 'She must be in here.' Then they would search about over the place. I must have been kept in this gagged condition with those girls down in that old moldy basement for full two hours when a woman called and said, 'They are gone!'

"The dinky elevator got busy again, and we were taken up to our rooms. Here I slept for about three hours, undisturbed, except that in my dreams I could still hear my father's voice and his footsteps. Then I would try to answer, but the heavy gag would prevent

me. (The gag had been removed, but I felt it still in my dreams.)

“It was about eight in the morning when I awoke, and as I opened my eyes a strange thought of freedom came into my mind. I arose and dressed, but was still weak from the orgies that had broken me down. That day my door was unlocked, and I was permitted to go out into the halls of the building, which I did as much as my little strength would allow. That night I slept well and dreamed a sweet dream of going back home and of seeing Morris (my old schoolmate), who took me walking and asked me to become his wife. Then I awoke, just as the sun began to peep in at my window. I arose and dressed, and felt well and strong again. After eating the breakfast brought to my room, I was told that I might have my liberty to go anywhere about the house. But I was in nude costume, and all my pleadings did not bring my street clothing. Besides, they told me that if I should escape as I was I would be arrested and put to work with a bunch of men on rock piles, and that with but little clothing. I thought that was true, for girls my age don’t

know much about the law; and I just walked about the hall and to the other rooms, visiting the other girls. Meantime I hoped for deliverance, for it must come somehow.

“I learned the story of every girl in the ‘art school’ (?).

“One of these was a beautiful girl from Wichita. She had been taken while on her way home from school, in a hack, under promise of being carried home; and, as it was raining, she accepted. The hackdriver sold her for ten dollars to a dive, from which she had been shipped to this slavery mart and sold for fifty dollars.

“I met another girl who was there from San Antonio. She had been drugged while in a cafe with a young man, and awoke in a house of shame, from which she was shipped to this slavery market. The trapper had a little syringe between his fingers, with which he squirted the drug into her coffee, while she was not noticing.

“There was another girl there who had been trapped from her father’s farm in Oklahoma, under promise of marriage to a handsome young man,

and was brought here and sold for sixty dollars.

“Yet another was there from Corpus Christi. The slaver had a girl employed who invited her to go for an auto ride, and when about twenty miles from town the auto stopped and she was dragged to her ruin by the supposed sweetheart of the girl who invited her. She was shipped to this same mart by vice-keepers in this town.

“Still another, from a small town in Colorado, was lured to Denver under promise of a position in an office, addressing postal cards. When she applied at the office address given the door was slammed and she was kept in this office three days without a bite to eat. She was shipped to Kansas City, and then sold to this slavers' mart.

“All of these girls were very young, and most of them were real pretty. I saw a large whip in almost every room. Two or three girls had whip cuts on their nude limbs; others a gash on their heads. One had severe knife cuts on her throat. All of these cruel cuts were inflicted with whips, knives, etc., because these girls would not obey orders to submit to their ruin. I gathered the

whole story of more than a dozen girls, and returned to my room at night astonished that human beings could be so cruel.

“About midnight my door was opened and two attendants came into my room, dressed my hair and painted my face. They threw a thin costume about me, which was a poor excuse for clothing. I was marched into a room with twenty or more other young girls. There a man, of fair complexion, tall, and with a little brown beard, stood watching us march in. I drew back from his presence, but a stinging cut from the whip drove me into line.

“After carefully looking over the whole line of girls, he said to the old matron, ‘I’ll give you \$3,000 for six of them, if I may have choice of the bunch.’ The old matron consented, and he chose me, also five other girls. We were ordered to dress. This I did willingly, for I hoped to escape, by this, some way.

“We were ordered into a large auto and guarded. A whizz and a buzz, and we were moving away.

“I could not tell which direction the auto was moving, but at high speed we were recklessly dashed along for about

four hours. Then the driver turned the car from the road out into the brush, and took a winding route for about a mile, stopping every few steps to clear something out of the way. The day was dawning when we stopped. A few blankets were spread upon the ground. We were permitted to rest here through the day. Poor meals were prepared by male hands, and so we ate and slept. But, oh, it was a horrid day! All that is unpleasant and unfair to womanhood befell us. Then we were so guarded as to make privacy impossible."

CHAPTER 3.

“A Broken-Hearted Mother.”

A dream of this horrible picture caused a mother back in the old southern states to awaken from sleep and toss upon her pillow while thoughts of a daughter who had disappeared ran through her mind till the tears fell upon the pillow and moistened the hair now prematurely gray. By morning she was seriously sick. A doctor was called in the early morning, but prescribed a light course of medicine, and pronounced the case a puzzling one. Near nine o'clock the sick woman seemed a little better and, calling her husband, said:

“I am so sick my burden is too great for me to bear.” “Yes, wife,” said Rev. Jeremiah Johnson; “it would be better she were dead than sold into this living death; but what more can we do? Seven hundred dollars have we spent; ten large cities have we searched; eight or nine detectives have we employed, and yet not a single clue. I never dreamed that the slavers could so completely

hide their evil deeds. But we must try to forget. Try to eat the breakfast I have brought you, and I will go and get Sister Elliot to come and see you for a while."

Heart-breaking cares had written their dramatic story about the face and upon the hair of this noble servant of Christ. Taunted by so many perplexities, he did not realize the danger of his faithful companion. Better so, perhaps, for a true, faithful soul like his had burdens enough, and then Mrs. Elliot would soon be pouring her sympathetic soul out in watchfulness and service by the bedside of the grief-prostrated mother.

The Elliots were lifelong friends of the Johnson family and, by some strange chance, had been members of Rev. Johnson's church for fourteen years. When conference moved Rev. Johnson, Sidney Elliott would make a business deal so that he could locate his family in the same town where the Johnsons were sent. Then Morris, their eldest son, and Flora had played together from childhood.

In a few moments after Rev. Jeremiah Johnson returned, Mrs. Eleanor



“Well, Sister Johnson,” exclaimed Mrs. Elliott, “everything goes wrong with us here lately.”

Elliot entered the sickroom with tears streaming from her eyes.

"Oh, don't cry," said Mrs. Johnson, as her friend entered the room. "I'm not going to die, for I'm better now."

"Well, Sister Johnson," exclaimed Mrs. Elliot, "everything goes wrong with us here lately. Guess you knew Morris has left home?"

"No, I didn't. Tell me why. Has he——"

"Oh, he has been so heart-broken about Flora's disappearing, you know. He has been too nervous and restless to exist for weeks. He said he was going west, but I would not let him. He told us of an awful dream he had about Flora last night, then only ate a bite of breakfast, and left on a west-bound train."

"What did he dream?" asked the sick woman, as she raised her head hopefully.

"Oh, he dreamed he was hunting in a dense wood and found Flora guarded by a band of white slave traders."

"I dreamed that same dream!" sobbed Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Elliot bent over and took the

sick woman in her arms, and they wept together.

* * * * *

"Morris Elliot has played the silly, and gone west," laughed Charles Rogers, as he haughtily tossed his head and walked among the men in front of Roberts & Allison Mercantile Company.

"Yes," said Don Jackson; "but let him go. He's too good to play pool, or cards, or for anything else worth while."

"I say boys," slowly replied Uncle Joe Allison, as he stood in the store door and listened to the idle conversation; "I say Morris Elliot may not be much at such stuff as that, but he's the cleanest business man, the neatest book-keeper and best salesman that I have had in my house in all these years I've been in business."

What a stinging rebuke to these idle sons of luxury! Don Jackson was brought up in a rich home and was never sent to church, nor taught anything beside his school duties and the delicate social games that breed all the vices. Charles Rogers' father was a good business man and a constant churchgoer, but he had permitted social

cards in his home. Charles had learned church and cards together. Both boys had become dudes. Don was a gambler. Charles was suspicioned by some of the men as doing unchristian things, although he was at church once every two weeks.

Uncle Joe Allison had spoken kindly, but it was an overwhelming rebuke. For a minute no one spoke, then the crowd moved away.

“Charley Rogers,” angrily growled Don, as they walked up the street, “you are a coward for letting that old guy sting us like that! Master your nerve, and we will break into his safe tonight and take pay for the way he indirectly puts us down and takes up for that churchgoing Morris Elliot.”

“Oh, but what if we are caught up with? And then I don’t like that idea, anyway,” said Charles, as they turned the corner by the Allison residence.

“Well, that is dangerous,” said Don; “but I’m gambled flat, and I’ve got to have some money.”

At this moment Nell Allison crossed the street and entered her father’s house, bowing politely to the boys as she passed.

"Charley," said Don, as he hit him on the shoulder (this movement caused a letter to fall from Don's pocket), "there's the prettiest girl in Rosewood, since Flora Johnson skipped."

"Yes, and she's as good as she is pretty," replied Charley.

"Good nothing! She's like any other girl, only she is good enough to bring about \$300 as a white slave. You make a date with her, and I'll meet you as you come in from the party tomorrow night; the gig-wheel will quit, and all's up—understand?"

"I'll be an accomplice in no such affair!" replied Charles.

"But I say you will!" retorted Don.

"No, I can't; that is worse than assault, and Nell is pure and innocent," painfully answered Charles.

Don frowned scornfully, then said in a positive manner, "Charley Rogers, you know I could ruin you. You will do as I say, or I'll tell what I know!"

"Tell it!" replied Charley. "You're as guilty as I am. The day you ruin me you ruin yourself."

"Not much, Mr. Rogers!" laughed Don. "I may be more guilty, but I've implicated you in such a way that it will

seem that you are wholly to blame.”

Charles dropped his head, then sighed deeply.

“You know I’ll do it, Charley?”

“Yes,” slowly replied Charles. “But, for God’s sake, don’t get me into anything else!”

“You’ll do as I say,” persisted Don.

The date was arranged, and as Charles and Nell came home from a pleasant evening their auto came to a sudden stop. Don Jackson leaped into the car and dashed a strange chemical into Nell’s face which put her to sleep.

“What are you stopping for?” shouted someone in the darkness behind them.

Don fled in fright. Charles dashed the auto forward and soon stopped in front of the Allison residence. Opening the gate, he entered, with a resolve to tell her parents all, and why. As his feet would have touched the step, he thought of the indirect rebuke. Turning slowly, he walked to the gate. There he stood trembling with fear.

Then a new thought seized him. “I’ll lay her on the porch, and when they find her they will think she fainted as she entered the door.”

This thought was executed quickly, and he dashed away to spend a restless, sleepless night, regretting that he had not chosen Morris Elliot as a companion instead of Don Jackson.

Nell was soon found by her anxious parents, who put her to bed and called Dr. Morgan.

"What's the trouble with the child, doctor?" asked Uncle Joe in his plain way.

"Shall I tell you the truth, Mr. Allison?" nervously asked the doctor.

"Sure; why not?" asked Uncle Joe, in astonishment.

"Well, she has been drugged with a drug that is used by a very bad class of people—but she will soon come out from under the power of it and be herself again."

A few orders, and the doctor was gone.

Uncle Joe sat gazing upon his daughter with an anxious look, while his good wife rubbed Nell's hands and cried.

In a few hours Nell tossed her hands, then her head; her eyes opened, and she asked, "Where am I?"

“You are at home, dear,” answered her mother, as she stroked her hair and kissed her.

Late in the morning, as Uncle Joe left the house for his day’s work, he saw a piece of paper hanging to a side of the walk where it chanced to catch as it fell from Don’s pocket. Thinking it to be a paper he had lost, Uncle Joe placed it carelessly in his pocket and went on to his store.

CHAPTER 4.

“Lost in the Desert.”

“I don’t want to be tedious,” continued Flora, “but I know you can tell my sad story to others, and it will be a blessing to girls all over America.”

“Not a bit tedious; tell me all your story, for I am interested more than you know,” I replied.

“Well,” she continued, “at nightfall we were ordered into the automobile, and after getting out of the brush the autos hurriedly dashed across the prairies till day was dawning again. Then they turned into the brush for another day’s rest. This continued for days. At last we were taken into a mining town in New Mexico and kept in a house where description could not portray the horrors which followed.

“Old thoughts of suicide came to me again. I wept, prayed and begged for deliverance, but all in vain. I was here but a few days when the keepers either became frightened or had a large price offered for me, and put me into a guarded auto, to be sent to El——. By this

time I had learned the absolute heartlessness of slave traders, and though they threatened the life of the girl who tried to escape, I determined to escape from the auto before we reached El—— even if they did shoot me down. There were two other girls in the auto with me, and we were guarded by two men. Many times I planned to leap from the auto, but courage failed me. At last, as we were running over a narrow pass among the hills, both men were looking forward at the road and, unnoticed, I arose and leaped headlong from the moving car. This threw me on my side and I felt as if my ribs were broken. I was stunned by the blow, but I must not lay there, as they would find me. As I rose to my feet, I heard the driver call out:

“‘Catch her!’

“It was dark as pitch, but I plunged forward down a little bank. I heard the trapper’s footsteps behind me, and so I ran with all my might to escape him. In running I ran against a desert cactus. Oh, my hands ached and I almost cried out with pain, but I dared not. Just then I heard the sound of a falling body and dirt rolling down the embank-

ment. The vampire had fallen. Oh, the bitter oaths he repeated! Then he rose and struck a match. Had he been looking the right way he would have seen me, but fortunately he was gazing in another direction. By aid of the light I stepped easily between two large clusters of cactus and laid down. He must have struck a dozen matches before he gave up the search. Once he was so close that the light dazzled my eyes but still he did not see me. In about half an hour I heard the auto moving away and I felt relieved to be alone, lost in the desert at midnight, rather than in company with such wolves as they."

"I was conscious that on the desert could be heard the cry of coyotes and evidence of other animal life, dangers to young girls who were alone, but I did not fear death. Being devoured by a pack of wolves meant so little in comparison to the greater danger I had just escaped, that after praying to God a prayer of thanksgiving for my escape, I pillowed my head on the sand and fell into a refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake till daybreak on a western desert.

"Awaking, I felt so greatly refreshed

and free from pain that I leaped to my feet and uttered a loud cry of freedom.

“Yes, my hands still burned with pain,” she continued, “from contact with the cactus, but a little sting of pain like that did not detract in the least from my pleasure.

“I was free. What more could I ask? Even the desert, shorn of all its vegetation by the burning sun, except here and there a cluster of cactus, a wild vine or a Mexican dagger, became a veritable Eden.”

“But this thought was greatest in my mind, I must keep my freedom. To do this I must avoid the auto road, for the slavers would likely return this way to the mining camp. So I started in another direction across the trackless desert and this not without method. I sighted my path by clusters of cactus or a Mexican soap weed and in this way tried to avoid getting lost.

“I determined to reach El —— and tell some good woman my story, work for my board till I could wire papa, and there wait till he could come after me. My heart grew larger, moment by moment, with this sweet hope, ‘I have not lived in vain.’ The burning sand and

the heat of the sun did not detract the least from my heart's delight, for surely I was born to a new life.

"Tired and hungry I laid down at nightfall on the desert sand and fell into a refreshing sleep. A sleep that was filled with dreams of youth and the old times. In my dreams I saw papa bending over me, then lifting me in his arms, I even dreamed of going home and having mother kiss me good night. Then the flowers were in bloom, and I a child once more. Morris was at the parsonage, and we played 'hide-and-seek' among the honeysuckles. Then we seemed to be a young couple in our first love and as we stood by the honeysuckles I plucked a cluster of their lovely blooms, and timidly pinned them on his coat, while he smiled at me in answer, and hesitatingly said, 'Flora, I love you.'

"But I awoke with the dawn to find it but a dream. My heart ached within me when I found it was not real. I brushed away the tears and prayed: 'Father, may it be so some day!'

"I looked about me till I found my direction, and though weak with hunger, I hastened on my way."

“After three hours of weary travel I entered a Mexican hut, and by signs expressed to the woman that I was hungry. She set me down a large bowl of frijoles (beans) and some rough cakes of tortilla. I ate, thanked her, and took my leave.”

CHAPTER 5.

“The Trial.”

Now, reader, we will glance again at the little city of Rosewood. There is a beautiful residence on one of the main streets of the city. The father is a wealthy business man. The mother is a quiet church-going woman, who has not very much to say about religion. All that they could wish for is theirs, but on this occasion we see a sad faced mother. She has but one boy, he is her idol. Something has gone wrong on this occasion. We see the mother in her room, with her glasses in her hands, weeping. Though the sun is shining bright about the house, all is dark and dreary within.

Then we will glance in the business part of Rosewood and even that great mercantile concern, owned by Wilson Rogers, is closed. Many customers come to its doors but they were locked. Something has happened that affects the Rogers family.

We see an officer going down the street in whose custody we see the hand-

some, but sad faced Charles Rogers. A little further back, standing by the corner of Roberts & Allison Mercantile Co., we see Don Jackson, who is a little more serious than usual but seems to be laughing in his sleeves.

The scene changes a little and we find ourselves in the court room in the busy little county seat. There are hundreds of spectators. People are anxious to know what is to be done to this wealthy son, who is to be tried for attempting to procure Nell Allison. Lawrence Butler takes the stand and testifies that an auto stopped in front of him on the night of the party. He testifies that he called out to them, "What did you stop for?" when without an answer young Rogers rushed the auto forward. He testifies that Charles walked alone to the door, then returning picked up Nell in his arms and laid her on the front porch. A little later the auto rushed away and he saw no more. "Why didn't you report to Mr. Allison at the time?" asked the attorney. "I was afraid I would be implicated in the affair," replied Lawrence.

Other witnesses were called and testified. The lawyers were making their

speeches. It seemed as if Charles would be convicted of the nefarious crime of which he was charged, when all at once Uncle Joe Allison stood up in the court room and spoke in his earnest way: "Judge, I wish you would quit a minute, I've got something I don't understand." "All right, Mr. Allison," responded the Judge, "we will gladly hear you." Uncle Joe ran his hand into his coat pocket and lifted the paper which he picked up off of the walk a few mornings before. It was handed to the clerk, who read it in the presence of the court. It read as follows:

"Mr. Don Jackson,
Rosewood, U. S. A.,

Accept an appreciation of thanks for the help you rendered me in the procuring of Flora J., of that place. She was a lot of trouble, but I sold her for quite a large sum. I noticed, while there, that there are a number of beautiful girls in Rosewood. If you can render me as good service in the procuring of other girls, as in the case just mentioned, it will pay you well.

"Yours Sincerely,
"Fred Hamilton."

There was a hush throughout the court room. The jurors seemed to look at each other. Eager faces were bending forward, even the judge seemed to lack composure. For fully five minutes there was a stern look on the face of every man connected with the trial. Then the prosecuting attorney arose to his feet and, after waiting a moment, said: "If it please your honor I have a statement which I would like to read." The judge beckoned his consent. Turning to where he half faced the jurors, he looked full into the faces of the spectators of the court room. He was tall and straight, his hair was well frosted. His appearance would naturally attract attention. His face filled with a look of earnestness and a tear stood in his eye as he said: "Honorable Jurors and Gentlemen of this Community: For thirty-five years I have tried to do my duty in the legal profession. I have never frittered away the rights of a client. I have never gone very far to protect one when they were absolutely in the wrong. I hold in my hand a paper which will be a startling revelation to those who hear it read. I think I have an explanation to offer Uncle Joe Alli-

son concerning the paper which he has." Then turning around he handed the paper to the clerk, who read it as follows: "I certify, herewith, that I am guilty of attempting to procure the daughter of the Methodist preacher in this town for white slave purposes, that I expect this to be kept secret and used only as evidence against me. Signed: Charles Rogers, June 15, 1912." Every eye was now fixed upon young Rogers. There was a flush upon many faces. A fine judge of human nature, to have gazed upon the assembly, would have seen in them a disposition to have mobbed the young man who had, for years, been so popular in their county seat. Attorney Dickson was still standing and as the last word fell from the clerk's lips he said: "Now, gentlemen, I see a hidden meaning in these papers which have been read. Though I have long been a friend of the Jackson family, I am afraid that by a little investigation we will find that we are trying the wrong man, that is, for the drugging of Nell Allison. If your honor will permit I must say that the last note sounded as if the man who wrote it was forced to do so. I am here for the pur-

pose of prosecuting Charles Rogers and I brought this last note as evidence against him, but as an honest man, I cannot do it when it is evident from the one presented by Mr. Allison that there is one deeper in this crime than young Rogers. Attorney Dickson took his seat. There was again a hush upon the audience, the look of anger had gone from their faces and everybody seemed to look at Charles Rogers as if to say, "speak."

Trembling, Charles Rogers rose to his feet and said, "Judge, may I say a word?"

He answered, "You may."

"I was forced to write that statement which the clerk has read and it has been drawn about my head as a dagger, many times since I wrote it. I have been weak, but I am determined to be a different boy than I have ever been—I have gone in bad company and I have wished a thousand times that I could break away, but it has been impossible. Two years ago I could have been the chosen associate of Morris Elliot and had I done so I would not have been in this trouble today. But the boys all made fun of him because, as they said,

he was too good. Rejecting his association, I chose the companionship of Don Jackson, and today I am under arrest for attempting a crime into which he forced me."

The judge rose to his feet and, striking the table lightly with his gavel, said: "This certainly is an exciting trial and we are forgetting some of the rules that are generally observed in court. But since we are into the heart of this matter, I will ask Mr. Rogers to please explain the whole situation."

"Well," continued Charles, "there was a fellow who came to Rosewood, who gave his name as Fred Hamilton, and he seemed a perfect gentleman and claimed to be working for a school of Art in D——. He was all that is bad, a professional gambler, also a white slavetrader. In the basement of a certain building in this town he and Don Jackson were gambling. I didn't engage with them but was a friend and associate of Jackson and consequently a spectator upon the scene. The first night they gambled, the man who gave his name as Hamilton, won all of Don's money, his ring and his watch. Upon promise from Jackson that he would meet him there

the second night, he permitted him to wear the ring and watch away. The next day I pleaded with Don not to go back.

“I reasoned with him that the man was a professional gambler, that he could never win back the treasures he had lost and that he had better quit before he had gone further. At this he laughed and asked me if I had been going to church with Morris Elliot. Then he grew more serious and said, ‘Charley, if that guy takes away my ring and watch, people will know that I have been gambling and I will be ruined in Rosewood.’ He told me that if I would help him out of his trouble that he would break away from gambling.

“At that time I was collecting for Roberts & Allison Mercantile Co., and had \$200.00 of their money in my pocket. This I should have turned over at 5 o’clock in the afternoon, but Don promised me, faithfully, that if I would withhold \$150.00 of it that he would pay it back the next day and pay me quite a little sum besides, and reluctantly I consented and visited the basement, feeling nervous as I saw Don losing the money which I had loaned him. At last it was

finished and Don had not one cent left.”

“‘Now,’ said Hamilton, ‘you are a ruined man, but if you will do one thing for me you may have back your jewelry and money which you have lost.’

“‘What is it?’ said Don.

“‘Well, to begin with,’ he replied, ‘I am a white slave trader and I am attempting to procure a girl from this town. If you will keep me posted as to conditions when I have gone and help me when I call upon you, you shall have what I have promised.’

“‘I will do it,’ said Don.

“Then the man turned to me and said, ‘But this is not enough. I will not restore one cent unless you become an accomplice in the whole affair.’

“I will not,” I replied.

“‘Then, very well,’ he said, ‘the Roberts & Allison Mercantile Co. will get you in the pen for embezzlement.’

“Then in great fear I reluctantly consented and cheerfully the money was handed back to Don, who paid me back my \$150.00 and offered me \$25 extra, but I would not take it. I turned in the money to the Mercantile Co., with my collections at 5 p. m. the following day, but they caught up with me for keeping

the \$150 out for 24 hours and I was discharged. Very little, however, was said about it in the town and it was thought that I quit on my own account."

"Then came the trapping of Flora Johnson, and Don Jackson and I knew all about it. Then Don kept corresponding with Fred Hamilton. I have begged him to quit it but he would not. Don said there was too much money in the slavery business for him to quit so quickly after entering it.

"Last week Don tried to force me to break into the safe of the Mercantile company, but I would not. Then he proposed that we trap Nell Allison. This I positively refused to do. He reminded me of the statement that I had been forced to sign in his and Hamilton's presence and he said he would expose me if I did not, so I made an engagement and took Nell to the party. As we were returning home I stopped the auto in an appointed place. Don Jackson sprang into it, and threw a chemical into Nell's face, but was frightened away by the approach of Lawrence Butler. I then carried her home. I wanted to tell her father the whole story, but was afraid. I left her

on the front porch, where I knew they would find her, and I want to make this confession before the jury, that I am guilty, but that I have been forced to do what I have done."

Again the Judge struck the table with his gavel, as he said, "Sheriff, I order the arrest of Don Jackson."

CHAPTER 6.

“The Search.”

The court adjourned and the attention of the reader is called again to the scene in the rescue home and you are invited to listen again to the sad story of Flora Johnson.

“Well,” said Flora, “I had not been gone from the Mexican hut more than two hours when I came to a rocky hillside, covered with small bunches of desert plants. I was still bearing to my left for fear of getting too near the auto road, when I glanced over my right shoulder and saw the very auto I was trying to shun about a mile away from me. They were bearing around the hill on the other side of the valley, going, I should think, at a speed of eighteen miles an hour and apparently they did not see me, but I dropped down behind a cluster of desert growth and fairly panted with fright. I knew they had not discovered me or at least I thought they had not, but in spite of myself I could hear their dreaded steps and see them as they came nearer. It

seemed that I could almost feel the sting of the whip upon me as they were beating me again into submission, but I looked out from my hiding place and saw the auto still in the far distance. Further and further it went till it passed around the hill and was soon out of sight and then I felt safe once more. I rose and clapped my hands for joy. I was only a poor, lost girl, in the heart of a western desert but I was free. I would rather be lost in the heart of the Sahara Desert or upon a frail bark in midocean than be a white slave."

Worn in the search in the cities east of El——, Morris Elliot stepped from the train in the city just named in early morning and began his search for Flora Johnson in a thoroughly business way.

At 2 p. m. he went to his room and slept until 10 p. m., then, after eating a hearty supper, started a thorough house-to-house canvass in the questionable localities. This kept him busy until the lonely hours of the night had worn to the third watch.

Tired and worn, Morris stood in an alley leaning against a brick wall listening to the stir and hubbub of busy feet and the prattling of voices on the inside

of the building where he was leaning. Inside the glare of lights, polished mirrors, nude pictures, statuary, silken tapestries and other testimonies of ill-gotten gains stood as brazen-faced witnesses to the debauchery of those who sought the cover of the night to hide their sin and save their reputation.

Waiters were busy, coming and going. Rattling wine glasses, too, told of late hours wasted in reveling. Suddenly from a window above his head Morris caught the sound of a woman's voice muffled to a moan. Then an awful silence seemed to brood throughout the darkened air of the night. Then came a sob. A moment later there came a louder sob. Then the voice of a young girl rang out from the window as clearly as accents could speak: "Lord, let me die." That was enough. The man who had been standing in motionless silence in the alley below, moved with the resolute coolness of a spartan to the front door of the building, where he stood. He turned the door knob, but the door was locked. A moment later a female voice answered:

"Who is it?"

“An old friend, to be sure,” answered Morris.

“Old friend or new makes no difference here, come in; and who do you want to see? Me?” said the hilarious wine bibber who appeared at the door.

“I want to see the new girl,” Morris answered coolly.

“That big silly; she’s too good to see anyone, she cries all the time.”

“O, well, she’ll get out of that,” Morris replied, as he assumed a feeble laugh.

It was a fine play. An expert detective could have done no better. The woman of free speech took a key and led Morris to the room where the poor girl Morris had heard praying for death, was locked in. “It must be she,” he said to himself as he entered.

The light revealed a girl young and pure, about fifteen years of age, and wearing a costume given her by her keepers, for her street costume had been taken away from her.

He stood dazed with disappointment, but he soon recovered to find himself alone with a girl he had never seen before in his life. She drew modestly back from his presence, but there was

something about him that told her he was a man.

“Ex—excuse me, Miss, but I am looking for a lost girl an—”

“And I am not the girl,” she added and a tear stole down her disappointed face.

“There may be men who underestimate woman’s sorrow and can suppress all desire to aid her suffering, but there is a manhood that moves the soul, till no one dares refuse to obey it. Such was the manhood of Morris Elliot. His was manhood that a sentence prayer from a fallen woman could drive through dangers. It was so powerful as to undertake anything but so sensitive as to melt to the warm touch of a tear. In spite of himself a tear of sympathy fell from his eyes, as he said:

“Don’t look so disappointed—I’ll help you, but I hoped to find Flora John—”

“Flora Johnson?” questioned the girl in great astonishment. “We have suffered together.”

“Where was she when last you saw her?” asked Morris eagerly.

“Oh, they shipped us from the mining camp to El— and Flora leaped from the auto and escaped. She is out there

somewhere now unless the slavers got her as they returned."

"Thank God, I have a clue!" he cried joyfully. Then turning to the girl, he said:

"I'll pay you anything you ask for this information—set your price."

"There's no charge for that, but for Heaven's sake, don't leave me in here."

And as she answered, her eyes spoke whole volumes of grief.

"Follow me and I will save you or die."

"Well, you may die, for they'll kill you if they can," she said. "Are you armed?" she asked earnestly.

"No," he answered. "But wait, I have a plan."

He tried the windows, but they were barred. He then took the pass key from his pocket, unlocked the door and stepped into the hall, but the hall windows were barred hard and fast. What could he do? Leaning over the banister he saw that no one was looking. The rattle of glasses and the music and dance in the parlors mingled with the voices of fallen women, and men (who were ashamed to visit such a place except in the hours of night). Tipping

easily into the room, he said: "There is no way to escape—unless you obey perfectly.

"The windows in the hall are barred as hard as these in the room and the front door is locked. Then you are thinly clad, so you had better get that sheet, roll it into a tight bundle, and take it along to wrap around you. Tip easily into the hall and stand behind the bannister. I'll give them the pass key, and when the maid opens the door I'll start to walk out, then turn and say, 'What is the girl's name?' As soon as the word 'name' falls from my lips, you go down those steps like lightning, for as soon as I say the word 'name' I'll knock the maid down and throw the door wide open. So when I say 'name' you dive down the steps, leap over her body and out the door."

Morris walked coolly into the parlor and handed over the pass key. A moment later he stood in the half open door. Turning, he said to the maid: "What is that girl's name?" Then, with the skill of a trained athlete, he knocked the maid to the floor.

The girl was as quick as a wren and escaped easily, but before Morris could

whirl and escape half a dozen pistol shots rang out on the night air.

"He is dead!" shrieked the girl as she ran down the street, for the rattle of a million pieces of glass shot from the glass door muffled the sound of Morris' footsteps behind her.

"Dash into the alley," said Morris, as he took hold of her arm. A moment and they were in a dark alley from which they found entrance to an old shed that shielded them from sight of their pursuers.

There was a clatter of footsteps on the pavement in the distance. Morris peeped out shyly from their hiding place, then drawing back quickly he said, "Be still as death!"

Nearer and nearer came the footfalls of the hound of death until he paused in front of the old shed.

"By Jove, I bet they are in here!" said a male voice. Then he called to one of his fellows and said: "Leave John at the end of the alley and you go to the other entrance, while I go back to the Mansion and get a light."

"Listen," whispered Morris, "there in the rear of the shed lies a pile of alfalfa.

I'll open a place and cover you completely up in it, till they are gone."

"Please don't," whispered the girl. "I'm afraid they will take me back to that horrid den."

"It's the only chance!" whispered Morris, positively.

With his strong arms he dug up the alfalfa. The girl hastily threw herself into the open straw grave. Then Morris threw the hay back into its place, completely hiding her from sight.

He then hastened through the darkness, leaped over a side yard fence and concealed himself in an old barrel, about twenty steps from the shed.

He was no more than in his place when the light of the search party was shining in the shed, but Morris had planned his scheme too well.

The old madam and the man with the light searched the old shed and all of its surroundings thoroughly.

"You didn't look in that old barrel," said the old woman.

"Well, you know that they both couldn't get in that barrel," replied the man. They then turned to search in other alleys.

"What can I do with that half-clad

girl?" thought Morris, as he left his hiding place. Lifting the hay from over her head, he said:

"They are gone, so I'll just remove enough of the alfalfa for you to breathe good, and then go get some help for you."

"Thank you," she replied.

A train of thoughts ran through his mind as he slipped out the back way. "Who are the Y. W. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. women here, I wonder? Then if I go to a telephone, someone will find out about the rescue and I cannot escape with the girl. I know," he said to himself. "I'll hasten to the depot and get the Traveler's Aid to tell me what to do."

Breathlessly he entered the depot, but found no Travelers' Aid there. What could he do?

A moment later he was hurrying along the street. Not a dry goods house was open. Some blocks from the depot he rang the bell at a cottage door.

"Who is that?" came from the inside.

"Morris Elliot. I have rescued a girl and I need some help," was his reply.

"Well, if that's it, I guess you've

called the wrong number," answered the man coldly.

"Well, I suppose you'd assist me if there's enough in it, wouldn't you?" asked Morris.

"Money? Eh?—well that brings on more talk," answered the man as he opened the door and invited Morris into the lighted hall.

"What can I do, sir, and what pay do I get?" asked the man.

"Simply sell me one of your wife's dresses and charge what you will," answered Morris.

The man went to his wife's room and, by her help, picked out a fairly good outfit for the girl.

"Those things cost altogether about eight dollars, new; but charge him ten," said the woman as her husband opened the door.

Morris arose to his feet and had the ten dollars ready as the man entered.

"My wife didn't intend for you to hear that," the man said shamefully.

"Oh, never mind, they are worth ten dollars," said Morris.

Morris received and paid for the bundle of things and in a few minutes was back to the old shed.

"Are you here?" asked Morris gently.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl.

"Well, here, shake that alfalfa and the old sheet off and put these clothes on," said Morris, as he lifted the alfalfa off her.

"Now, quick," continued Morris. "We will hurry and I will send you home to your parents. Where do they live?"

"In Nashville," she replied.

"Ready? Then we must hurry, for they might overtake us and then all would be lost, but as we go to the depot tell me all about Flora, for I have come a thousand miles in search of her. When did you see her last? Where do you think she is now? Tell me all about her," Morris eagerly questioned.

"Well, I first met her at the Paris Art Academy. Then she and I and four other girls were shipped by automobile to New Mexico to the mining camps. Then they shipped us for El——, but she leaped from the auto and as the slaver leaped to catch her I threw my foot out and tripped him. He fell headlong down the embankment and she escaped. He did not know that it was my foot that tripped him or I would have suffered the consequences.

"Thank you," said Morris. "I could willingly have done anything for you, if you had not done anything in return, but since you have done something for Flora's sake, I can help you the more cheerfully."

Morris gave her a ticket to Nashville and several dollars besides.

* * * * *

Daybreak found the fortunate girl on a train speeding on her way to home and loved ones, while Morris was on a desert north of El——, searching for Flora.

At noon he threw himself upon the desert sand beneath the shade of some desert growth. Here he fell asleep and dreamed a sweet dream about finding Flora. Had he only known it, it could have come true, for she was just over the hill trying to escape her pursuers. The auto had stopped and the slavers were on her track, but Morris was only a few hundred feet away from her.

Morris awoke from his sleep and hurried to the top of the hill from whence he discovered the lost object of his affection and search. Yes, it was really Flora, but she was prostrated to the earth and the slavers were beating

her with their horse whips.

Morris, still unarmed, hastened to the scene. Arms would have been to advantage, of course, but his bravery was better, for he faced the peril of his life. Just as he came within a few yards of them, one of the slavers turned on him with a large revolver.

"Bang!" rang out the report, but Morris seized a rock and drove it between the eyes of the vampire, knocking him to the ground, where he lay motionless for some time.

The other slaver turned just then to shoot, but Morris was too quick for him, for, just as he fired, Morris hit his revolver and knocked it upward, so that the bullet passed above his head. The demon-faced brute glared upon him with flashes of anger that revealed a murderous spirit, but Morris struck him hard and sent the revolver hurling to the ground. The hand to hand conflict now began. The slaver was large and possessed much muscular power, but Morris was fighting for a principle. As they grappled, the strong man became more furious, but Morris was gaining on him. Several minutes passed as they fought, but Morris soon struck

him under the chin, twisted his beastly head and let him fall in the hot desert sand. Then a kick on the side of the head rendered him unconscious.

Flora now rushed right into his arms and cried out: "Oh, my dear Morris!"

His lips quivered a moment, a tear stood in his eye, then he drew her tighter to him and kissed her. "Turn me loose, quick!" he said, but Flora held him in her arms and wept for joy.

He broke her hold to see if they were safe, but he was a second too late, for, just as he broke loose from Flora's embrace the slaver he had first knocked down struck him on the side of the head,—a blow that stunned him.

"You brute!" exclaimed Flora. Just then the other slaver came too, and assisted in lashing her for giving them so much trouble.

"Where did you put them pistols?" growled one of the slavers.

"I hid them while Morris and you were fighting," said Flora.

"Where?" he asked.

"Find out if you can," answered Flora.

The slavers looked all about, but Flora had buried them in the sand a

few steps away. They kicked the prostrate Morris Elliot, cursed him, then seized the weeping, timid girl and left Morris for dead.

The kicks helped to arouse Morris to consciousness and when the slavers were only about a hundred yards away he sat up, rested a moment, and stood on his feet. Strength and impulse came to him at once and he followed in hot pursuit, but they reached the automobile before he overtook them. The auto was slow about starting and as it moved away he was again within a few feet of Flora. She thoughtfully cried out, "It's a double log house, with green shutters in the mining camp called G—. And I buried their pistols yonder under that cluster of—."

A strong, rough hand struck her on the mouth and Morris was left alone.

CHAPTER 7.

“The Sham Rescue.”

“That’s a nasty way you’ve got, Debs,” growled the noisy old mistress of the green-shuttered mansion.

“Yes ma’am, but we hunted all over the desert for her, then it was dark, and we had to guard the others,” answered Debs.

“You contemptible rat! I’m a good notion blowin’ yer brains out’n you. Another mess like that and we’ll be under the lid. You git outer here and call that Martin fellow—he’s a special police and we’ve gotta do quick work,” muttered the old matron.

Debs ran to call the officer, while the old mistress (so well known as Liz) with her gang began their diabolical plot against Flora, who at this time was locked in a miserable little room upstairs.

“Put her in an auto and send her back to El—— at once,” said one.

“Yes, and she’s so bent on escape that she’ll bust the barrel if she doesn’t tell everybody she meets,” said another.

"That's about the way she'd do," said Liz. "I tell you I'm sick of that gal, I'd turn her loose, but the whole thing would out then, and the system would be broken up."

"Madamoselle Sliza, I have a sartar of a plan," said an inmate, who was lately from France.

"What's that, Zanty?" queried old Liz.

"Give 'er a dime preparation—you knows dead people tells no tales."

"And where'll ye put her body?" asked another.

"That's the bringing in of a bad play. That duck that's huntin' for her'll identify her body, prove where she's buried from, and then we're in bad. If we could get her away from here, I'll be mighty glad. She'd yelp on somebody else and we'd be clear," said old Liz.

"But 'spose she got loose anywheres, Madamoselle, how 'bout 'es slaving system?" said Zanty.

The old matron turned red, walked to the window and peeped out nervously. "Here he comes," she said, as Debs and the special police entered.

"Howdy do, Mr. Martin!" said Liz, as she laid a ten dollar bill in his hand.

I need some service tonight and knowed I could count on a good fellow like you.”

“Certainly, Ma’am. I’m here to do what ye like. What is it?”

“Well,” said Liz, “there’s a fellow searching for a girl that’s here. He’s afoot out south and comes this way. He will be here sometime tomorrow if he walks, but he may hit the Mexican camp, mount a pony and reach here before midnight. Now, you go to the outer end of El Paso avenue, and there you watch for him. If he arrives tonight, arrest him as a suspected horse thief. Don’t turn him in or you’ll get in bad, but take him to Mollie Davis’ under pretense that it is your house and you are to guard him over night. But if he doesn’t come till morning, it’s all O. K., for we’ll fix the kitten here by morning somehow.”

“Good as done—he’ll not bother you tonight,” said Martin as he left for his station on El Paso avenue.

The tall, fair complexioned, brown-headed man who had visited the art school a few weeks before and purchased six girls for the mining camps’ district of vice, was a high official in the mining company and had his resi-

dence in a beautiful portion of the town of G——. On this evening his three children were busily engaged around their study table. Innocence of childhood was written upon their faces. Little did they dream that their father was connected with so cruel a thing as the white slave traffic. They did not even dream of there being such a thing as the white slave traffic.

The phone rang and Elsie, a lovely fourteen-year-old girl, answered it.

“Papa, who is Lizzie Wayman?” she asked eagerly as she took her seat again at the table.

The man turned pale, moved himself in his plush chair and answered, in an agitated way: “Oh, the wife of one of the miners, I reckon.”

“Well,” said Elsie, “she wants to see you.”

Her father left the house hurriedly, and Elsie kept muttering to herself, “Why does papa have to go see the wife of a miner?”

In twenty minutes Liz had told the story of Flora Johnson’s escape and recovery, and how a searcher was out looking for her.

“You must act quickly,” said the man,

“but from what you tell me, you are perplexed about what to do. Now, there is only one thing to do and that is to put up a sham rescue. Let some one she has never seen, rescue her. Then take her to some house here till morning. When morning comes she can be taken to Albuquerque or anywhere else you want her to go, by just simply making her think the woman you send with her is her friend. Dress one of the boys like a preacher,—better, here is Gib Richelieu, he and his wife would both play into the game. Dress him like a preacher. I’ll see the mayor and have two policemen detailed to help, and Gib can take the two officers, break in here. You pretend to offer resistance. Tomorrow send Gib’s wife with the girl to St. Louis, Memphis, Denver, Los Angeles, or New Orleans.

“Dandy,” said Liz, as the brown-headed gentleman turned to go. “You see the mayor and I’ll fix it with the Richelieus.”

The mayor consented, for he knew whose influence put him into office. The two policemen were willing to help, for they knew the mayor would oust them if they didn’t. And then there was

extra money in it. Liz placed a nice sum in Blanche Richelieu's possession and gave her complete directions about playing a preacher's wife and taking Flora to New Orleans under pretense of taking her to her sister's.

Supper was fixed and Flora brought down and was eating. "Bump," came a sound at the front door. All seemed uneasy for a moment. Some one said, "Who is that?"

"Open this door, or I'll knock it open," growled out a rough policeman.

"For heaven's sake!" shouted Liz, "They are raiding the house!"

Flora's heart leaped for joy. She mused, "Morris cannot be here so soon." She listened a moment and thought she could hear his voice outside. Anyway the house was being raided and she was to be freed again.

As Gib Richelieu and the two policemen burst through the door, Liz called out, "What's this for?"

"To raid a dive that's keepin' young girls against their wills."

"We're not doing that!" shouted Liz.

"You are!" said an officer.

"You're a d— liar!" said Liz. "These girls that are here want to be here."

"Never!" ejaculated Flora. "Take me anywhere, but let me out of here."

She now saw a clergyman's coat, and although his face was not so refined as most ministers, the blind was sufficient. Gib reached out his hand and said, "God bless you, child, come to the parsonage with me."

Flora was now taken into that demon's home, where she was deceived into thinking he was a preacher of the United Brethren church.

Flora asked him many questions about how many members he had. How long he had been preaching? etc. Sometimes he would look a little non-plussed, but managed to answer most of her questions.

Nearly thirty-six hours Flora chatted to Gib Richelieu's wife as with an old friend, while their train made its way across the Lone Star state. On the second day, tall moss-covered trees rose on either side of the train. Flowers bloomed, the birds sang. It was the beautiful Louisiana.

CHAPTER 8.

“Happenings in Rosewood.”

“News to the guards! News to the guards!” shouted a girl’s voice, as she seated herself in a large willow rocker which she had placed in the center of her bed. Her hair was covered with flowers, and no less than ten yards of ribbons of many colors were tied in various shapes on her arms, her waist, or pinned about her shoulders, chest, or skirt, in bows.

“Dear, see what Nell wants,” said Mrs. Allison, as their daughter’s voice echoed down the stairs.

As Uncle Joe entered the room he was greeted with:

“Hello, Daddy! The queen is glad to see her dad. Rosewood is now the capital and I am the queen of the world.”

This was so sudden that Uncle Joe almost reeled in amazement. Could Nell be crazy? No, surely not. But what could be wrong?

“Say, Daddy,” said Nell. “Do you know what they did with Don Jackson and Charles Rogers?”

"Yes, Nell, the court gave Charles Rogers his freedom under condition that he leave Rosewood never to return, and he left for the west as soon as the court adjourned. That was day before yesterday, and good for him, that he did, I tell you."

"That's right, Daddy," laughed Nell. "But go on, I'll see if you know all about it."

"Well, owing to loose legislation in this state, they only gave Don Jackson two years in the penitentiary, but about 1 o'clock yesterday he was hung by a mob."

"By a mob!" answered Nell in great glee. "That's it, Daddy; I knew you didn't know. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it. It was not a mob, Daddy. Didn't you see the uniforms worn by those men? They are my soldiers. I ordered him executed and they did it. One of my marshals has just gone with orders to the guards to bring Charles Rogers back. I'll make him tell where this Fred Hamilton is. Hamilton will tell where Flora is. Then I'll have poor Flora brought home, Fred Hamilton hung to the same tree where Don Jackson was hung, and Charles Rogers, ha!

ha! ha! ha! why my marshal will whip him and send him west to stay. I've just sent news to the guards, Daddy—orders to the guards!"

A look of disappointment came into Uncle Joe's face, as he realized that her mind was wrong. Then he said: "That would be the thing to do, Nell; they deserve just such as that, but you are not—"

"I am the queen of the world, Daddy—the queen of all the earth!"

In twenty minutes Uncle Joe returned with Dr. Morgan. As they entered, Nell said to her mother, who was rubbing her hands and weeping: "Hand me my septre, mother, I have dropped it by my throne!"

Her mother handed her the long silver tooth brush that lay by her chair. She stretched it out as Dr. Morgan entered, and said:

"This septre bids you welcome, Dr. Morgan. I am the queen of the world."

Dr. Morgan made a low bow, as if to solute her, and then replied: "I've just learned of your good fortune and have come to see you. "You'll still let me be your physician, I suppose?" (Nell nodded, and smiled.) "Well, even the

queen has to obey doctor's orders and you must retire, for you need rest."

Nell looked puzzled: "But I have the affairs of my court, Dr. Morgan."

"Yes, that's true, but you are the queen and they would wait if you say so. Now, leave your throne and retire, for you've promised to obey my orders," he replied.

Reluctantly Nell left the rocker and permitted them to place her in bed.

Dr. Morgan gave her something to make her sleep and as he left, said: "Don't be uneasy, Uncle Joe, the nurse will take good care of her. Her mind is not permanently deranged, but is overwrought from the excitement of yesterday. It is too much for the poor child, but we'll keep her sleeping as much as possible, and in less than three days her mind will come back. First it will be as a child's mind, then it will be as perfect as ever. Only a week, Uncle Joe, and she'll be well."

Uncle Joe shook his head sorrowfully, but, sure enough, she recovered as the doctor had said.

CHAPTER 9.

“The Perilous Pathway.”

It was a hard night's tramp for Morris. The coyotes howled near the lonely path, and made his blood run cold in his veins. A rattler lifted his tail and sang a song of danger. He started up in fear at different times, but would calm himself with the thought that from the clouds the angels were watching and the God of his mother would let no evil thing befall him. It must have been about 12 o'clock when in the darkness before him he saw two, mad, yellowish-green eyes, fixed firm upon him. They gazed at him a moment and then turned away. An owl called out in hideous laughter from a rocky sand hill near by, and he turned to see the fierce fiery eyes following just a few feet behind him.

“Begone, you hungry whatever you are!” he exclaimed.

The beast growled fiercely and then moved out further into the shadow.

“Flora told me where she buried those pistols—I wonder why I didn't

bring one," he thought to himself. "What a wonder those hideous things did not attack Flora. But I guess—I guess—I know God takes care of us all."

Just then the devil seemed to come to him and say: "Your God is false. If He takes care, why did He permit Flora to be trapped?"

The temptation was so sudden that Morris stopped short. His brain seemed afire.

"Why!—Why!—I don't—I do know. Get behind me, Satan! I will have none of it. God did not trap her, you did it, but He has watched you and victory will come. You'll be defeated. A million girls will be saved by her misfortune, for she shall be safe in a few hours. Let me reach that camp. I'll—"

Just then the fierce growl of the prairie wolf broke his reverie, and as he turned he saw the fierce eyes close at his side. But the angels were watching and He who said, "Not a sparrow falls without my notice," was watching, too, for just as the hungry wolf was about to leap upon him a mysterious sound was heard in the mountain pass. The wolf was frightened back into the shadow, and Morris moved on while the

wind swept the dust down upon him. Dust, dust, dust—it filled his mouth, eyes, ears and nose, but the mysterious wind did not stop here, it grew fiercer and fiercer till it was picking up pebbles as large as birds' eggs and hitting poor Morris in the face. Only those who have been in these western sandstorms know how fierce they are, but on and on went the traveler. Not the wind, not the howl of the coyote nor the fierce growl of the hungry wolf at his side, gave speed to his feet, but the animating thought—there was something to be done.

At dawn the wind was still. At 10 o'clock Morris entered the mining camp with face and hands dirty and clothes saturated with sand. Hungry? Yes, he was hungry, too, but he must fill his mission first.

Two policemen were hired and the green-shuttered mansion was raided again, but it revealed nothing. All the young girls were removed to Mollie Davis' place. And old Liz assured Morris that Flora was just where she was because she wanted to be. Then she proved it by a dozen inmates in her house. But Morris only clenched his

teeth and said: "You are false. Flora Johnson is the same pure girl. I'll never believe otherwise till she tells me so herself!"

"Well, she left here this morning for Denver, and a trip to Market street will convince you, young man," said Liz.

Morris moved away slowly, discharged his police with full pay and was passing along the street studying what to do next. "I know," thought he, "I'll stay here and watch every movement—she is here, and I will have her."

Just then a woman touched him on the arm and said: "Morris Elliot."

He turned in surprise to see a girl about twenty-six years of age, of very loud dress and frivolous demeanor. "I can tell you something you want to know," she said as they passed on the street.

An hour later Morris arose and admitted his guest to his room at the hotel.

"I am glad you are come," said Morris, "for this has been the struggle of—"

"Never mind," she said, "Flora has told me all about you, and for your sake and her's I'll tell you all I know."

Then she told him all about the sham rescue, and the removal to New Orleans. Then she added: "They have gone to Amarillo to catch the Ft. Worth and Denver City railroad. You get a horse and make for El Paso, then catch the 'Sunset Pacific' for New Orleans."

"Who are you?" asked Morris.

"Never mind. I was once as pure as Flora. I was trapped about the same way, but I am gone down now for good."

"Why don't you go home?" he queried.

"I cannot," she said.

"Yes, you can. I'll pay your way. I can get you a position."

"You do not know," she said. "I've tried that, but when you go as far as I, there is no return. When I was first allowed my freedom, I did try to reform. I secured a position and was doing all right, but a man who had seen me in the district had me discharged. Oh, there is no use. I've crossed the fatal bridge and there is no return for me."

"Here is five dollars for your kindness," he said.

"No, I don't want it," she replied as she shut the door to leave.

"Wait!" he cried. "I must give you—," but the only response he heard was the muffled footfalls on the stair-steps.

"Stop awhile," said Morris to the chauffeur as they approached the place where Flora had been taken from him.

In a little while Morris found the revolvers where Flora had pointed out to him. "No, I will not," he exclaimed. "It's against the law and I'll not conceal a weapon about my person."

He opened the sand and placed the revolvers where Flora had left them and, turning to go, he saw a brown rock about the size of a goose egg. It was rough and very hard, with a bloody spot on the side of it. He knew it was the stone with which he had struck the slaver, so he dropped it in his pocket and hurried away, thinking to himself how Flora would be pleased with the souvenir.

His auto made good speed, but was just in time for the "Sunset" train to New Orleans.

"Well, well," he said as he neared San Antonio, "I have only fifty-six dollars

left. That means, I have spent all of my fifteen hundred dollars. But I am glad, for I'll get a start somehow again."

CHAPTER 10.

“Harry Morton—And the Rescue.”

Harry Morton had delivered his lecture in a prosperous Louisiana town and stepped on the train to visit New Orleans. He had been employed by the National Anti-White Slave Association for a long time and, being an expert judge of human nature, was sure that the girl who chatted away in front of him was a white slave. He was going to the city for a few days' investigation and now before reaching the city he has discovered a girl in the clutches of the foe. He opened his newspaper out and seemed to become intensely interested. Little by little he leaned forward, working his lips as if reading the most interesting news he had ever seen.

Blanche Richelieu gazed at him a moment but turned to answer Flora's question, feeling that he was paying no attention to her. She drew from her handbag the address given by Liz Wayman, to make sure she was right. Morton saw the address, and knew it was in a questionable locality. He read a

few moments longer, donned his spring overcoat, and went into the smoker.

When the train stopped, Harry Morton was the first man off. He sprang from the step, checked his grip at the parcel window, and ordered an auto to take him to the address he had seen in Blanche Richelieu's hand.

In twenty minutes he was at his post, standing near the entrance and pacing along the sidewalk, watching for the girl he had seen on the train. Oh, what a task! A minister down in the slums at night! Was it not beneath him? Then came an eternal "No!" in his mind. Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost. His preachers must go and do likewise. Then who could be more lost than the poor girls in the slums?

"Thank God!" he whispered to himself, "I have the greatest work of any preacher in Louisiana. The National Anti-White Slave Association, urging me on in the work, the lost girls of this state appealing to my very heart, and God,—the god of all the earth with a reward for me at the end of the line."

There was a buzz—buzz, and the auto

bearing Flora Johnson stopped in front of the "Creole Club."

"You have deceived me! You have deceived me! And I'll not go there!" cried Flora, as soon as she saw the sign over the door.

"Yes, but you are in the trap, Kitty, you're in sure; you have escaped your last time, Miss," said Blanche.

Harry Morton could stand it no longer, and placing his official button on his coat, stepped forward and exclaimed:

"I guess you are mistaken there, Madam!" He then took Flora's arm and led her away from the frightened accomplice.

"What is your name, daughter?" he asked as they passed up the street.

"It is Flora Johnson," she answered.

"My name is Harry Morton; I saw you on the train—in fact, I sat on the seat behind you. I saw the address in that woman's hand and knew where she was taking you. Then I hurried to the address and waited."

"Thank you!" said Flora.

Then she told him who her father was, where he lived and all about him. She also told of Morris and how she

left him on the desert in New Mexico.

"Well, daughter, I'll take you to a good hotel. Then we'll wire your father that you are rescued. Send a letter to Morris, and then I'll send you to a rescue home up here in Texas where you may rest and recover, for you don't want to go home now."

Just then a strong, young man, dusty and tired, but fair and handsome, crossed the street a few yards in front of them. A thrill ran through Flora's whole body as she whispered to herself, "Who is this young man?"

"Look, Brother Morton, I believe that's Morris," she exclaimed.

Just then he turned and she ran toward him. He caught her in his arms a moment and said:

"I have you now, Flora, and they'll never get you again."

Flora answered with a gush of joyous tears. Then she introduced Morris to Harry Morton.

Forty-five minutes later a conference between the three had brought them to agree that Morris should take her to the rescue home. And there is where she told me some of the details of this awful tragedy.

CHAPTER 11.

“The Cattle Upon a Thousand Hills.”

When Morris left the rescue home that gloomy Friday afternoon, he felt in his pocket to see how much of his fifty-six dollars was left. When he lifted his flattened purse he found only two one-dollar bills. “My! what has happened?” thought he. Then he remembered that he had handed Mr. Morton ten dollars for his kindness, the bill at the hotel and the cost of the tickets, with also an entrance fee for Flora at the rescue home.

“Well, that’s right,” he mused, “but I wonder what I’ll do next.”

In his room at a quiet little hotel that evening he prayed a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving to God for his triumph in his western search. Then he added: “Help me, oh, thou God of my fathers. Oh, I am so helpless, help me, thou who knowest my poverty; keep me from asking help of any one but of Thee. There is one who would give me half his possessions tonight, but I do not want—I must not take it! Oh, God bless

Papa and Mama, and oh, thou Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, help me, I am so tired,—no place where I can work to gain it all back,—oh, I am so poor.”

At the close of his prayer he uttered, not an “Amen” but a groan deep and powerful. Then he retired, but did not sleep. It must have been hours he tossed and wondered what he should do next day. A thousand plans came to him, but no one suited, each air castle fell of its own accord.

Rising early the next morning he opened his suitcase, drew out his Bible and it opened at the fiftieth Psalm. He read till all at once he came to the words, “Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.” At these words his heart leaped for joy. Why should he be puzzled? The God he had served from childhood owned all the earth. Surely He would not forget him in his poverty.

He replaced his Bible, took his clothes brush and ran over his suit. When the tables in the dining-room filled that morning everybody said: “That the young man at the head of the first table looked like a young statesman.”

He ran to his room again to prepare for the day. Just as he closed his suitcase with a jerk, something rolled out on the floor. "Ha! Ha!" he laughed, "That's Flora's souvenir and I forgot to give it to her."

Throwing his suit case into a corner, he picked up the brown stone that had fallen out a moment before. "Well, I'll just drop you in a gutter," he said half aloud, but he forgot and put it in his pocket.

Right on the main street he saw a sign in the window of a jewelry store, "Man Wanted."

"Good!" thought he. "I'll get that job sure."

A moment later his application was before the proprietor.

"Oh, pshaw," laughed the big jeweler, "you don't want this job. I just wanted someone for a day, or two, to wash windows and dust around upstairs."

"Well, I'll do my best," said Morris.

"Yes, but you can't afford—"

"I know what I am about—if I didn't want work I would not have applied," answered Morris.

Morris was so businesslike that the jeweler yielded, and in less than twenty

minutes the young man with sleeves up to his elbows, was scrubbing the windows like an experienced porter. In making his stroke back and forth the stone with the spot of blood on it annoyed him.

"Say," he said to the jeweler, "will you take care of this souvenir for me till noon?"

"Certainly," he replied as he took the brown stone.

He looked at the stone, then back at Morris. He tossed it over and caught it, weighed it in his scale, and probed into the brown cover with a sharp instrument or two.

"Say, young man, what will you take for this souvenir?" asked the jeweler, eagerly.

"Oh, I've decided to keep it awhile," answered Morris, thinking the man was jesting.

The jeweler weighed the stone again, and cut away a little more of the brown cover, and said:

"I'll give you fifteen thousand spot cash for it, sonny."

"Add five hundred to that and you may have it," answered Morris, half laughing.

The jeweler drew out his check book, but Morris never looked around. He went on cleaning the window. In a minute the jeweler touched his arm and said:

"Here it is, my boy."

Morris took the check and looked at it for nearly a minute before he could realize what it was.

"It's good, all right, Mister," said the jeweler in answer to the look of hesitation in Morris' face. "It's good, I've got that money there—come and I will go with you to the bank."

Morris wiped his hands, pulled down his sleeves and followed the jeweler, but hardly realizing what was happening. He was introduced to the banker and then jumped half out of his shoes as the man behind the casing, said:

"Do you want the money, or will you deposit with us, Mr. Elliot?"

Morris turned in surprise to the jeweler, and said: "Then that was a—"

"It was a diamond in the rough, sir, the finest I have ever seen," he replied.

"I'll deposit all but a hundred," Morris said to the banker.

"He slipped the five twenties into his pocket and as he looked in the bank

book and saw fifteen thousand four hundred dollars to his credit," he repeated, "And the cattle upon a thousand hills."

That was Saturday morning, and Monday Morris called at the rescue home and asked Mrs. Gordon to take the girl to my lecture. The following day Morris told me the rest.

CHAPTER 12.

“More Than a Tithe.”

It has now been two years since I called at the Gordon rescue home to listen to the story of Flora Johnson. Fifteen thousand slave traders have been busy every day of these two years, procuring the innocent daughters of our nation. In these two years an aggregate of three hundred and twenty-five thousand girls have been dragged from their homes and sacrificed to the “God of Lust.” Still millions of mothers go blindly on, without knowing where their daughters go, nor when they return. Some do not try even to know what company they keep.

In these two years some have gone down, but thank God, others have risen to higher ground.

Last week I visited the lovely little town of Rosewood—lectured in Rev. Jeremiah Johnson’s church and visited with my old friends, Morris and Flora.

Morris has bought Mr. Roberts’ interest in the Roberts & Allison Mercantile Co., and a large sign hangs over the

street, "Elliot & Allison Mercantile Co."

All that Morris has undertaken has succeeded. He now owns two-thirds of the business, and when anyone asks Uncle Joe for anything out of the ordinary he refers them to the new proprietor, by saying: "I've al'us been the boss, but you'll have to see Morris now, I'm too old for sich worry."

While in Rosewood I did not see the hotels. An electric auto driven by "The Girl That Disappeared" met me at the depot, and I was taken to the finest home in town. Great marble columns stood holding the upper and lower porticos apart. Flowers bloomed here and there in artistical arrangement about the grassy lawn. The great stone palace was a piece of art. When I entered I saw here and there on the floor skins from the black and grizzly bears. (They were shot by Morris while he and Flora were visiting in the west. Well, it was the kind of bridal trip they chose, for I married them in the parlors of the Rescue Home before I left them.) Carpets, paintings, curtains, furniture decked the large, beautiful rooms; and the sunshine poured in glad radiance into the house through every window. It was

indeed the kingdom of a happy home. Seated near Flora at the table I looked for the wrinkles and marred spots in her complexion, but they were gone. The twenty-year-old girl I had seen at the Rescue Home, seemed to be the eighteen-year-old wife.

After the evening meal there, Rev. Johnson and I went to my room. Morris and Flora called it "The Prophets' Chamber." He said he had a lot to tell me, and he did. He told me how for long, weary years he had fought the battles of the ministry. "It is a great work," he said. "The system is the best in the world, but you are in the greatest work. The neglected work, in fact," he continued. "The church is suffering so much from this social problem, that she will die if there is not more effort put forth in your line. Go on, and may He bless you."

Half way down the steps he stopped suddenly, and he whispered: "Look at them!" A smile covered his whole face and he forced me to eavesdrop, when I didn't intend to.

Before us in the library, sat Morris and Flora. Her arm was around him,

and he was figuring on the table. They were both so busy they did not see us.

“Flora, look here! I have cleared thirty thousand this year. It seems unreal. God is certainly with us. Now, let’s give, not only the tithe, the tenth, but three-tenths;” like this:

Pasor’s salary, \$300.00; and then we’ve been supporting a missionary in Japan at \$800.00. Let’s add another missionary for China and another for Korea, \$1,600.00; distribution for the poor French and Belgians, \$300.00; and with the remaining \$6,000 establish a home for the rescue of lost girls.

Then Flora smiled, kissed him, and from the bottom of her womanly heart came a beautiful “All right, Morris.”

THE END.

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