

The Kentuckian  
OR  
A Woman's Reaping

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Isaac Marshall Page



My dear Brother, I want you  
to read Tim's story over carefully &  
ought this is necessary for you  
Lovingly yr sister  
Marie

# “THE KENTUCKIAN”

—OR—

# “A WOMAN’S REAPING”

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WRITTEN BY  
ISAAC MARSHALL PAGE

AUTHOR OF  
“THE GIRL THAT DISAPPEARED”



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Very truly,  
Isaac Marshall Page



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## FOREWORD

In offering "The Kentuckian," or "A Woman's Reaping" to the public, the author would offer the following apology: We hope to bring to the mind of the reading public and especially to the young manhood and womanhood the one tremendous thought that the Home, rightly ordered is the Panacea to all the ills of this or any age. It may be a home of poverty, but if fashioned after God's plan, it will win. It may be a home where discord reigned, but in most every case discord can be changed to concord, and homes now in the throes of conflict may be converted into homes of joy and peace by forbearance and **courtship** between husband and wife **after marriage**. Divorces are an evil and should be the rarest exception under the one provision of Holy Scripture, rather than a law of society.

Jack Hobart is neither God, nor an angel. He is the product of patient perseverance. Just a true man, such as any boy may be if he only will. Bernice Tyrant is neither devil nor evil spirit, but the product of the wrong choice and just what any girl will be if she chooses sin.

We dedicate this volume therefore for the good it may do—moulding higher ideals for the new race and above all a hunger to be the King or Queen of one of "God's Ideal Homes."

Earnestly,

THE AUTHOR.

Edwards, Logan County, Kentucky.

Nov. 1st, 1916.

## "THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE."

### 1.

One day I went strolling o'er the meadow green,  
I plucked a flower that was a pinkish hue.  
The wild-rose bush formed o'er the brook a screen;  
And the flower took its fragrance from the water and  
the dew.

### 2.

I placed this flower so lonely with pin upon my coat,  
And those I met, it's fragrance flew to them;  
But suddenly the wind arose, it's petals far did float,  
And there was left alone the ugly, uncouth looking stem.

### 3.

I knew a lonely maiden once, a rosebud in its prime,  
Her face was like the early dawn of May;  
Her speech was soft and flowing like the gifted poet's  
rhyme,  
And she was Oh, so happy, as she marched along life's  
way.

### 4.

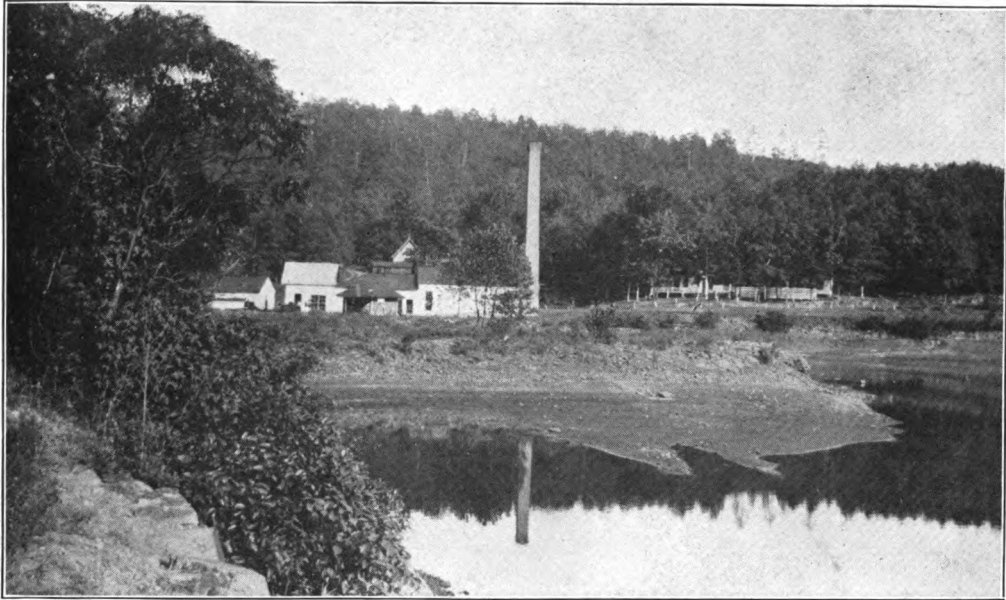
I saw this floweret gently plucked and on a bosom placed.  
It sent it's pleasant sunshine all around the home;  
But soon was told youth's reckless story, her beauty all  
defaced,  
Then like the little wild-rose, her sunshine all was gone.

### 5.

Dear Maid, here is a lesson, we learn it from the rose:  
Hold virtue the dearest treasure in this life;  
For if you should surrender, great will be your woes,  
And the home you are the queen of wrecked with strife.

By I. M. Page, A. D. 1904.





**"THE VALLEYS AND HAMLETS FOR MILES AROUND"**

## CHAPTER I.

### “The Man at the Window.”

Nestling in a group of the Kentucky hills the little village of Breathwood lay with its beautiful lawns and cottages, surrounded by lovely woodlands and meadows that spanned the distance where the hills arose shutting out the great world beyond. A zigzag path led the interested pleasure seeker to the crest of one of these lovely hills where stands the famous Giant Rock, lifting its bulk one hundred and seventy feet in the air. Assisted by the strong hand of nature, time had rent a clift from bottom to top of this mighty stone and sifted the crevice with dirt thus forming a natural stairway at the top of which was the flat surface of the rock spreading to at least an acre of space. From this point could be seen the lesser, hills, valleys and hamlets for miles around.

This is where they had gone that day—the children from the village school. Here at the top of the world Jack Hobart, the young teacher, had talked to his devoted pupils telling them how they could climb to the top of fame's radiant ladder, and find there an expanding plane of usefulness, and joy. His own heart had leaped with delight as he had seen their faces kindle with new ambition.

Bernice Tyrant Hobart, his cherished bride of only three weeks sat by him on the edge of the cliff and talked of their future while the busy school girls prepared the picnic meal. She also directed them in their play as they danced through game after game on the top of Giant Rock. It was with glad hearts and new ambition that they descended to their homes.

Long after dark a man crossed the street and looked in at the window of the young teacher's home. Prostrated before her husband, her

hands clinging to his ankles, and pleading for forgiveness was Bernice Hobart. Jack stood erect, every muscle in his body taut and his countenance sterner than it had ever been.

"Bernice," he said, sternly suppressing his emotion, "You have deceived me. I cannot live with a woman of your character."

"But what will I do?" she sobbed.

"There's only one thing to do. The train leaves at eight forty in the morning and you must go back to your people," he said firmly.

"Oh, Jack! How can you send me away?"

"I could not if you had been honest with me, but you have practiced the grossest deception. You didn't have to do it. Didn't I tell you everything the evening before our marriage?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Then you told me you had nothing to confess, even said you had never kissed a man, and

would not kiss me till we were married? Still there lies the letter showing your past! What would your father say if he should see that letter?"

"Oh, Jack, please!" she begged. "Please don't!"

"Oh, he shall never see it, neither shall any one else. You are too young and there is too much for you in life. No one shall ever know it," he said as he raised her to a sitting posture.

She slipped the letter shyly under her apron, then asked: "Have you burned the letter, Jack?"

"No," he replied, "but you can burn it."

Seeing that she was caught in another deception she sprang to her feet, threw the letter into the fire and turned on him in fury; "I certainly have deceived you, but help it now if you can. I never loved you, anyway. I love him." Then she burst into a flood of tears.

"Then why did you marry me, and why did you declare such undying devotion for me when you knew that you did not love me?" he questioned.

"I thought it was marriage or disgrace; that you would never know and that your love would make me love you."

Perhaps Bernice would have said more but she saw suffering in the Kentuckian's face. His face turned deathly pale, his lips quivered and he reeled as though he would fall. Bernice caught his arm and eased him to the floor where he lay for hours; his nerves twitching, and his lips unconsciously framing the words "Oh, how could you do it?"

The man at the window slipped quietly away and even Bernice did not see him for he appeared and disappeared as mysteriously as a ghost. But he was there long enough to hear her say "I love HIM" and see the intense suf-

fering depicted in the face of Jack Hobart. It was then and there that he swore in his wicked heart that he would ruin Jack Hobart at any cost.

## CHAPTER II.

### “The Gossip of the Children.”

The delirium deepened as his fever rose and when the eight forty train left Breathwood the next day, Jack Hobart was held in the grasp of a new enemy. The physician said he was not in a dangerous condition, but admitted that there were symptoms that rendered the case a puzzle. The fever would not yield to treatment. The nerves twitched and the delirium continued. Again and again as the days passed, he would cry out: “Oh, Bernice, I have loved and trusted you so, how could you—Oh, how could you do it?”

If these expressions were used when any-

one was present, the color would come into Bernice's face, and often she would leave the room in the greatest haste. If she was alone with him when he cried out, a cloud would flit across her countenance only to leave the beautiful face colder than it was before.

One day when the nurse returned from her hours' walk, there was a carbohc stain on his pillow. A test showed his fever two degrees higher, while the pretended anxiety of Bernice about her husband, convinced the nurse that a tragedy came very near being enacted. But she only kept this thing and pondered it in her heart.

Days came and went. The fever rose then fell, and rose again. The forces of life and death fought together; but later the fever fell slowly. The Kentuckian grew quiet, and Breatwood rejoiced because all knew that the forces of life had won.



"Can't we see Mr. Jack today?" asked a group of little school girls as they passed the nurse at the gate.

"No, not yet," she answered cheerily.

"We all love Mr. Jack, we do," said two or three of the girls at once.

"An' Miss Bernice, too," answered a girl who had been quietly listening to the conversation.

"Not like we do Mr. Jack," echoed a whole chorus of voices.

"Why not?" asked the quiet little girl.

"Well, Mrs. Neal says she done something to make him sick, an'—"

"Hush, Bess!" said her thoughtful little sister, Lillian Miller.

"Well, if she did, or didn't, I like him better than I do her; and I'm sorry that he married her. Just to think that he is only eighteen and that she is twenty-one!" said Bessie.

"I'll tell you girls. Bessie wanted him to wait for her," teased one of the girls.

"That's it!" shouted the whole chorus of voices.

"No, not that," resumed Bessie thoughtfully; Mrs. Neal says that the man should be older than the woman and——"

"He's older than you, eh?" laughed the girls.

"I was about to say, that he is simply devoted to her, but she does not love him at all. Even while he was so sick she stood out at the back gate and talked to a strange man. He handed her something, which she took into the house; then when she saw the nurse coming she ran and threw it away. Mother went to see what it was and there was an empty carbol——"

"Bessie Miller! Mother told you to be careful," cautioned Lillie again.

"Go on, Bess," shouted three or four of her school mates.

Just at that moment a beautiful, dappled gray horse, driven by the village doctor turned into the street in front of them. The doctor smiled

pleasantly and passed on to the home of the young teacher.

Jack smiled into the doctor's face and they exchanged many pleasant words.

"Well, Mrs. Hobart, your husband is improving more rapidly than I had any reason to expect. —Oh, yes,—yes, he can return to the school room in just a fortnight,"<sup>2</sup> answered the doctor.

That day the nurse took her leave and the medicine was changed to a lighter course.

### CHAPTER III.

#### "A Hunter in the Kentucky Hills."

Later the red-breasted robin and coterie of kinsfolk—the glad harbingers of spring, thrilled the woods with music. The woods waved a new ocean of verdure, and the rhodendron looked from the crevices of Giant Rock and opened his white blossoms as if to invite the school children

to again scale the hills. The whole world was brighter, but from Jack Hobart's life something was gone. Gray hairs could be seen here and there upon his head, and the boyish expression had left his face forever. He was now a man sober and dignified. The three weeks of grief and suffering had been to him as years. Years that season the soul into manhood. Yes, older in appearance but handsomer than he had ever been, and his finely moulded pure young face spoke of a determination that will win.

He had left the school room and was now in sight of his home, when he paused, gazed thoughtfully that way for a moment then turned and followed the road into the leafy wood.

"I do not want to meet her in this mood," he said, as the tears streamed down from his eyes.

He had often wished that he could cry. He had even said that his eyes were tearless, but now he could not control himself. Every day he would go out alone and weep . . . . In t he

depth of the wood he sat upon a protruding stone, about half-way up the hill, where he cried till the fountain of his tears dried.

Just at the base of the hill not three hundred yards from where he sat a spring gushed forth from the rocks. Here Bernice stood waiting. Later a man emerged from the other side of the spring and came face to face with Bernice. His face wore a grin akin to that of the gambler when he reaches for his illgotten gains. He extended his arms, but she met him with a cold stare.

"Bernice will you not love me as you always have? Come, dear, we have been all in all to each other, and I have lots to tell you. Please, dear, you must go away with me for I have always loved you," he said.

"Do not touch me, you demon!" she said, clenching her fists.

He was piqued, but responded:

"Listen Bernice, you must be reasonable.

Suppose you anger me and I go tell your husband. You must remember what you have been to me."

"I do remember, Dr. Schemp. I remember that I obeyed your every request for three years. I believed that you would fulfill your promise to marry me. But when I appealed to you, you laughed in my face. Tell him, if you wish. Tell him whatever you will for I am free from your clutches!" she said.

"Bernice, listen!"

"Well-" she questioned.

"Did your husband see the letter I wrote you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"I know that he saw it. I was standing at the window. I saw you try to hide it. But does he understand about the operation? Does he know that I wanted you to get money from him to pay for it?"

"I don't know. He knows so little about wo-

men. You'd think that he never saw one till he met me," she said, smiling faintly.

Schemp laughed outright, then replied: "Well, he must be a green one, and yet you had rather stay with him than to be with me?"

There was a crackle of the brush and a man with gun in hand peered through the undergrowth.

Bernice said excitedly: "What was that?"

"Just a bird, my darling," he answered, as he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Turn me loose," she demanded as she struggled vainly to free herself.

But he kissed her again and again in answer.

When he finally released her she stood back three or four steps and demanded: "Leave me at once!"

"Better wait, Bernice, I'll——"

"Tell what you please, I love my husband and I'll tell him myself.

"No, you don't love him," he replied. "I

heard you tell him that night at the window that you loved me."

"I was a fool to act as I did and I shall atone for choosing such a course. My husband is the noblest, and purest man on earth, and from this moment I am going to make him the best wife that I know how. Henceforth I belong only to Jack Hobart," she said as she fled from him.

"**JACK HOBART!**" whispered the young hunter in breathless surprise.

He now felt hot blood in his veins:

"I heerd Jack wuz married and so that's her?

A past, too. That's too bad. Yes sir, hit sho' is fur Jack wuz the best friend I ever had," as he slipped through the brush on the hillside

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### **Feeding the Sheep."**

"Up on the side of the hill Jack Hobart still sat musing to himself. "I had hoped so much.



I wanted a pure home. A home that has character and love in it. Yes, children, too, but how would she train children? . . . . and then I wonder if she would always be true if I do forgive her."

He arose, clenched his fist.

"No, she shall go tomorrow as I told her at first. She is young and it is better now than in after years. At eight-forty tomorrow, Bernice Tyrant returns to her people."

"He turned to the path and was slowly descending the hill when he came face to face with the young hunter.

"Why, Huby Wilmuth, what are you doing in this part of the hills?" he asked as he caught his friend's hand.

"Just a huntin'. I am now two miles from camp and as hungry as a hunted buck," he said as he seated himself on a rock.

"I am glad to see you, Huby, and you must go with me for the night," said Jack, genially.

"Oh kain't do 'er. Them boys 'ould hunt all over Creation fur me. But I sho' am proud to run acrost you, too, Jack" then added, "You look like you'd been sick, but Lawd man you've got to be fine lookin.

"I have been sick," said Jack.

"Hit's been three or four years since I seen yer aint hit Jack?"

"About that, I believe" answered the Kentuckian.

"Do you remember the last time that I wuz with yer, Jack?"

"No, I don't think that I could name just where it was. We used to be together so much.'

"Well, I'll tell ye right whar we wuz. We wuz in the cherry orchard, er eatin' cherries. You lowed as that you had a scholarship an' wuz a goin' off to college. Then I told ye that ye couldn't take an education 'cause a country boy didn't have sense enough. Then you lowed a country boy had sense goon as er

town boy, an' ye wanted me ter go with yer and I sho wisht I had er done hit," said the hunter.

"It's not too late, yet, Huby," said the Kentuckian, encouragingly.

"Yes, hit is. I'm married an' got a baby. He's a boy and man he sho' is a cutter," answered the hunter.

"YOU?" asked Jack in surprise.

"Sho, hit's me. Haf to pinch myself ter make sho hit is me, but hits me alright, an' I got a good little woman, too, Jack."

"I'm glad, Huby, for you sure deserve a happy home," answered Jack soberly. "Ye've got a good-looking woman, Jack, but she haint yo moral equal. The pity is that ye didn't—"

"Have you met her?" asked the Kentuckian.

Huby put his big hand on the young Kentuckian's hand and said soothingly.

"Jack I know about your trouble and nobody's told me, either. No, I aint met yer wife, but I've seen 'er. ' ' "

Then in the language of the Kentcky hills the hunter told him what he had just seen, but was careful to show how she had defended his name to Schemp, and how nobly she had resisted his advances.

Then the Kentuckian told Huby how the blow had come, and also about the spell of sickness.

"And, even as I met you, I had made up my mind to send her to her people at once," said Jack.

"Don't do it, Jack!"

"Why not?" asked the Kentuckian.

"Because she is weak and she may git erlong by yo helpin'. Then Jack ye kaint erford to be as a divorced man," he replied.

"That's good argument," the Kentuckian admitted, as the two separated. Then turning, he said: "Huby, for her sake don't ever tell the things you have seen and heard today. It would ruin her."

"Not fer her sake, but fer yer own, Jack I shall never tell," he answered.

\* \* \* \*

In a dense thicket there was a cry faint and tender. The Kentuckian heard it and though he was still weak he hurried to see what it was but when he approached the thicket everything was as still as death. Creeping nearer he saw a white object; then a surge, followed by a cry. It was a lamb caught by a bramble. He released it and as he did so a new sensation ran through his mind, "If you love me, feed my sheep."

"That's my call to preach," he said as he walked slowly back to the path.

## CHAPTER V.

### "A Pardon for Life."

Still determined that Bernice should go to her people, yet meditating on the hunter's words: "Don't do er, Jack," he walked briskly

home. Bernice met him in the hall.

"Jack," she said, throwing her arms around his neck; "I have had a struggle today, but my past is forgiven and I'm going to make you the best wife in the world."

He endeavored to free himself from her hands as he said: "No, Bernice, you do not love me and it is better that you go now than later."

"I do love you, Jack. I worship you. I admit I didn't love you at first, but I didn't know you. You are so manly, and—"

"And you respect me because I am not a criminal. That is not love, Bernice. Our lives will be very unhappy. I love you but I can't bear to think that you love someone else."

"No, I don't, Jack. I hate him. I'll prove to you that I hate him."

Turning she ran and found Schemp's picture. Holding it up, she said: "See here Jack. It is him!"

Lighting it with a match she threw it into the

grate and exclaimed: "As that picture burns there may he burn in eternity!"

Jack was nonplused for a moment. He did not want to do her any wrong. Still he felt that she should go to her people. He sat in a large rocker and leaned thoughtfully forward.

"Bernice, let me tell you a true story," he said.

She nodded her consent and he continued.

"When the civil war closed my father, returned from service to his country a helpless cripple. Too much exposure, long rides and other things developed white swelling in his right limb. He suffered untold agony day and night. There were three children, my two oldest sisters and a brother. Just babies they were, and mother was young. Well the neighbors wanted to send him to the poor house. He never objected ... .. Only a tear stood in his eye. Then mother turned on them: 'No, indeed-he won't go to the poor house. Not while I've

got nails on my fingers. He didn't go, either.'

"Mother was young but she was healthy. She washed and ironed, planned and sacrificed. I was not born then but I've heard them tell about using burnt potatoes for coffee, and at times their meals were cornbread and water. She toiled on this way for a long time, but after five or six years, the white swelling left him. Then he went to work and made good. They bought the home and paid for it. Whatever he touched prospered. Then drudgery was forgotten, and comfort reigned in its place, but they never could have succeeded but for mother's undying devotion."

Bernice looked wistfully into his face.

"That is love. You respect me, Bernice, but something tells me that if I were afflicted, you would grow tired of me. I don't know why, but every day that feeling comes to me. I've felt it ever since I was sick."

"Don't say that Jack! That's just because



you doubt me, but I don't blame you. I have given you cause to doubt me, ... .. But only try me. Jack?

Tears came in her eyes and he wept with her.

"Jack," she continued, "if I go home now, so quickly after our marriage it means disgrace. Let me stay just one month? Please Jack, I'm disgraced if you don't."

"I had not thought of that, he murmured slowly.

Please, Jack, can't I stay just a month," she pleaded.

"Of course you can, Bernice. I'll do anything in my power to save you from disgrace," he said.

Bernice kissed him and turned with lighter step to the tasks of the evening. The Kentuckian sat thinking about the lamb in the bramble, and the 'feed my sheep.'

"I didn't turn the lamb loose for a moment and then tie him again. Then lambs are about

the most helpless things in the world. That's part of my call," he said to himself.

"Bernice," he called and she stood in the doorway.

"Are you sure that Christ has forgiven you?" he asked.

"I know He has, Jack!" she answered fervently.

"Then I forgive you, too. Not for a month, or two months, but for life, and forever," he said.

Bernice fell into his arms and they both sobbed aloud for joy.

That was a red letter day in their lives. She was now interested in every thing that the Kentuckian did. She visited school the next day for the first time and brought a bouquet for the teacher.

When he would come she would meet him at the door, with caresses, that spoke a tenderness to him that she had not given him before.

She festooned the whole house with decora-

tion. Everywhere her hand wrote love in the expressive language of service.

The color came again to the Kentuckian's face and strength to his limbs. Together they would climb to the top of Giant Rock, or roam the woodlands and plan their future together.

## CHAPTER VI.

### **"The Moonshiners."**

They say he could not pay his rent, but whether he could or not, for some reason the sign :**"IVY F. E. SCHEMP"** was taken down from over the entrance to a commodious office on a main street of a Southern town, and moved two blocks out on a side street. Here in a small upstairs office he met his patients. He was nearly thirty years of age, and very handsome, but an inveterate cigarette smoker. His friends would say "who cares for that so long as he is a

gentleman?" Some did care, however, they thought he drank or used dope, and thought he had started with the best practice of any young physician and surgeon in the whole section, it was slipping little by little away from him. People who knew nothing else wrong with him, said that he was a man of fickle desires, making love to half a dozen of the fair sex at a time. Some said that he wrote Jack Hobart's wife and that she refused to answer his letters. Others said that she not only wrote to him; but would talk to him when she visited her people in the state where he practiced medicine.

Some of this talk reached the Hobarts in the Kentucky hills. Then when he went to visit them his sisters besieged him with questions; which the Kentuckian denied with all the emphasis, possible. Jack trusted Bernice and believed that she was living down the past, and so he gave her all the love of his noble young heart. His sisters, however, still doubted and

said so frankly; thus when the choice between his people had to be made he chose Bernice, and would visit his people every four or five years. "If they love me they must love you," he would tell Bernice.

Wherever the Kentuckian went, Bernice must have the joy of being with him. Every one knew that he loved her and those who did not know her past loved her too, for, she was a queenly woman to look upon. Thus the days and weeks glided away into months and years, bringing to the Kentuckian a happy home, with children. First a girl named Marion, then the twins Roy and Esther. What joy is so sweet as that of being a father? Or what peace so deep as that of a happy home?

The Kentuckian had developed into a man broad shouldered and strong. He wasn't afraid of the fiercest bully in the hills but was kind to men and children alike. He had entered the ministry at the close of his second school at Breath-

wood, and in this capacity the mountaineers feared and respected him.

The revenue men had raided a number of their stills, and somehow they got the idea, that the "Parson" as they called him, had turned them up. So they dressed up a young man of their gang, who had been off to school, to go spy the Kentuckian out.

"I have called to see you, Dr. Hobart, for I hear that you know the hills, and I want to break up the moonshiners," he said.

"I trust you will break them up, but I cannot help you," said Jack.

"Why not aren't you a law abiding citizen?" he asked, tacitly.

"I am indeed, sir. I am as much opposed to whiskey as anyone, but I will not name these men, or lead you to their stills. If I did you'd shoot them down like dogs and burn their stills without repaying them for the property you destroy. Go to the moonshiner and give him a

square deal; buy his property then destroy it," replied the Kentuckian.

"Oh you are for the outlaws, then?"

"Yes, I'm for his rights. He is a citizen and should be treated as one. The mountaineer is not an outlaw, though my friend. He has as high a conception of right as you or anyone else. He is true to the unwritten law of the mountains and he would die before he would break his high principles of right. He hates you revenue men because you sneak in on him. Come to his principles and you'll win him. Until then I can neither hinder, or help you," replied the Kentuckian.

The next Sunday when Jack entered the pulpit at Deadman's Hill there were a dozen moonshiners present. He read the text: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." In a powerful message he showed how whiskey feeds on the nerves and brain of the noblest young men. As



**"FAR OUT IN THE HILLS THE KENTUCKIAN RAPPED ON THE PUNCHEON DOOR OF  
A NOTED MOOSHINER"**



he pictured the future as it could be, but for the work of the moonshiners, strong men wept like children.

Outside the church an old man caught the Kentuckian's hand and said: "Much erbleeged to ye fer that sermin, sonny."

"Oh, did you like it?" asked Jack.

"Well naw I didn't zackly like hit, but hit taint whut yer likes as fetches the good, ev'ry time."

"That's so," said Jack as he passed on laughing and talking to the men. "I sho like that parson," said one of the men as he passed them.

"Well ye see, don't yer, he haint no coward?" replied his friend.

During the following week the Kentuckian rode among the hills visiting the moonshiners and pleading with them to abandon their stills.

Far out in the hills, the Kentuckian rapped on the puncheon door of a noted moonshiner by

the name of Jeff Tanner. In a moment the door opened and the rough old man stood in the doorway with his rifle drawn in the Kentuckian's face.

"Whut yawl want cheer?" he demanded.

"I want you," said the Kentuckian as he sternly eyed the man in the doorway for a moment, then he burst into a ripple of laughter.

"Blest if taint the parson," said the old man pleasantly as he lowered the gun.

"Yawl come in!" said he as he replaced the gun in its rack over the big fireplace.

The Kentuckian soon laid his business before the old mountaineer, who responded warmly:

"Well, parson, I haint er goin ter tear up my still. Hits may bread and meat, and the chilon's too, as fer that."

"Yes but while you get money for the whiskey you make, it goes down in the Bluegrass and the people——"

"Don't keer nothing 'bout them Bluegrass

fellers. They haint nothing but revenue men; an' lawd how I hates em. Wisht I could pison a lot of whiskey an' git the whole lay-out ter drink hit," said Jeff.

"Listen to me, Jeff Tanner!" said the Kentuckian.

The old man straightened back in surprise. No one had ever addressed him so frankly before.

"There are some good people in the Bluegrass," he continued, "but the interests of your children should make you think seriously. Suppose the whiskey habit lays hold upon them? Suppose they meet you in the judgment and tell you there, that you are to blame for their ruin?"

A tear stole down the old man's face, but he still protested. He assured the Kentuckian that if he didn't make it someone else would. He argued earnestly for two hours, or more, but at last he promised that if his neighbors would close their tills that he would close his still, too.

The fact is Jeff did not believe that his neighbors would close their stills. He had not heard the Kentuckian's sermon, but when he saw they had broken from the business, he made good his word to the parson and wrecked his still too. So in six days the Kentuckian closed more moonshine plants than the revenue men had closed in the last six years, and better, still, eleven out of the twelve moonshiners were converted and came into the church under the preaching of Jack Hobart.

## CHAPTER VII.

### **"The Kentuckian Denounces a Menace."**

As the Kentuckian stepped from the train in a town where he had gone to preach a grand old retired minister caught him in his arms, and said fervently:

"Jack Hobart your mother has prayed for

this!"

"Prayed for what, Doctor," asked the Kentuckian.

"My boy," said the old man, "When you were a baby, I was your mother's pastor. It was then even in your babyhood that she gave you to God to be used in His ministry," he exclaimed.

"I'm so glad, for I have been in the ministry for six years without knowing that her prayers were being answered in me," said Jack as they lingered in each other's arms.

That evening the people crowded the church to hear young Hobart, and when the pastor arose to introduce the speaker he said:

"I have requested the speaker of this occasion to speak on the evils of the dance. Whatever he may say I am sponsor for it. I have told him nothing about conditions in this town, but I now say in your presence that even this beautiful little city is not free from the dance.

Now it affords me great pleasure to introduce to you one of the ablest young preachers of this state, the Rev. Dr. Hobart."

Restlessness swept through the audience as the speaker approached the sacred desk, and he knew that he had an unpopular theme.

"Your pastor tells you that he will underwrite every thing I say about the dance, so I believe that I will take sides with the dance and defend it."

A wave of pleasure swept through the audience, and all eyes were on the Kentuckian as he continued:

"Old people too often abuse the young people for their love of pleasure, but the young people demand a certain amount of pleasure and they are going to get that pleasure either with or without their parents' consent. I believe this disposition is God-given and I am sure that there should be socials given under the auspices

of the church for the innocent enjoyment of the young people."

"But does dancing come under this head of innocent pastime? Or is there any harm for people to dance?"

"1st. Is there any harm in Christians dancing? YES, because of their influence upon others. A dancing Christian cannot lead a sinner into the kingdom of God. Dancing is inconsistent with Christianity, for Christians are members of the Kingdom, but the text says: "They that do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." Gallations 5:21. Then in Psalms 37:23 we read, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." But the steps of a dancing man are ordered by the dancing master. God has nothing to do with their steps. Then it is wrong for Christians to dance because of its fascination which leads them on and on until they are entirely out of touch with God."

"But you ask, Does not the Bible uphold the

dance? Does not the fourth verse of the 150th Psalm say "Praise Him with the timbrel and dance?" Oh yes. The dance here is a noun and not a verb. It is translated from the word 'Machol' and is the name of an instrument . . . a sort of timbrel with handle and bells. And perhaps you will ask, Didn't David dance? Yes, but he danced before the ark. He danced alone and then it was a religious dance corresponding to our shouting.

"There are two Bible illustrations of dancing which I trust you will never forget. One is where the wicked old King Ahasueras demanded that Vashti come in and display her beauty; and possibly to dance, before the drunken princes. She refused and has ever since been held up to the world as a model of virtue. The other instance is where the evil daughter of Herodius danced before drunken men for the head of John the Baptist, in a charger. Our text enters dancing (revelings)



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in the same class with murder. The Bible certainly does not show any honor to the dancer, for our text says: "They that do such things shall not enter the kingdom of God." The Bible is the christian's guide, so it is wrong for a christian to dance.

"2nd. Is it wrong for any citizen to dance? Yes it is wrong for any American to dance because the dance IS A MENACE, and for a citizen to dance is for him to encourage an insitution opposed to the nation's welfare. In the very preamble of our nation's constitution, we read: "To promote the general welfare" and since the dance hinders the general welfare it is a menace. The dance is the first step in the path to lost virtue and is therefore a menace to the nation.

"I have good authority for saying that two-thirds of the girls who fall do so because of the dance. Out of 2500 fallen women in one of our great western cities a few years ago it is

stated by a dancing master who was familiar with the conditions there that more than five-eighths of them went down because of the dance.

My friends tonight the dance is waging war on the American home as few people realize. A friend of mine was standing on the great iron bridge at Niagara Falls watching the great cataract by moonlight when a young lady approached him. He turned and said "Child why are you throwing yourself away?" She seemed touched, then told him of a dance in the parlor of her own home, and how it had resulted in her ruin. She was the daughter of a highly respected business man in the west. I do not say that those who attend the dance are immoral. I do not even think such a thing, but I do thunder out a warning to young womanhood everywhere, avoid a place so dangerous as the ballroom. You may not fall by means of it, but thousands of girls as pure as the dewdrops have

fallen by means of it. Then it is wrong for people to even go and look on at the dance for by so doing they encourage others to risk both health and soul.

The position the warm embrace of dancing was never for people to assume who are as pure as you. It makes you graceful, you say? No, it does not for nothing can steal from you, your gracefulness so quickly as dancing. It is said by best authority that women who dance excessively seldom live to be over twenty-five years old. So my friend dancing renders you tired, unhealthy and thus steals your gracefulness from you.

Then dancing is a menace to health for it has been the cause of thousands of cases of tuberculosis. You are thinly clad. You go and dance and warm as you are you sit in a draft, or at any rate cool too suddenly. A cold follows, then pneumonia, and somehow you just don't get over it right, then comes the dreaded white

plague. Then people dread you, and shun your company; but on you go sowing the deadly germs of tuberculosis. So it is a deadly menace to your nation for you to dance.

Another thing that proves the sin of dancing is there are parents in this country who are not even professors of our Masters' name who will not under any circumstances allow their daughters to dance.

"If you young women who have danced could have heard what your partner said about you after the dance was over you would have gone home and wept and resolved never to dance again. In ball-room parlance the girl who does not bend her body to the contour of that of her partner is called a "scrub" or a "stick."

Again the dance breeds the reading of cheap novels. The mind grows light and giddy until ragtime music, thrilling stories and the cheapest of everything, alone can satisfy.

The dance is the scene of flowing wines and

whiskey, in numerous cases, and has many times been the scene of murder.

The lowest down people on earth take delight in the dance, and when the cultured people dance they descend to the level of the lower classes. Vile minded people who revel in the rowdy things use the dance as their chiefest vehicle of sinful pleasure. The dance has for ages been the soul delighting play of harlots. They dance away the memory of home and mother, of God and His laws. Young woman in the name of all that is pure and holy, break with the dance tonight forever!

Look here, young man, is there no self respect left within you? Do you know what you do when you dance? You lock hands with the saloon, the vile resort and the white slave traffic to drag down the nation's womanhood. Oh burn your dancing pumps tonight forever, for the sake of yourself, your mother and your God!

I denounce it in the name of thousands of young men whose lofty ideals have been lowered by it to the level of beasts. I denounce it in the name of millions of young women, once as pure as the dew on Mount Hermon, whose virtue it has taken, and sent them down to eke out their days of misery in a brothel, or an unhappy home. I denounce the dance in the names of the homes it has wrecked and bathed in sorrow. I denounce it in the name of the mothers' hearts it has broken. I denounce it in the name of the nation's justice, and in the name of the God it has insulted and blasphemed."

\* \* \* \*

Dozens of the people crowded around the Kentuckian to shake his hand and among them a score of the best young ladies in the town who promised never to dance again. They kept their word, and the organized dance club met its death in that town that night. His sermon was also published in one of Kentucky's leading re-

ligious papers, and the readers demanded that it be republished on account of its power.

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A messenger boy pushed his way through the crowd and handed the Kentuckian a telegram which read:

"Roy is in dangerous condition. Come home tonight.

"BERNICE."

The train was then whistling for the station and only with the greatest haste did Jack Hobart catch the Mountain Line for home that night.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "Roy Hobart's Affliction."

The Kentuckian had been dozing for some time as the great throbbing engine plunged on and on through the blackness of the night. At length the train stopped at a station near the

hills and a crowd of young people boarded the train.

"Hello, Mr. Jack!" said a young lady touching him on the shoulder. The Kentuckian's eyes opened in wide surprise.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

"No, I don't believe that I do," he said.

"I am from Breathwood. Now don't you know?" she urged.

"Your face is familiar, but you have grown so. I believe its Bessie Miller," he said with some hesitation.

"No, not Bessie; I'm Lillian. Here comes Bessie and her Beau now," she answered.

"Why how d'ye do, Mr. Jack? I want you to meet my friend Doctor———"

But Doctor Schemp did not want to meet Jack Hobart. He had only seen him through the window, but he remembered and before Bessie could finish her sentence he was away down the aisle, courtesy personified, looking for a seat.



He motioned to Bessie who hurried to his aide, but Lillian lingered to tell the Kentuckian about the enjoyable picnic they had all attended that day.

Many of Jack's former school children passed, shaking his hand and begging him to come again to Breathwood.

It was near two o'clock in the morning when the Kentuckian entered his home in the mountain town . What a sight! Little Roy strangling and coughing while Bernice lay there sound asleep.

White with excitement Jack caught his boy in his arms.

"Ai . . air . . Papa," frantically cried the child

He carried him into the yard, fanned him and rubbed his throat, but to no avail. The child's body was rigid. Every nerve was drawn taut. Jack listened. The child could not breathe.

"Great God!" he cried; "Let me suffer, but please spare my child."

He lifted the boy high over his head, waving him cautiously through the air, till he breathed again. Little by little the breathing became normal, his nerves relaxed, then he stroked his throat indicating that the pain was there.

In fifteen minutes the child was asleep, and only an occasional wheezing sound betrayed his condition. Jack propped him up with pillows and the little fellow did not awake till the light was streaming over the hills. Yes he slept but the Kentuckian sat there feeling his pulse, changing his pillows, or listening to that strange occasional sound, as it grew fainter and fainter till it was gone.

In day time the child played around and seemed as well as Marion or Esther, except that his voice had changed to that of a whisper, but at night from ten to twenty minutes after he went to sleep he would suddenly choke. His

hands would beat his chest frantically while the color came and went in his little face. His father would take him out in the open summer-night air, wave him about his head cautiously or rub his throat till relief came.

Thus the battle went on for weeks. Meantime the best of the medical profession came to see him, Seven of Kentucky's best physicians took the case under consultation at one time, but their treatment availed nothing. Some said that he would never speak above a whisper, while others thought that he would speak at the time for his voice to change. One physician said that his vocal chords were drawn to their highest tension, while others suggested they were perfectly lax.

A young throat specialist from the children's hospital in New York City, said to the Kentuckian: "Dr. Hobart, I just don't know what the trouble is. It may be an abnormal growth in the larynx, or a hypertrophied condition, but

you take him to the Rocky Mountains, for at Denver you will find one of the best throat men in the world. Go to him and whatever he finds will be no disgrace to us, for he knows more about it than we do. Then whatever is lacking in his skilled practice will be supplied by the air of that wonderful country.

Bernice with the two little girls went to visit friends in Breathwood, while Jack and Roy went to the great throat man of the west.

The afternoon of the operation, the Kentuckian leaned over little Roy's bed and speaking in the child's own way, said: "Son you may go to Jesus house today, and if you do tell Jesus that papa will come, too, before long."

The child promised, but the Kentuckian could not withhold the tears.

"Don't leave me papa!" whispered little Roy as they bore him into the operating room, and he didn't leave him. Despite every protest of the head nurse, and the physicians, Jack stood

by the child. He was under the anaesthetic for three hours and moment by moment this prayer arose from the lips of the Kentuckian: "Oh, God I love my boy more than life. Still if my only chance to at last see him in glory is for you to take him in infancy, then take him now, but if he will live for thee, please spare him to me!"

When the operation was completed and the child came from under the influence of the anaesthetic he whispered: "Papa!" and as Jack leaned over to kiss the little pale face, a pair of tender arms were clasped around his neck and for full five minutes, both nurses and physicians watched the pathetic scene.

One nurse remarked to another: "I have seen a great many things, but never have I seen such devotion between father and son."

## CHAPTER IX.

### "The Suicide and a Meeting."

Shortly after the return of Bernice and the two girls from their visit to Breathwood, the streets of Rolling Torrent rang with the cry of the one local newsboy: "Suicide at Breathwood! Beautiful Bessie Miller kills herself!"

Bernice caught up the paper eagerly, and read through the long columns. There were the details of the suicide so far as could be given. The paper stated that she had been keeping company with one Dr. Schemp who had come to Breathwood a few months ago from some place in the South. Of course no one knew, but rumor suggested that he had been in similar troubles and for that reason he had given up his practice there; at any rate he had left Breathwood the morning of the suicide and feeling there was very strong against him.

Bernice threw the paper into the open grate and then stuffed it into the ashes.

"Well, thank heaven, they can't prove it," she said.

A shadow passed the window and a faint rap came from the kitchen door, A moment later Bernice stood near the doorway smiling a welcome to the timid figure entering the doorway.

"Is the rube still out west?" inquired the breathless Dr. Schemp.

"No, he is due home tomorrow, but he is harmless," laughed Bernice.

"Guess you are surprised to see me aren't you dear?" he asked.

"No, not so much. I have heard all about your trouble and I rather expected you," she said.

"Heard it? Who told you?" he choked.

Bernice drew the paper out from the ashes and showed it to him. She stood there smiling as she thought he had achieved a great victory, while he scanned through the long columns.

"Listen, Bernice I am the cause of that girl killing herself."

"And the other one?" asked Bernice.

"Yes," he admitted. "I deceived them both. It was because I loved and longed for you Bernice. I intended to marry Bessie Miller, but when you came I could not stand the idea of such a thing. I have repented a thousand times that I did not marry you as I promised."

Bernice cast a furtive glance about the room, then said: "It is not too late to do so yet, my dear."

She sat on the arm of his chair, kissed him, and then took the cigarette from between his trembling fingers and began to smoke it herself.

"Will you keep the pledge you gave me last week in Breathwood?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear, even unto death."

"Then you will go with me," he questioned.

"Yes, Ivy, anywhere, but wait until the clouds pass. You must go back to Breathwood."



Not today, but in a few days. People will forget it quickly and then boldness disarms suspicion, you know. They can prove nothing, and what do you care what they think?"

"That's so," he admitted.

"I would go with you at once," she continued, "but it would never do. He has gone west with a sick child, and the people would sympathize with him. Oh it would mean my utter ruin. I would like at least for some folks to think that he was to blame."

"They shall think him all to blame," he grinned.

"Oh that would be impossible. How do you think that could ever be?" she said.

"You must remember that he is a popular man. He has always been so careful, why you dare not say a word against him."

"I know that, too, but I can ruin the most popular man in Kentucky. Start a scandal and some one will believe it. Now, listen, Bernice.

I detest Lillian Miller. She accuses me of murdering Bessie. I want to weaken her testimony and ruin the preacher at the same time. Then if I am to go back to Breathwood she must leave there.

"I'm listening," she smiled.

"You write her a sympathetic letter inviting her up here for a visit. Then start a scandal on your jack-leg preacher and her. People will admire you for leaving him. Why Bernice it's the easiest thing in the world."

"And I'll write today," she said.

\* \* \* \*

"My papa's coming home tomorrow!" shouted little Marion to some other children as she and Esther entered the yard.

Bernice jumped from the arm of the chair. He slipped shyly from the room and out of town.

"Where on earth did you get that 'old cigarette, Mama?" asked Marion as she and Esther entered the door.

Bernice flushed, threw the cigarette stub into the fireplace and called harshly:

"Wher've you been all this time?" Then without waiting for a reply left the room as quickly as she could.

In a few moments she returned with a letter to be mailed by the children.

"Tan me doe wiv tissie?" asked little Esther, as the two sisters went trudging along.

\* \* \* \*

Lillian Miller read the letter and handed it to her mother. It read:

"Dear Lillian:

"I have heard of the sorrow that you are undergoing at this time, and I sympathize with each of you, but most especially with you. Catch the next train and come on up here. You can make our house your home for a few months and then you will feel better to return.

Your dearest friend,

"BERNICE HOBART."

Lillian leaned against the window gazing through her tears at the cemetery.

"When are you going, Lillian?" asked her mother, as she glanced up from the brief letter.

"Oh, I can't. I can't. I just can't leave my poor Bessie yonder," she sobbed.

"Don't do that, dear," said her mother, but the girl's whole frame was trembling with emotion and she screamed out again and again: "Oh Bessie! My poor Bessie!"

## CHAPTER X.

### "Relief in Service.

The next day a crowd thronged the platform at the depot to greet the Kentuckian and little Roy. The child was weak, but the color in his face was better. He smiled pleasantly to all who called his name. Again and again such expressions as "Little angel," or "Bless his

heart, " came from the lips of the people as Jack passed with the child in his arms. Many extended their hands to take him, but he clung to his father. The young superintendent of the Sunday School for whom the child had always had a fondness, whispered something in his ear, and he reached out his little hands.

"I'm going to tell you a secret and you mustn't tell a soul," said the young Superintendent as he took the child in his arms.

Roy whispered his promise, but no one knew what they said. Not even Jack knew their secret until the following Sunday night.

Marion and Esther were in ecstasy over the return of father and little brother. Even Bernice was more bouyant for a few hours.

See here, daughter" said the Kentuckian, as he pointed to the throat of his little boy. "Here is a long tube which runs down into his throat. He breathes through this tube. In just two weeks he must be carried to Dr. Murphy in the

city. He will remove the tube and then he can talk again."

Sunday night in the midst of a beautiful children's Service the young superintendent made the following announcement:

"We will now have a speech by one of the sweetest children I ever knew. You cannot hear his voice, but you can see the movement of his lips and the expression of his happy little face."

Roy looked up into his father's face and whispered: "That's our secret."

It was a surprise to every one for Roy Hobart's name was not in the program, and as the child spoke the inaudible words the audience was moved to tears.

Look at that little smiling face!" said the superintendent. "And then think of his suffering. It fires one with hope and gives them new faith to see that child happy despite his suffering."

Two days later Lillian Miller came and her coming was timely. The night she came Roy was taken with pneumonia. The Kentuckian watched him night by night, but it was Lillian who answered when he called Bernice. She stood by the suffering child more attentively than his own mother, and though her face was sad; she seemed to find relief in waiting upon the little sufferer. She would often say:

"Oh, Mr. Jack, you'll never know how glad I am to be with him. He has taught me a new lesson in patience, and trial. He is the sweetest child I ever saw."

She also wrote to her mother: Mother I feel better now. They needed me when I came and after all there may be something left to live for. I miss poor Bessie, but she is better off, for I don't believe that she killed herself. Old Schemp fixed up that medicine knowing what it would do. May God handle him as he deserves, for her murder."

"I believe so, too," said Mrs. Miller, "but of course there is no way of proving it now. There is comfort, however, in the thought that our Bessie does not lie in a suicide's grave . She seems to be near me day by day, and I have no doubt as to her welfare."

The days passed slowly and as they went by, the Kentuckian prayed constantly; "Oh God I love my boy more than life, still if my only chance to at last see him in glory is for you to take him in infacy; then take him now, but if he will live for thee, then spare him to me."

And the prayer seemed to avail. The change came so rapidly that almost every hour the child showed better color and strength. The doctor said it would only be a matter of days until he was well again.

Now that he was well again he must be carried to Dr. Murphy at once, for the tracheotomy tube must be removed that he could speak. Bernice insisted that she be allowed to take him to



the doctor. To this Jack replied that he had been attending to the child ever since he had demanded someone, and as he understood him better, that he had better go with him, She might of course go with them, but he must be with the boy.

In the midst of the planning a special delivery letter came to the Kentuckian inviting him to deliver a special sermon-lecture on the subject "God's Ideal Home," in the town of G——. This was argument for Bernice, so she insisted that Dr. Murphy was so able in his profession that she could get along nicely. There would have to be a special nurse anyway. It would cut down expenses for him not to go, and then there was a call to duty. He just must go to G——, while she and Roy go to the great city to see Dr. Murphy.

## CHAPTER XI.

**"God's Ideal Home."**

The largest auditorium in G—— was packed to its utmost capacity. No less than three thousand people had gathered to hear the Kentuckian on this great theme. Two or three short speeches were made by pastors of the town. And then the Kentuckian was introduced as a young man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. A man who through much suffering had learned as few men the real worth of the home, and that he would teach them as nothing they ever read, or heard, the essential relation of the home to the religious, moral and civic life of the people.

As he arose a burst of applause came from the audience. His black hair set with its jewels of gray, added to his fine personal appearance. His dark brown eyes brushed the building expressively, and with his first sentence, the mur-

muring, whispering multitude was still. He said in part:

"I am glad to be here tonight, for I am about my father's business and there is always comfort in serving Him who has done so much for me. I read the text; 'Revelation 15:3. 'Great and marvelous are thy work Lord God almighty and just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.'

"Among the lovely words used in this text, the word 'works' is the one thing that I want to talk to you about for a few minutes. It is mentioned so many times in the Bible. Jesus said on a certain occasion: 'My Father worketh, hitherto, and I work.' Then again He said: 'Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to my father.' So Jesus believed in works, and his apostles did too. One of them tells us: 'Faith without works is dead,' and Paul says 'We are workers together with God.' Now this means that God is our partner and we are to

work with him, as man with man; but man cannot work with man unless he understands his helper. So we must know God. In Phillippians the third chapter, Paul cries out: 'That I may know Him.' Yes, we must know God. We cannot do our best work for him until we do know Him, and the first thing I would have you know about Him is that He is GREAT. Oh, HE IS great. He is greater than we have ever dreamed or thought. He is so great that man's works do not compare to his. Man made this chair, the great organ there, and the building but he had to have something to make them out of. Not so with God, He simply speaks and a world,—yes millions of worlds come wheeling into space with a velocity inconceivable. No wonder the text says: 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty!' While man has drawn upon God's laws for his wonderful telephone, flying machines, and wireless telegraphy and clung to the laws of God as an ivy to the oak,

God has tossed up the eternal hills, spread out the fertile valleys and tied them together with laughing streamlets. No wonder the text says: 'Great and marvelous are thy work, Lord God almighty.' But I do not care if God is great, He is not so great but that we can get down on our kness and call him 'FATHER.' So while God is great he is also full of love. He has shown his fatherhood in thousands of ways. I think when he was creating things he could have revealed his hand down in Africa and picked up the Sahara desert and made the sky out of that. But oh we would have grown tired looking up at the black shifting sands. God did not impose upon men thus. He chose the most beautiful color in the universe, that lovely inimitable blue and made the sky out of that. Then from the diamond mines of Glory he picked the stars, and set them in beautiful constellations, for he said 'It is my children who must live down there and when they look up they will see

the declaration of my glory. No wonder the text says: 'Great and marvelous are thy works Lord God almighty.'

"Now, friends since God is our father and whatever He has made is because of his love for us, what is the masterpiece of his creative genius? How simple the question. What is the prettiest thing God ever made? When I was a boy I started out to find the most beautiful thing he ever made. I walked along Kentucky's lovely roadways. I saw the leaves descend in the brown October days. I saw the squirrels leaping and playing in the trees, I looked upon her rock-ribbed hills and saw laughing stream-lets wend their way down through peaceful Bluegrass meadows where browse lovely herds, and I said, 'Its Kentucky, yes Kentucky, is the prettiest thing God ever made. I thought so still more when I visited Mammoth Cave. Here I passed by Martha Washington's statue, and star chamber; then I leaned upon the banister

of the bridge of sighs and watched the bengal lights descend into the bottomless pit as though it would never reach the bottom. When the Guide said, 'Look up!' I looked up and saw that mighty dome made by the hand of God, stretching above my head as a gigantic rock umbrella hundreds of feet in height and I thought of this wonderful text: 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty.' Yes, surely Kentucky is the prettiest thing God ever made.

Then I went to Colorado and visited Pike's Peak, The Garden of the Gods, The Mount of the Holy Cross. The Caves of the Melian Nymphs in the Park of the Red Rocks and the Royal Gorge, then I said 'No, not Kentucky but Colorado is the masterpiece of His creative genius, 'Great and marvelous are thy works Lord God almighty.'

"Then I visited California and saw the flowers blooming everywhere. I didn't know the

earth contained so many flowers. A single yard had as many flowers as a whole county seat town here in this country, and just back of the yards of flowers were stretching groves of orange and lemon trees, with fruit ripe and falling from the trees in abundance. Then back of the orange groves were mountains capped in snow that has not melted in hundreds of years. I said within myself 'Who is this great God, anyhow?' He simply reaches his hand into mid-winter and gathers the snow and then into mid-summer and plucks the flowers and oranges and binds them into a beautiful bouquet of landscapes. No wonder the text says, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty.' Then I said, 'Oh, how mistaken I have been. It is not Kentucky, nor the heart of the Rockies in Colorado, but surely Southern California is the prettiest thing God has ever made.

"I then went out to the Pacific ocean and changed my mind again. As I watched the



waves sweeping against the rock-bound coast I remembered the language of Job, as he describes God setting the bars of the sea and saying, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' I then visited the Santa Catalina Islands and went out in the glass-bottom boats over the marine gardens where the seas are famed all over the world for their clearness. Beneath these waters I saw fishes from the length of a man's finger to the size of his body. I saw the forests of seaweed and rocks piled in grand old castle effect by the hand of God, and I thought, 'Isn't He great.' Then I stood again on the shore and watched the white-capped breakers as they rolled in and beat upon the rock-bound coast. It seemed as if God were tossing the sea about in his hand as though it were a little plaything. Oh, surely the ocean is His masterpiece. How beautiful! The text says, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty.'

"Then I visited the Grand Canyon in northern Arizona. I stood on the rim of the canyon, just back of Hotel El Tovar and looked down into its yawning depths. It is one mile to the first ledge, or so deep that a stalwart man looks like a baby in the distance beneath you and then when you have followed the Bright Angel trail for a half day zig-zag this way and that until you reach the bottom of this first ledge, it is still fifteen hundred feet further down a perpendicular granite wall to where flows the Colorado river. The canyon is thirteen miles wide, two hundred miles long and painted every color of the rainbow. It was so awe-inspiring that I lifted my hat from my head and cried out, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty. I do not believe an infidel can visit this wonderful scene without saying in his heart, 'I believe there is a God.' I have delivered this sermon-lecture from one ocean to the other and visited the best of America's scenery,

but I do not hesitate to tell you that the Grand Canyon is the most beautiful piece of grandeur in the world today. I just said, 'Oh, I've been so mistaken. It is not Kentucky, not Colorado, not California, nor the ocean that is the masterpiece of His creative genius. Oh it seemed as if God himself had reached down and picked up enough material for creating a thousand other worlds and in the place from whence he lifted the material he had broken up and scattered a hundred and seventy million rainbows.

"But, my friends, one day since then, I looked upon something else, and it is this something else I have come to tell you about this evening. I did not find it in the frozen realms of the north, nor yet in the flowered regions of the west, but as I walked along the streets in the land of everywhere, I saw a cottage where the vines clung to the verandas and marked it with an air of peace. I knew it, oh I knew in less

than a minute that this was the home where love reigned. The flowers did not bloom as munificently as they had bloomed in Southern California, but on the inside of the cottage I saw the sweetest flower that has ever bloomed in this old world. It was whiter than the rhodendron, more fragrant than the honeysuckle, and more beautiful than the violet, the lily or even the American Beauty rose. It was the wonderful flower of love that blooms best in the home that has enthroned the Christ. I saw in that home a man and his wife whose love for each other no power in this world could break, the children, too, were happy as they played together. I again removed my hat from my head and said, 'Great and Marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty.' And I am sure tonight, my friends, that the most beautiful thing God has ever placed in this old world is the home. As it is so important, I do not know of a single book in the world, that does not contain some description of

some home, and even this Bible, the grandest book God ever gave to man—has the home for its central theme. Perhaps you say, 'Speaker wait a moment. The Cross of Cavalry and the blood, are the central themes of the Bible?' I answer, Thank God for Calvary! It is one of the words that makes history beautiful. We'll never be through singing and talking of old Calvary as long as time goes on. And glory that, there has been a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness; but my friends why did Jesus wear those five bleeding wounds? Oh he did it in order that in the end he might lift us up and take us HOME. Why did you quit sin? It was because of home. The holiest and best that is in man is because of home.

“Then no man has ever, yet, achieved fame, except as he performed a service for the home. The artists of the world have won fame by painting pictures, but pictures are made for the

walls of home. Then the musicians, won fame by composing music, and what is music except to be played in the home. The hero who won his fame on the battlefield was fighting for the home he loved.

“Oh, the home is so important that it ranks even higher than the church itself. Now, you will say, ‘Speaker do not minify the church, for it is of God.’ I’m not going to minify the church. No one here believes in the church more than the man who is talking to you. The church is so important that you cannot be your best for God till you get in the membership of the church. The Bible says, ‘Why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized.’ Again the church has brought us the story of the cross, and but for the church we would have all been heathens, bowing down to idols of wood and stone. Still with all the glory of the church, the home is still more glorious. In the first place

the home outranks the church because of its history. The Christ said, 'On this rock I will build my church.' He did not say Peter, Paul or James or John, but He himself. That is found in the New Testament and means that the church has a history of two thousand years of triumph but should you start out to find the full history of the home, you must go back of the New Testament and back of the Prophets, and back of the Psalms, and on and on through sacred history till you reach the first chapter in this glorious volume where God planted a garden eastward in Eden. That is the foundation of the home. So God has been using the home exactly four thousand years longer than he has the church and he is not done with the Home yet. Then the home is the mother of the church. You cannot have a praying church here in G—, unless you have praying homes back of it. Nor a spiritual church without spiritual filled homes.

Again here are your preachers, able and courageous, but they came from homes. So that as the homes must produce, and mould the character of the preachers, if the home fails today there will be no church tomorrow, for the home must produce the men who make every institution of the new race. Out of the home must come the statesman, sculptor, artist, historian and the makers of literature.

Then may I pause to tell you that there is a marked difference between the house and the home. There are perhaps in your beautiful little city houses with twelve and fourteen rooms, terraced lawns, ferns, flowers, music and paintings, and not the sign of a home about it. Just a great house where people stay. In one of our counties here in Kentucky was a one-room log cabin. It was the boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln, and though it did not have music and paintings within, ferns nor flowers, still con-





**"THERE, AND PERHAPS IN YOUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CITY, HOUSES WITH TWELVE OR FOURTEEN ROOMS AND NOT THE SIGN OF A HOME ABOUT THEM"**

tained the fundamental principles of God's Ideal Home. That's why the rail-splitter made good. Then parents listen. It has never occurred to you but that your boy will be the grandest man or your daughter the sweetest, purest woman in the world. Now, I'm going to tell you what your children will be. I'll tell their fortune if you want to call it that way, and I shall not have to look into your hand to tell it. Your children will be just what the homes back of them are. Nothing more and nothing less. You ask me why I speak with such authority? Because I have been reading the greatest fortune-telling book in the world. Here is a copy (lifting the Bible) of it, and it says: 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' You sow defects in your home and you'll reap them in the character of your children.

\* \* \* \*

The Kentuckian showed by various illustra-

tions how the home could be changed from God's ideals to a place where people stay. He showed how drink, cursing, the social evil and selfishness had stolen the joy from hundreds and thousands of the happiest homes in the land. Then he came to a beautiful climax that lifted the audience unconsciously to their feet.

"We still have a question before us," he continued. "What is the prettiest thing God ever made? Did I tell you it was the home? No, I did not tell you that. I said it is the prettiest thing God ever placed in the world, but in the book of 1st Corinthians we read: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' So I am looking for something in the afterawhile that will be more resplendant than anything in this old world. Then we read of another man

who was hunting for the prettiest thing God ever made, for in Hebrews we are told that Abraham ‘looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.’ So the great city to which we are journeying must be the most beautiful thing the genius of God has ever constructed. There have been some wonderful cities in the world. Cities with walls and palaces, such was ancient Elbatana with her seven vari-colored walls and when the traveler come in sight of it he would stand still to behold the glory of the place; but, my friends when the sunlit hills of the Eternal Home burst forth on our vision we will cry out: ‘Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God almighty.

“Ancient Babylon was another of earth’s cities indescribable for its beauty. So great in size, that it has been called a civic empire. Her mighty wall was so thick that no battering ram of the ancient armies could pierce it through. Underneath this wall flowed the beau-

tiful river Euphrates. There were palaces that glittered in the noonday sun, until one could not gaze steadily upon them. And in this wonderful city was one of the seven ancient wonders of the world—the hanging gardens of Babylon, the great old King Nebuchadnezzar built in honor of his lovely queen. They were supported in mid-air by mighty marble columns. Their area is said to have been seventy-five acres and there bloomed all the lovely flowers. So great was the scene that when the traveller crossed the ancient plains and came to visit Babylon that he was held in speechless awe. Oh I am only a traveller down here and crossing the plains, the plains of disappointment, where disease lurks and death and sin are known, but some day I will cross the river and I'll find on the other side a city so much grander than old Babylon that there'll be no comparison between them. Instead of palaces that glittered in the bright noonday's sun, over there are palaces in a light

where they need no sun to shine by day or moon by night, for there shall be no night there. Instead of the ancient river Euphrates, in this city we'll find the River of Life. And for hanging gardens Degrees of Glory. It is there the streets are gold, the gates pearl, and the walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones.

May you, dear hearers, at last stand with me there, for I'm going Home and when I stand gazing on those battlements of glory, I think I shall cry out 'Deight!'—'Great and marvelous are thy work, Lord God almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!'

## CHAPTER XII.

### **"Joined to Her Idol."**

Bernice with a ticket for the great city, left the next day, but down at the Mountain Line

Junction she changed to the Breathwood branch. Here she hurried to Dr. Schemp's office and asked if he couldn't attend the child as well as Dr. Murphy.

"Sure and better, too," he said.

He then sat little Roy on an old table, cut the tape that held the tracheotomy tube in place, and pulled it out by main force without either anaesthetic or a nurse to assist. He then sat the frightened child ruthlessly in an old chair and said:

"Just keep your seat, sir! We'll be back presently."

Lighting a fresh cigarette Schemp took Bernice by the arm and together they left the office. Tears stood in the child's eyes as he looked longingly after his mother, but no use she was joined to her idol.

I do not know where they went or how long

they stayed.

\* \* \* \*

Failing to find his own doctor, Huby Wilmuth reached the office of Dr. Schemp in breathless haste, and what on earth? There lay the boy prostrated on the floor, and his face black from choking.

"Good Gawd!" said Huby as he grabbed the child in his great arms. He lifted the child up into the fresh air by the window and fanned him gently till relief came.

\* \* \* \*

Then the two returned.

Huby explained to the doctor about his wife's indigestion, who then went nervously to fix some medicine.

"Beg ye pardon marm, but ain't ye Jack Hobart's lady?" asked Huby Wilmuth, as he looked at Bernice.



"No, that's my sister-in-law," replied Schemp not giving her time to answer.

That afternoon Bernice returned home, and leaving Roy in the hands of Lillian and the little girls, she started out to execute the plans Schemp had suggested. She canvassed the homes of the town telling the people that Lillian Miller had come between her and her husband, that she had plead with him, but he had defended his course by Holy Scripture, and she was going to leave him on account of his impure life.

The town was paralyzed. They trusted the Kentuckian, and still they did not think Bernice had ever lied to anyone. They could only wait and hear his answer.

Jack returned on the midnight train and found the child sleeping soundly; but noticed his swollen throat, and wondered why there was no gauze to protect it. He kneeled and kissed

the boy again and again. Then he kissed Bernice and the sleeping girls.

"Did you have any trouble finding Dr. Murphy, Bernice?"

"None at all," she replied. "He was at his office waiting."

"What does he think of our boy?"

"Oh—uh—he—says he'll recover—talk in a few days."

"In a few days?" cried Jack in astonishment.

"Yes, when the swelling goes out of his throat a little," she answered.

Just after breakfast, Bernice told Jack and Lillian to come into the sitting room for she had something to tell them.

"Listen!" she said, "I know you will think me very ungrateful, and unjust, but I've started

a scandal on you two. I've lied on you and have the town believing it."

"You did, Bernice? You, when I forgave you everything and——"

"Never mind, Rev. Hobart, just pack your things and leave this place or you'll be arrested before noon," she snapped.

"ME? Arrest me? I never did anything in my life to be arrested for and I'm going to stay right here and face any scandal you have started". He said, calmly.

\* \* \* \*

Tears streamed down poor Lillian's face as she silently packed her trunk. She called the drayman, but the only words she gave out were to the children, and the Kentuckian. She leaned over little Roy and gave him an affectionate farewell, and for all the children there were more tears than there were words.

"Good-bye, Mr. Jack. You have always been a good man and no one will believe it," she said, as she left the house.

\* \* \* \*

"You must go, Jack! The town is stirred to mob violence. Remember the innocent man lynched here not long ago. You are in the Kentucky hills, now young man, you had better look out for your life," said Bernice.

"That may be so, but I shall not leave this town for one minute.—Yes I have to preach at Deadman's Hill tonight, but I return early in the morning," he replied.

"Jack, for the children's sake, you must leave here. Leave Kentucky. Go entirely away. Do not disgrace us."

Bernice, you may think that you can, but you cannot get by with a lie like that. 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' and 'Whatsoever a man

soweth that shall he also reap.' You'll pay for it, Bernice. I have shielded you always, but I cannot defend you any further in your foolish course. You had better go tell these people the truth," he said.

"I can't do it, Jack. The Eastern Star, and the ladies aid have promised me financial aid, and——"

"And you have sold me for their aid? 'He sold him for thirty pieces of silver,' said Jack.

"Not that, Jack, but I can't let them know that I have lied. I would be disgraced forever. I must leave you, I must make you to be in fault in order to save myself."

Well, Bernice, just don't tell them anything, but don't leave me. It does mean disgrace and then here are our children. They are innocent and for their sakes do not go."

Tears came into her eyes as she leaned upon

the shoulder of the man who had spoiled and petted her for years, and whose love she had never doubted.

"I am not going, Jack," she said.

They clasped their arms about each other, and when the Kentuckian rode away that afternoon he thought that all was well . . . and yet he wondered if her mind could be wrong.

Entering the pulpit at Deadman's Hill that night the Kentuckian knelt and prayed fervently for the presence of the Holy Spirit in the service and He was there. His message was unusually warm and tender. Strong hearts were touched and there were two or three old time conversions in the after service.

A message to Jack at the church explained that Huby Wilmuth's wife was dead and they wanted him to conduct the funeral service the next day. So Jack went to the help of his old friend. There was a wide difference in their

education, but they were true friends as in the days of their youth.

"A purty talk ye made Jack, an' she's at rest, but dang that doctor, he'll never get to kill anuthern," said Huby to the Kentuckian, as they left the cemetery.

Jack looked up in surprise.

"Its that dirty Schemp, Jack, an' he cum purt nigh killin' yer boy—"

"You mean —————"

"I mean that woman o' yorn and Dr. Schemp wuz out somewhar together, and yore little Roy wuz on the floor at his office nea'ly dead—— that wuz day beyon' yisteddy, right thar in Breathwood."

"Oh God, Dr. Murphy has not seen my boy and he will die if I do not get him there at once!" said the Kentuckian as he rode hastily away.

CHAPTER XIII.

**"The Call of His Children.**

The horse was foaming with perspiration as the Kentuckian dashed up to the parsonage. The place was silent. Not a chicken or a pig was in sight. The house was robbed of all its furniture and desolation reigned.

"Eben a parson's sins ketch up with him, sometimes," shouted a voice from the street.

Jack looked and there stood Jeff Tanner the moonshiner.

"Do you know where my family is?" asked Jack, as one half dazed.

"Huph, in Tennessee by now I guess. She's done ketched up with you an' gone," answered Jeff triumphantly.

Jack was speechless under the blow.

"I know somethin' else, too, parson, as there



aint anybody else knowin' yet.'

"What is it?" asked Jack.

"Well, ye see I uster ship lick to Bill Tyrant an'——"

"Bill Tyrant? That's Bernice's brother."

"Yes, I know he is," continued Jeff, "and when you 'sueded all the moonshine fellers to quit I had to 'splain things to 'em customers. Then this Bill Tyrant ups and writes me that ye wuz' no 'count; wouldn't buy his sister no clothes er nuthin'. That yeud lock her out in the cold an' all kind er things," said Jeff.

There are our neighbors. Ask them if such a thing ever happened—and yonder the merchants; they will tell you who bought and paid, whether Bernice or I?"

"Well, by Gawd, I hadn't thought uv that," said Jeff in better humor.

In less than ten minutes Jeff had bought the

only thing Bernice had left him—the horse.

In the excitement and pain of it all, only one thing seemed to be in the Kentuckian's thoughts. That was to find little Roy and get him to Dr. Murphy. So he caught the first train and followed his little children, and the only explanation he ever gave to anyone was: Surely her mind is wrong."

The people doubted, but Jack was right. She was not crazy. He did not say that she was, but she could not have stooped to what she did if she had not been temporarily insane.

Yes, he followed, but alas! he learned as he had never known before, the character of her people. They refused to let him see his own children. And though the little suffering Roy often whispered: "Where's my papa?" he was always told that he was off on a long trip but would return after a while.

Some suggested the law as a remedy. But he

learned that he must first sue for a divorce before a Writ of Habeas Corpus would be effective. Poor man! He could not return to his work with a scandal above him, and he could not remove this stain without exposing Bernice. "I will not," he said. "She is the mother of my children. I can not tell part without telling all and if I tell she will be ruined; then Marion and Esther must bear the blame of their mother's shame. No, I cannot and I will not!"

Here reader language fails. Nothing has happened like it since the days of American slavery. It hardly has an equal in the sad scenes of mothers torn from children and children from mothers. Penniless and tired his shoes worn from his feet, faint with hunger, his heart burning with a father's love, his body aching with pain; he tramped the streets of a great southern city hunting for work. None, however, was to be found, for a panic held the whole south in its grasp.

When there seemed to be even a shadow of a chance of work, he was asked the question: "What have you been doing?" And to the honest answer, "Preaching," came a laugh and he was hooted again to the street. He would lay on an old cot at the Salvation Army headquarters at night, too nervous and tired to sleep, and when at last the hours of morning drew near and he would fall into a wakeful sleep; he could hear his children calling him. Sometimes he could hear little Roy whispering: "Papa, please!" Again at times the children would seem to be fastened in a burning building crying to him to help them. The poor, frantic Kentuckian would spring from his bed only to find himself far removed from those he loved.

Bernice scattered the children among her people, leaving Roy at Bill Tyrant's and leaving instructions for them to burn all mail from

Jack for either her or the children. Marion was taught that her father was a very bad man who did not love her, and to the entreaties of little Roy ever came the answer that he would come home after-a-while. The little fellow perhaps did not remember how his father had stayed by him through all his affliction, nor how he had lost sleep night after night that he might sometime be well and able to speak as other children, but his childish heart cried out day and night through the whispering voice: "I want my papa!"

Then old Bill Tyrant would beat him mercilessly with anything he could lay his hands on. Still the cry in the night from those whispering lips was borne as on wings to the father. The Kentuckian rose at midnight.

"I cannot, I will not stand it any longer. I'll go to him if they kill me," he said, and he started.

Old Bill Tyrant saw that his beating had been too much? The uncared for throat was swollen, and the child's fever was rising. 'Twas then he wrote Bernice saying; "You must look after this child. I cannot be bothered with him any longer.

She came from a distant city, but alas the folly of her choice;—Roy Hobart was dying! It was midnight when a footfall was heard on the front porch. Bernice who was now keeping watch, by the child answered it.

"Oh God, Jack, our boy is dying!" she cried as she fell into his arms.

Kissing her affectionately, he said "Why didn't you let me hear from him, Bernice?"

"Don't Jack, I was with Dr.—— and I feared that you would find us. I told them to burn your letters, but I see it now. The folly of my choice!" she said.

The Kentuckian walked to the bed where lay his dying boy. The flesh was shrunken, his lips blue and the eyes half open, while the eruptive wound in his throat emitted its deadly poison.

Tears flowed from the father's eyes as he kissed the child gently. Then looking at the throat again, he said:

"If only Dr. Murphy could have——"

"Hush, Jack! It was all my fault. I murdered him, by making the wrong choice. May God forgive me!" she said as she wrung her hands with grief.

The child's eyes opened. A smile played on his lips as he whispered "My Papa's tum." The Kentuckian kissed him. The eyes closed softly, then came a final struggle, and little Roy was free from pain.

CHAPTER XIV.

**"Like the One at Trouville, on the Seine."**

Days later Bernice fell upon her face clinging to his ankles and weeping as she had done in Breathwood years before. Whether she was really repentant, or whether she was working on his sympathy, I do not know, but the Kentuckian weighed well the case, then answered:

"No, Bernice. You sold all that I had even my place in the ministry, and my reputation. You sent me to tramp the streets when I had been the truest of the true to you. If I should forgive you and take you back you would only do the same thing over in less than a year."

"I do repent for my awful sin, Jack. It will never happen again. Only try me once more. Then listen, my brothers say they will not take



care of me and the girls any longer," she pleaded.

"Then it is because they will not let me stay and not because you love me that you beg forgiveness? No, henceforth we are only friends."

"Please, Jack, don't you love me?"

"Yes, Bernice, I do love you, and will never cease to long for your presence; but to take you back is to let you ruin my life and the children's, too. I cannot do it. For their sakes I must not. The girls go with me today, you shall hear from them each week, and if you want to see them at any time you may. Then the check came yesterday for the book I wrote, so you may draw on me for your necessities . . . . Only remember that henceforth we are no more than friends," he said.

Months later the courts granted him protec-

tion (against certain attempts her brothers made to extort unnecessary funds from him) in the form of a divorce.

The court's decree also said: "It is further considered and adjudged by this court that the plaintiff be and is hereby awarded the care, custody and control of his children, Marion and Esther, as is mentioned in the petition."

Almost three years later Jack Hobart the traveller and author of many books with his inseparable companions, Marion and Esther visited the Kentucky hills inspecting their new possession,—his father's old farm.

"Let's build it here, girls," he suggested as he pointed out the site for their home.

"And like that beautiful French palace we saw near Trouville, on the Seine," said Marion.

"That's too fine for us," said Esther.

"Nothing is too fine for my little queens," he

said, as he lifted her for a kiss.

In just a year, a veritable masión, grand in  
• architecture, and beautifully set amid lovely  
trees, with blooming flowers, watered by many  
fountains, and threaded with gravelled walks,  
honored the old Hobart farm. Marion had her  
way, too, for it was like the one at Trouville on  
the Seine, in France.

Here, reader, we shall not attempt a complete  
description of the wonderful furnishing, except  
to tell you that there was a section of the great  
bookcase forming a blind door, which opened  
into the Kentuckian's secret room. No one  
knew what that room contained except Jack Ho-  
bart himself.

In this residence, Jack Hobart found a broad  
field for service. He was always doing good.  
Often he prayed with the people, often he helped

them financially, but always he was near them in a thousand ways. He was a blessing to the people of the hills. By his touch the school system was reformed, so that the mountain boy had a chance for an education. New libraries were opened. Three or four colleges were chartered under his leadership and did effective work. Men knew him and loved him, and for fifty miles people came or wrote to ask his advice. Sometimes at the grand Hobart mansion could be seen the rough man of the hills, and the bank clerk from the nearby city, seated at dinner together.

Then his writings were more powerful. His characters were living creatures, and well did a statesman refer to him as "the Soul of the Hills."

A beautiful Scotch collie and a spotted pony were the joy and pride of Esther, while a noble

Kentucky thoroughbred of beautiful grace and fleet of limb was the main possession in which Esther delighted. She had won two silver cups and numbers of cash prizes from the local fairs with this beautiful horse. She called him "Colonel Fred" and no pet on the estate knew his name better than Colonel Fred knew his. He would often toy with the servants and they could not catch him at all; but Marion would simply call his name, and he would come, lower his head for the bridle and the caresses she gave.

It was astride this lovely horse, the name "Col. Fred" showing on the blanket back of the saddle, that the Kentuckian started for the Bluegrass. He was disguised and hoped to see Bernice and aid her in any way he could.



"SHE HAD WON TWO SILVER CUPS AND NUMBERS OF CASH PRIZES FROM THE LOCAL FAIRS WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL HORSE"

CHAPTER XV.

**"The Coming of Colonel Fred."**

During the Kentuckian's stay in France things had been happening in Kentucky. Dr. Schemp had disappeared from the state and various rumors as to his whereabouts were common in the hills. Some thought he had gone to England, some New York, or Chicago. One rumor had it that he was dead for his body had been found and identified, they claimed, in the Ohio River.

Huby Wilmuth, too, had rented his lands and gone out into the great world; possibly on business, but in fact to fulfil the statement he made to Jack, "Dang that doctor. He'll never live to kill anuthern. "In this quest he had visited many states, then through the influence of the

improvement his motherless son showed in his letters, the old thirst for knowledge came to him again. So he returned to Kentucky and entered a commercial school. Here he improved rapidly, but most rapidly under the young lady who taught English as a commercial language. His speech became commercially correct, then he desired more. He must know how to speak. To this end he studied day and night, until not a man in the Bluegrass spoke in more beautiful accent than he. Handsome in appearance, and fearless, this physical giant became a man among men.

And the teacher of commercial English was no other than Lillian Miller. She had gone to college for two years and now that she might complete her course in music she was teaching here. She was a picture of perfect health, and beautiful as a mountain flower. Then she had



a depth of soul that won for her the first place in all hearts.

Huby did not abandon the search for Schemp but the new influences had changed his desires. "I may not kill him," he would say to himself, "but he must pay for his sin,—yes, he must pay." Following one of these clues he visited one of the county-seat towns nearby.

A poor inebriate, still trying to practice medicine, sat in his stuffy old office in G——. His eyes were fixed on some imaginary object before him and on the rickety old table near him was an open bottle of morphine.

"I have found you. You demon!" called a stern voice as a man entered the doorway.

The thin figure in the chair moved uneasily and his queaking voice answered. "They haunt me day and night. Oh! Bessie! Go away! Please,

Bessie! and you others! My God! When will I escape them?"

The visitor now slapped his hand on Schemp's shoulder and lifted him to his feet where he stood facing Huby Wilmuth.

"Well?" asked Schemp in his queaky voice.

"I have trailed you here, and now I have come to repay you for poisoning my wife. I came here to kill you, but I will not dirty my hands on you. I'd as soon dip them in a mixture of bats and snakes as stain them with your blood," said Huby as he stood there disgust written on his face."

Schemp's demon eyes looked wildly at the man before him.

Huby released the human serpent and stepped down the street only to return with an officer who arrested him for the murder.

"Orders to take the woman, too," said an-

other officer as they descended the rickety old stairway. ?

A few blocks away, an old negro man met Colonel Fred and his rider. "Boss de sho' is a 'oman in trouble down yonder," he exclaimed.

The Kentuckian tightened the reign and spoke to the thoroughbred as he would have spoken to a child. It was sufficient. The horse dashed away with the speed of a frightened deer. Jack did not know who was in trouble, but he meant to help if he could.

What a sight, he saw! Schemp and Bernice, both under arrest and the whole town wild with excitement trudging at their heels.

The beautiful horse dashed in front of the mob. A strong hand went out, and Bernice Hobart was in the Kentuckian's arms. Two women fainted. A policeman dropped his billy,

and the whole crowd stood gaping, until someone cried, "Shoot him!" Really, there wasn't anything to shoot, but a cloud of dust.

"Who was he?" asked a bystander.

"Don't know, but he had red hair and red beard," said another.

"His name is Col. Fred something. I saw 'Col. Fred' in large letters on the saddle blanket," replied an officer.

The people spoke of the Kentuckian as Colonel Fred. And for years to come they told their children of the brave Colonel Fred and his heroic rescue of Bernice Hobart. Had he returned to G—— the next day the whole town would have given him a welcome; but the man of mystery was gone. Where he had gone, or what he had done with Bernice, no one knew.

More than twenty miles away, the Kentuckian lowered Bernice to one of the streets leading

into a county-seat town.

"Here is a signed check. Fill in the amount you need, up to \$1,000. Then this street will lead you to the hotel, and goodbye." he said.

Bernice clung to the bridle and exclaimed:

"Wait! I must thank——"

"Woman, you must thank one who is stronger than I am," he replied, trying to leave her.

"What is your name?" she questioned.

"N'importe, (never mind) he replied in French.

"Je comprends, (I understand)" she replied. then added: "Is this your horse?"

"Why do you ask?" he questioned.

"Well, your voice and ways remind me so much of someone I used to know. He was the dearest noblest man in the world, but I was

cruel to him. You are blonde, he was brunette, but you must be related to him. Your name is Colonel Fred — something. i. e. if this is your horse. Won't you please tell me?" she asked.

"No, this is not my horse. He belongs to a young lady, and this young lady is one of the two dearest friends I have; but upon one condition I'll tell you her name and mine," he said.

"What is the condition?" she asked.

"You must promise to call on me if ever you need help."

"Then I promise," she answered.

"This horse belongs to Marion Hobart, and I. Perhaps you remember my name?" he said as he tossed the wig and beard at her feet.

"Jack Hobart, how gray your hair has grown!" she said excitedly, but before she

could finish her sentence Colonel Fred and his rider were gone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### **"Opening the Secret Room."**

The spring burst forth from the rocks and sent a laughing streamlet bubbling over the pebbles to the valley. The mocking bird thrilled the whole wood with his music, while the blue-coated jay, perched high in the leafy boughs, scoffed at his feathered neighbors. The violets bloomed in the woodlands and the rhododendron peeped out from the crevices of Giant Rock. The whole world was full of poesy set to the music of love. Carriages rattled down the roadways and the people said that it was the largest crowd ever to gather in Breathwood.

“Hit sho is er goin to be er big weddin’! Be-

lieve me, hit is!" said a mountaineer to the crowd in front of the church.

"Yes, an' he sho has come outern the kinks— Huby Wilmuth, he has," replied a friend.

"Look who he's gittin' That Lillian Miller's one of the grandest gals in Kentucky," joined in a third.

The people in the hills had never seen a wedding to equal it. Lillian had studied church weddings for months and then called in her youc friend Marion Hobart to give extra instructions in how they decorate in France. So when the day arrived the Breathwood church was a thing of beauty. Then strange as it may seem, (strange things happen in the hills) the bride's maid was Marion Hobart, and Hobart Wilmuth was his father's best man.



The shadows were creeping over the Hobart estate that evening when old Eph—the faithful negro servant lighted a fire in the sitting room to drive away the chill of the spring night.

The Kentuckian sat in a large Morris chair, with his two daughters' arms around his neck seeming to try out which could heap the most affection upon him. Old Eph started adjusting the curtains, when he cried out in fright:

“Lor’ Marse Jack, ef thar aint a hant outen the winder.”

The Kentuckian turned just in time to see the haggard face of a woman leaving the window. Quickly he was on the open veranda, and out in the darkness. The frail form of a woman moved from tree to tree, reeling and staggering till it fell in an unconscious heap.

The servants, obeying the master's orders,

brought the woman into the beautiful sitting room and placed her on a couch. No one knew her. Her clothes were faded and worn. Her hair did not look like it had been combed in days, and her pale hands trembled nervously. Jack felt the pulse, called for hot water, and administered to the sufferer. He had them move her nearer the fire and as they moved her, her eyes opened then closed. Uncle Eph's unsteady step jolted a locket from her bosom, which the Kentuckian opened hoping to find a clue to her identity and to his astonishment he saw his own picture as she had worn it years before.

"Bernice, my poor Bernice!" he cried brokenly.

"I am coming," she answered in faint, weird tones. Then she opened her eyes and looked

wildly about her.

Jack propped her up on pillows. A servant brought a small cup of coffee which she drank eagerly.

"Another, please. I am so hungry," she said wearily.

She drank another cup of coffee and ate heartily of the light diet. Then looking about the lovely room said: "Oh, it is heaven to be here, but I should not—I did not intend to do it. I simply wanted to look through the window at you and the girls. I saw you. I watched from the time you came out of the little blind door, back of the bookcase—an hour in all, I guess. You—you are still so happy. I—I wish I—but I have all I deserve—more, too. I do not deserve to be inside your home. I came here be-

cause it is all over, and I—I wanted to just look at you all before I go."

Her eyes closed again as if she was thinking. A shudder ran through the Kentuckian's frame and he moved as to hold her hand, but Marion and Esther with arms drawn tightly around him held him fast.

"Who is it, anyhow?" whispered Esther.

Jack looked wonderingly at her, and said:

"It is \_\_\_\_\_"

Marion pulled his sleeve and spoke half aloud:

"You do not know," then lower to her father, "you do not know what treachery she is up to now. She may have come to stab you—to kill me—to steal Esther. Remember her treacherous heart."

The Kentuckian looked at Marion in mute surprise. They had never talked of her mother. He did not recall that she had ever mentioned her name since Roy's death. She was so young when it happened. Could she understand? However, she was so much like her father, if she did know all, or if her sufferings had been intense, no one could have drawn her into conversation about it.

At last he whispered: "No, no, not now, Marion. The woman is dying almost."

The tired eyes opened again. "Am I welcome for tonight, Jack?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, you are welcome always," he answered, as he rubbed her hand soothingly.

"Why do you have a blind door back of your bookcase? Do you keep your gold there?" she asked feebly.

"No, not gold. Its treasures are more than gold to me. When you are stronger you may see for yourself," he answered.

The servants looked at each other in astonishment. Marion looked at Esther and Esther looked at Marion. The servants of the house were not allowed to even speak of the secret room. The young mistress had laid that down of her own accord and when "Miss Marion" said so it was law. To the questions Esther often asked her she would reply: "Perhaps he keeps his valuable papers there, deeds, etc. I dont know,--- our father is the best man in the world and if he wants us to know about the secret room, when he is ready he will tell us. To ask him would be to distrust him. Anyway he does not interfere with our affairs. You have your collie, and your pony. So we must have too much honor to interfere, or even ask about that

which belongs only to him."

But now, he was offering to open the secret room to a stranger—an outcast. What could it mean?

Presently Bernice raised up and said: "I am stronger now, Jack. Can I see it now? I would not ask you, but you seemed to be touched deeply as you came from that room. It must be a room of prayer."

"Yes, you may see it now," he replied as he unlocked the folding section of the great book-case and opened wide the door of the secret room. Then he entered and turned on the light. She was assisted to his side where she stood gazing curiously about her.

To the walls of this room were attached the toys little Roy had loved best, also his picture

life-size. Just in front of his picture hung a life-size picture of Bernice. To this secret room Jack Hobart had come each day to gaze upon the idols he had loved and lost, and to offer from his hungry heart the prayer: "Lead her, oh God, that she may return from her wanderings before the end comes."

Bernice looked at her own picture for a long time, then muttered, half aloud, half to herself: "The woman she was," and then, "The woman she could have been." She seemed to draw new strength from these thoughts. Then she said: "Jack I understand now why men call you great. Everywhere I have been I have heard your name. I thought men gave you too much glory, but they cannot do that. When I am gone, write another book. A book about this secret room. Then the people will know as I know tonight that you are the



truest man in the world. Tell them of my choice, how I chose to ruin you. Let them know that whoever wrongs one of God's servants must pay. It will be the story of A Woman's Reaping, for as you told me once, I have reaped what I sowed.

"The world need not know of this room, but it is here that I have drawn new life and power. It is here I have prayed day by day for your return, and tonight the prayer is answered. This room is no longer the secret room, for its work is complete in your return," he said; then in a moment added: "Oh, it has been the dearest place. In this room I have almost heard your voice. Here I have met and lived again with you and Roy our \_\_\_\_\_"

"Roy! Roy, live again!" she cried as she turned and faced his picture. Her strength left

her. She caught wildly at the picture and would have fallen had not the Kentuckian caught her.

They laid her carefully on the silken couch and watched. Her sad eyes closed then opened. She seemed to live through it all again. She tried hard to speak and the Kentuckian leaned nearer so that he might catch each whisper: "I slipped back to the jail in disguise. He died on the night he was arrested. Forget it? Oh, I could never forget that scene if I lived forever. I stood outside the window, near his cell, and heard him call, and curse me. The ghosts of a score of dead seemed to haunt him. I heard him crying: 'Bessie, oh, please, Bessie, and you others go away! Can't I ever escape you?' He moaned and he cried. Sick and staggering, I left that horrible scene of death."

She grew quiet for a while, then cried faintly: "Oh Jack, I lost this life of joy with you, but

Jack—oh, my dear husband, your faith, your prayers have saved me.”

Again the eyes closed and she seemed to sleep. A smile stole softly over her pallid face, then her eyes opened as in glad surprise and in a clear, triumphant voice she cried out:

“Yes Roy, I am coming!”

THE END.



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