

# GRACE.

## A REMINISCENCE.

Sunday is the day for courtship on the prairie. It has also the pity of cleanliness. It enables the young man to get back to a self-respecting sweetness of person. It enables the girls to look as nature intended, dainty and pure.

The change from everyday wear and tear on the part of young workmen like Ben Griegold was more than change; it was transformation.

It took courage to go through it all. Yes, it took more than courage—it took love. Ben arose a little later on Sunday morning than on weekdays, but there were the chores to do as usual. The horses must be watered, fed, and curried, and the cows were to milk, all before breakfast at half-past seven.

After breakfast he threw off the care of the hired hand. When he came down from the little garret into which the hot August sun streamed redly, he was a different man. Clean from tip to toe, newly shaven, with a crackling white shirt, a linen collar and a new suit of store clothes, he felt himself a man again, fit to meet maidens.

His partner, being a married man, was slouching around in his tattered and greasy brown denim overalls. He looked at Ben and grinned.

"Got a tag on y'rself?"

"No, why?"

"Nobody know ye, if anything happened to ye. There's thirty dollars gone to the dogs." He sighed. "O, well, you'll get over that, just as I did."

"I hope I won't get over liking to be clean," Ben said, a little sourly. "I won't be back to milk."

"Didn't expect ye. That's the very time of day the girls are purtiest—just about sundown. Better take Rock, I may want the old team myself."

Ben hitched up and drove off in the warm bright morning, feeling a wonderful elation. He was clean and self-respecting once more. His freshly shaven face felt cool, and his new suit fitted him well. His heart took on a great resolution, which was to call upon Grace.

It made his brown hands shake to think of it. He remembered how many times he had sworn to do that and had never had the courage, though it seemed she allured him at times.

He overtook Milton Jennings on his way along the poplar lined lane.

"Hello, Milt, where you bound?"

Milton looked up with a curious look in his laughing eyes. From the pockets of his long linen duster he drew a handful of beautiful scarlet and yellow Siberian crab-apples.

"See them crabs?"

"Yes, I see 'em."

Milton drew a similar handful out of his left pocket. "See those?"

"What y' goin' to do with 'em?"

"Take 'em home again."

Ben noticed something in Milton's voice which led him to ask:

"What did you intend doing with 'em?"

"Present 'em to Miss Cole."

Ben laughed. "Well, why didn't y' do it?"

Milton showed his white teeth in a smile that was frankly derisive of himself.

"Well, when I got over there I found young Conley's horse hitched to one post and Walt Brown's gray hitched to the other. I went in, but I didn't stay long, in fact I didn't sit down. I was afraid those infernal apples would roll out o' my pockets. I was afraid they'd find out I brought 'em over there for Miss Cole, like the darn fool I was."

They both laughed heartily. Milton was always as severe upon himself as upon anyone else.

"That's tough," said Ben, "but climb in, and let's go to Sunday school."

Milton got in, and they ate the apples as they rode along.

The Grove schoolhouse was the largest in the township, and was the only one with a touch of redeeming grace. It was in a lovely place. Great oaks stood all about and back of it, the woods grew thick, and a clear creek gurgled over its limestone bed not far away.

To Ben Milton there was a strange charm about the Grove schoolhouse. It was the one place where they met the boys and girls in garments disassociated from toil. Sundays in summer, and on winter nights at lyceums or protracted meetings, they came to see the girls in their bright dresses, with their clear and (so it seemed) scornful, bright eyes.

All through the service Ben sat where he could see Grace by turning his head, but he had not the courage to do so. Once or twice he saw the curve of her cheek, and the delicate lines of her ear, and a suffocating throb came into his throat.

He wanted to ask her to go with him down to Rock river to the Methodist camp meeting, but he knew it was impossible. He could not say "good day" to her when she took pains to pass near him after church and speak to him. He nodded like a great idiot, all ease and dignity lost, his throat too dry and hot to speak.

He cursed his shyness as he went out after his horse. He saw her picking her dainty way up the road with Conrad Slegler walking with her. What made it worse was a dim feeling that she liked him, and would go with him if he had the courage to ask her.

"Well, Ben," said Milton, "it's settled we go to Rock river to-night to the camp meeting. Did you ask Grace?"

"No, she's going with Con. It's just my blasted luck."

"That's too bad. Well come with us, Take Maud."

As they drove away they passed Grace on the road—that is to say, Ben hurried up to do so before they turned off into the yard.

"Going to the camp meeting, Con?" asked Milton in his merry voice.

"I guess so," said Conrad, a handsome, but slow-witted German.

As they went on Ben could have wept. His keener perception told him there was a look of appeal in Grace's upturned eyes.

He made a poor companion at dinner, and poor Maud knew he equaled her only out of pity. She was used to that and accepted it with a pathetic attempt to color it differently.

They got away about 5 o'clock.

Ben drove the team, seated in the front seat with Maud. Driving took his mind off his weakness and failure. Milton was very happy sitting beside his latest sweetheart. There was a certain seclusion about the back seat of a

carriall which favored much merry sky-larking.

It was growing dark as they drove up the Cedarville road, a delicious evening hour. The curving road along the river was a relief from the rectangular and sun-smitten roads of the prairie, and they lingered under the great oaks and elms which shaded the wagon track in spots. It would have been perfect. Ben thought, if Grace had been beside him.

He wondered how he should manage to speak to her. There was a time when it seemed easier. Now the consciousness of his love made the simplest question seem like the greatest question.

Other teams were abroad laden with young people, some returning, some going. A camp meeting had come to mean a score of great amusements, like a circus, and young people from all over the country drove down on Sundays, as if to some celebration with fireworks.

"There's the lane," said Milton. "See that team goin' in?"

Ben pulled up and they looked at it dubiously. It looked dangerously merry. It was quite dark now and Ben said:

"That's a really piece of road."

"O, that's all right. Hark!"

As they listened they could hear the voices of the exhorters nearly a mile away. It pushed across the cool spaces with a wild and savage sound. The young people thrilled with excitement.

"There they are, that's the road!"

Insects were singing in the grass. Frogs with deepening chorus seemed to mark the coming of night, and above these peaceful sounds came the wild shouts of the far-off preacher, echoing through the cool, green arches of the splendid grove.

The girls sat silent, listening to the voices growing louder.

Lights appeared ahead, and the road led up a slight hill to a gate. Ben drove on under a grove of oaks, past dimly-lighted tents, whose open flaps showed tumbled beds and tables laden with crockery. Heavy women were moving about inside, their shadows showing against the tent wall like figures in a pantomime.

The young people alighted in curious silence. As they stood a moment, trying to see the preacher, a loud voice in a brazen, clanging, monotonous reiteration of worn phrases.

"Come to the Lord—come now—come to the light Jesus will give it. Now is the appointed time—come to the light."

From a tent near by came the groaning, gasping, gurgling scream of a woman in mortal agony.

"O, my God!"

It was charged with the most piercing distress. It cut the heart's palpitating center like a sword like a thrust. It had murder and outrage in it.

The girls clutched Ben and Milton. "O, let's go home!"

"No, let's go and see what it all is."

The girls hung close to the arms of the young men and they went down to the tent and looked in.

It was filled with a motley group of people, most of them seated on circling benches. A fringe of careless or scoffing on-lookers stood back against the tent wall.

Occasionally a Norwegian farm-hand, or a bevy of young people from some near district, lifted the flap and entered with curious or laughing or insolent faces.

The tent was lighted dimly by kerosene lamps, set in brackets against the tent poles, and by stable lanterns set here and there upon the benches.

Ben and Milton ushered in the girls and seated them a little back. The girls smiled, but only faintly. The undertone of women's hearts moved them in spite of their scorn of it all.

"What cursed foolishness!" said Ben to Milton.

Milton smiled, but did not reply. He only nodded toward the exhorter a man with a hideous jumble of features and the form of a gladiator, who was uttering wild and explosive phrases.

"Oh, my friends! I bless the Lord for the SHALL in the word. You SHALL get light. You SHALL be saved. Oh, the SHALL in the word! You SHALL be saved!"

As he grew more excited his hoarse voice rose in furious shout, as if he were defying hell. Foam lay on his lips and flew from his mouth. At every repetition of the word "shall" he struck the desk a resounding blow with his great palm.

"He's a hard hitter," said Milton.

At length he leaped, apparently in uncontrollable excitement, upon the mourners' bench and ran up and down close to the listening, moaning audience. He walked with a furious rhythmic, stamping action, like an Indian in the ghost dance. Wild cries burst from his audience, antiphonal with his own.

"He SHALL send light!"

"Send Thy arrows, oh, Lord."

"Oh, God, come!"

"He SHALL keep His word!"

One old negro woman, fat, powerful, gloomy, suddenly arose and uttered a scream that had the dignity and savagery of a mountain lion's cry. It rang far out into the night.

The exhorter continued his mad, furious thumping, barbaric walk.

Behind him a row of other exhorters sat, a relay ready to leap to his aid. They urged on the tumult with wild cries.

"A-men, brother."

"YES, brother, YES!" clapping their hands in rhythm.

The exhorter redoubled his fury. He was like a jaded actor rising at applause.

Out of the obscure tumult of faces and tossing hands there came at last certain recognizable features. The people were mainly farming-folk of the more ignorant sort, rude in dress and bearing, hard and bent with toil. They were recognizable of a class subject to these low forms of religious excitement which were once well-nigh universal.

The outer fringe continued to smile scornfully and to jest, yet they were awed, in a way, by this suddenly revealed deep of barbaric emotion.

The girls were appalled by the increasing clangor. Milton was amused, but Ben grew bitter. Something strong came out in him, too. His lip curled in disgust.

Suddenly, out of the level space of bowed shoulders, tossing hands and frenzied, upturned faces, a young girl leaped erect. She was strong and handsome, powerful in the waist and shoulders. Her hair was braided like a child's and fell down her back in a single strand. Her head was girlish, but her face looked old and drawn and tortured.

She moaned pitifully; she clapped her hands with wild gestures, ending in a quivering motion. The action grew to lightning-like quickness. Her head seemed to set in its socket. Her whole body stiffened. Gasping means came from her clutched teeth as she fell to the ground and rolled under the seats, wallowing in the muddy straw and beating her feet upon the ground like a dying partridge.

The people crowded about her, but one of the preachers, a powerful man, with a harsh, domineering voice, roared above the tumult.

"S' down! Never mind that party. She's all right; she's in the hands of the Lord!"

The wild tumult went on and the people settled into their seats again. Ben rose to go over where the girl was and the others followed.

A young man seated by the struggling girl held her hand and fanned her with his hat, while some girl friends sobbed and sobbing, kept the tossing limbs covered. She rolled from side to side restlessly, thrusting forth her tongue as if her throat were dry. She looked like a dying animal.

Maud clung to Milton.

"Oh, can't something be done?"

"Her soul is burdened for you!" cried a wild old woman to the impassive youth who clung to the frenzied girl's hand.

A moment later, as the wild chorus of yells, songs, incantations, shrieks, groans and prayers swelled high, a farmer's wife on the left uttered a hoarse cry and stiffened and fell backward upon the ground. She rolled her head from side to side. Her eyes turned in. Her lips were a maniac's laugh and her troubled brow made her look like the death mask of a tortured murderer, the hell horror frozen on it.

She sank at last into a hideous calm, with her strained and stiffened hands pointing weirdly up. She was like marble. She did not move a hair's breadth during the next two hours.

Over to the left a young man leaped to his feet with a scream:

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

The great negro caught him in her arms as he fell, and laid him down, then leaped up and down, shrieking:

"O, Jesus, come, Come, God's Lamb!"

Around her a dozen women took up her cry. Most of them had no voices. Their horrid screams had become hoarse hisses, yet still they strove. Scores of voices were mixed in the pandemonium of prayer.

All order was lost. Three of the preachers now stood shouting before the mourners' bench, two were in the aisles.

One came down the aisle toward the girl with the paralyzed hair. As he came he prayed. Foam was on his lips, but his eyes were cool and calculating; they betrayed him.

As he came he fixed his gaze upon a woman seated near the prostrate girl, and with a horrible outcry the victim leaped into the air and stiffened as if smitten with epilepsy. She fell against some scared boys who let her fall, striking her head against the seats. She too rolled down upon the straw. They looked like sisters. They had round, pretty, but childish faces.

Milton and the rest retreated. They smiled no more; they were horrified.

Squads of workers now moved down the aisles; in one they surrounded two people, a tall, fair girl and a young man.

"Why, it's Grace!" exclaimed Maud.

Ben turned quickly. "Where?"

They pointed her out.

"She can't get away. See O boys, don't let them—"

Ben pushed his way toward her. His face was set in a fierce frown, bitter, desperate.

Grace stood there. On one side was one of the powerful elders; a woman of the same sort was upon the other. Conrad, over-awed, had fallen into a trembling stupor. Grace was alone.

The elder's hand hovered over her head, on her face a deadly pallor had settled, her eyes were cast down, she breathed in great gasps; she trembled from head to foot. She was ready to fall.

"Get out o' my way," shouted Ben, she looked up and saw him coming; shouldering up the aisle. His words had oaths, his fists were like mauls.

"Grace!" he cried and she heard the red flame over her face.

The power of the preacher was gone. "Let me go," she cried, trying to wring herself loose.

"You are going to hell. You are lost if you do not—"

With one thrust Ben cleared her tormentor from her arm. For one moment the wordless young man looked into her eyes; then she staggered toward him. He faced the preacher.

"You keep your hands off her, or I'll smash your face," he said. In the tumult his words were lost, but the look on his face was enough. The exhorter fell away.

Their retreat was unnoted in the tumult. At the door they looked back for an instant at the demoniacal scene.

At the mourners' bench were six victims in all stages of induced catalepsy, one man with head flung back, one with his hands pointing, fixed in furious appeal. Another with bowed head was being worked upon by another brother of hypnotic spells. He struck with downward, positive gestures on either side of the victim's head.

Over another the negro towered, screaming with pander-like ferocity: "Git under de blood! Git under de blood!"

As she screamed she struck down at the mourner with her clinched fist. On her face was the grin of a wildcat.

Out under the cool, lofty oaks, the outcry was more inexpressibly hellish, because overhead the wind rustled the sweet green leaves, chickens were chirping and the scent of flowering fields of buckwheat was in the air.

Grace grew calmer, but she clung with strange weakness to her lover. She felt he had saved her from something, she did not know what, but it was something terrifying to look back upon.

Conrad was helpless. Ben bundled him into the carriall and took his place with Grace. The horse and carriage belonged to Grace's father, anyhow, but Ben did not stop to argue. He would have done the same had they belonged to Conrad himself.

On the long ride home, Grace lay within his right arm, and the young man's tongue was unchained. He talked, and his spirit grew tender and manly and husbandlike, as he told his plans and his hopes. Hell was very far away, and Heaven was very near. Maud's

## REGARDING BATHS

Health Authorities say That Air Baths are Beneficial to the Lungs.

TWO baths, says the newest health authorities, should be taken every morning.

For no less important than the tub bath for the body is the air bath for the lungs.

Perhaps you have never taken an air bath and mistakenly fancy it may be necessary to turn yourself inside out to accomplish it.

On the contrary, the directions are extremely simple.

You need no apparatus and it takes but a moment's time and very little effort.

Every night, the lungs become filled up with impure air and more or less poisonous gases. A person may go all day without ridding his lungs of these impurities. Therefore it is as important to bathe the lungs every day as the body.

Few people know how to bathe correctly. The lungs are not filled by merely expanding the upper portions of the chest and raising the shoulders. The entire front of the chest should be forced out as one inhales.

There are a number of exercises for expanding the chest which you can practice in your room as well as in a gymnasium. A doorway will serve as well as the most complicated gymnasium apparatus. A narrow doorway is preferred. Stand directly under the frame and place the hands flat on the door casing, the tips of the fingers coming at the height of the shoulders. Walk through the door without removing the hands until you are arm's length away. This draws back the shoulders and brings the important chest muscles into play. Try this for fifteen minutes every night and morning. It will help to wake you up when you raise and help you to get to sleep quickly when you go to bed.

Another plan is to expand the chest the same way before an open window. Stand about a foot back from the window frame on either side at the height of the shoulders. Without moving the feet, let the body swing forward as far as possible and return to a perpendicular position. Practice this about twenty times at night and morning at intervals of ten seconds.

Another exercise bath for the arms and lungs is to stand with the heels stretched out and take a deep breath. Then stretch one arm backward and upward, then the other, meanwhile moving the body backward, forward and to the sides while expelling the breath slowly.

A Practical Lesson in House Comfort

As the comfort and health of the household depend almost entirely on cleanliness, housekeepers should never be without some disinfectant about the house. Carbolic acid is an excellent disinfectant and should be used frequently, especially in hot weather. The preparation is simple: To two spoonfuls of carbolic acid.

The use of this solution a few times each week will keep the sink and waste-water pipes in sanitary condition.

One and one-half pounds of copperas added to every gallon of water makes a splendid and cheap solution to sprinkle around the cellar and premises—the barn, water closet, etc.

It is necessary to see that garbage is not thrown out on the ground to decay. All refuse should be burned or buried. If buried it will benefit the soil by supplying it with humus.

During hot weather flies are exceedingly troublesome. They bury their eggs on meats and cooked food if not properly covered. Buy all cereals in small quantities and carefully inspect before using. Receipts for milk, butter, bread, etc., should be frequently scalded and aired, and a little borax or baking soda will keep them clean and pure.

Of all defilements the most obstinate to get rid of is mildew and should be carefully watched for during the hot weather—prevention is better than cure. Never leave articles of clothing in wet or damp places over night. Equal parts of powdered borax and starch and half as much salt moistened with lemon juice is an excellent remedy for mildew. Apply the mixture to the spot and place the garment in the sun. Repeat daily until the stain is gone.

To exterminate roaches and water bugs take equal parts of borax and white sugar.

To drive away black ants sprinkle their haunts with fresh-ground cloves; for red ants borax and red pepper.

How to Take Care of Shoes

Shoes form an important part of every lady's attire, and the care of them, especially among the fashionable, is a matter of moment. As much consideration should be given the feet as any other part of the body; and every woman should know how to care for her shoes. It is necessary to clean and polish them when muddy and shabby, but varnish should be used sparingly, as it ruins the leather.

With patent-leather shoes a careful person will use a certain kind of cream. The shoe is then polished with a soft flannel rag, which gives it a pretty lustre, and it is much better than varnish.

A splendid dressing for kid and moroccoes plain jet-black ink, and is perfectly harmless; also the most durable. Apply the ink, let it dry, and then rub with a dry cloth to take off the superfluous ink. When this is done beat the white of an egg thin (not to a froth) and apply with the finger.

To clean shoes properly it is necessary to use "trees" made to fit them to prevent wrinkling of the leather. However, the shoe is wrinkled, the wrinkles can be removed by putting the shoe on a "tree" and dampen with a wet cloth or sponge and smoothing it out with a paper-cutter or sand block.

## THE FRENCH CRISIS

POPE LEO'S LETTER ON THE NEW LAW AGAINST THE ORDERS.

Whoever touches the Priesthood of the Religion, says His Holiness, touches the Apple of the Church's Eye—An Assault by the "City of the World" Upon the "City of God."

Following are the important portions of Pope Leo's letter to the superiors of the religious orders and institutes of France relating to the associations law recently passed by the French government:

The onslaught which in certain countries has been recently made against the orders and the institutes subject to your authority causes us the profoundest grief, and the holy church is bowed down in sorrow because of it, for it feels itself cut to the quick in its own inherent rights and seriously impeded in the fulfillment of its work, which for its proper exercise requires the concurrence of both clerical, secular and religious. In truth, who touches its priests touches the apple of its eye. For our part you know that we have endeavored by all the means in our power to prevent this unworthy persecution and have striven to avert from those countries the consequent disasters which will be as great as they are undesired; hence it is that on many occasions in the name of religion, of justice and of civilization we have pleaded your cause with all the power at our command, but we have hoped in vain that our remonstrance would be listened to, for, lo, a nation which was singularly fruitful in religious vocations, a nation on which we have always bestowed our greatest consideration, has by the authority of its government approved and promulgated these unjust and discriminating laws, against which a few months ago we had lifted our voice in the hope of preventing their being put upon the statutes.

"Remembering our sacred duties and following the example of our illustrious predecessors, we have put the seal of condemnation on these laws as being contrary to that natural and evangelical right which is confirmed by constant tradition—the right, namely, to form associations for the purpose of leading lives which are not only honest in themselves, but marked by exalted sanctity. We have condemned them because they are contrary to that unquestionable right which the church possesses of founding religious institutions, exclusively subject to its authority, to aid it in the accomplishment of its divine mission, especially when in this instance the exercise of that right has resulted in the greatest benefits in the religious and civil order and redounded to the advantage of that noble nation itself."

"No one is ignorant of the fact that the religious of both sexes form a chosen body in the city of God; that they represent particularly the spirit and the mortifications of Jesus Christ; that by the practice of the evangelical counsels they tend to carry Christian virtue to the summit of perfection, and that in a multitude of ways they powerfully second the action of the church. Hence it is not astonishing that today, as in other times, under other unjust forms, the city of the world rises against them, and chiefly those men who, by a sacrilegious compact, are most intimately united and most severely bound to him who is prince of this world."

"It is clear that they consider the dissolution and extinction of religious orders as a successful maneuver in the furthering of their deep laid designs of driving the Catholic nation into the ways of apostasy and alienation from Jesus Christ, and because of that we may say in all truth, 'Blessed are you because you are hated and persecuted.' It is only because you have chosen your kind of life out of love for Jesus Christ."

"All those who have at least the peace and prosperity of their country are aware that there are no more honorable citizens, no more useful men, no more devoted patriots than the members of religious congregations, and they tremble at the thought of losing, in losing you, so many precious advantages which depend upon your existence."

"Let it be considered with what zeal these religious apply themselves to the development of the children of the people, those germs of natural goodness which without them would perish and leave these little ones to grow up a danger to themselves and to others. These religious have, with the help of grace, cultivated patiently and assiduously these precious seeds, have preserved them from destruction and have succeeded in bringing them to maturity. Under their influence they have developed a splendid fruitage of intelligence, love for truth, honesty, a sense of duty, strength of character and of piety, purity in sacrifice. And what is there better calculated than all this to the order and prosperity of the state?"

The pope's letter concludes with an exhortation to bear up under the new conditions with courage and patience and with the assurance that should to whom it is directed have the sympathy of the Vatican and of Catholics the world over. "Since by the misfortune of the times," the letter runs, "you and yourselves either already or threatened by the fatal laws of this person you must recognize that these very circumstances impose upon you the duty of defending with more zeal than ever the integrity of your religious spirit against the contamination of the world and of holding yourselves ever ready and ever armed against all attacks."—New York Sun.

Our Sorrows

Sorrows unknown to all but God are most precious to him and are most binding us to the heart of Jesus, uniting us close to him and to his suffering.

## NEW CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRAM LINE

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River

From Broadway to Rock River