

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson by
Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

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Paul's Third Missionary Journey. Farewells. Acts 20:2-38.

Golden Text—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Phil. 4:13.

Verse 2—What effect does Paul's method of "exhortation" of the brethren have, when practiced in these days?

Verse 3—Do enemies in these days, either in the flesh or spirit, constantly lie in wait for the Christian?

Have our God formed plans, for the future, sometimes got to be changed to meet the tactics of the enemy?

Verses 4-6—It would look as if these leading evangelists of the new religion would be needed elsewhere than with Paul; say therefore, what advantage it was to them, or Paul, or the cause, that they were with him?

What help is it to a preacher, or a Christian worker, to listen for some days to a man like Paul?

Where were Philippi and Troas situated?

Verses 7-12—Does verse seven indicate that it was the practice of the early Christians to "break bread" together on the first day of each week?

What can you say against or in favor of the unmistakable demand which exists for short sermons, in view of this incident? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Why is it that church members will listen, unwearied, for two hours to a political speech, and get tired of even a good sermon if it lasts longer than thirty minutes?

Can you blame this young man Eutychus, for going to sleep under a sermon several hours long?

Verses 13-16—As a geographical exercise look up on the map the places mentioned in verses 13 to 16, and say where they are situated.

Verses 17-21—Paul here opens his heart, and gives his personal experience without any of the art of the orator; would it be more Christian, and more practical, if modern preachers would constantly give their experience in their sermons, thus furnishing concrete examples of the power of the Gospel?

Verse 22—Would it help us to know in detail, the things that are to happen to us in the future?

What is the meaning of "go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem?"

Must such inward convictions, as Paul had, always be heeded?

If we disobey these oughts of the soul, what will be the effect upon our spiritual life?

Verse 23—Is it usual, or common, for God to give to spiritual men a glimpse into the outlines of the future?

Verse 24—Has each Christian as distinct a mission as Paul had?

Which should we rather sacrifice, our life, or the accomplishment of our mission?

Should our last farewells, to our beloved friends, be sad or glad?

Verses 25-27—Is it improper boasting for a faithful man to say that he has done his whole duty?

Should every minister be able to say as Paul said in verse 27?

Verse 28—What is the proper "feed" for the church of God?

Verses 29-31—In view of the fact that "wolves" are always on our track, what should be our attitude?

What are our present dangers from within the church?

Verse 32—What is the only sure and certain protection for the Christian?

Verses 33-35—May any man "covet" riches, and be well pleasing to God?

What is, at once, the supreme duty and the greatest luxury of the Christian life?

Verses 36-38—What lessons may we learn from this touching parting scene?

Lesson for Sunday Sept. 12th, 1909. Close of Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Acts 21:1-17.

Same Old Jag.

"Ebenezer," called out Mrs. Jagway from the floor above, "have you been drinking again?"

"No, m' dear," answered Mr. Jagway in the hallway below. "Not again, still."—Chicago Tribune.

Reminded Him.

Walter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir? Restaurant Patron—I'm glad you spoke of it. My wife told me not to spend any money foolishly, and I was just going to give you a tip.—Chicago News.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

Dr. R. E. Duganne, dentist. Office over Independence National Bank, Independence.

THE MISSING NOTE.

By LESTER DILLON.

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There was a period in England when the crime of stealing or forging a banknote was punishable with death. At this time there lived in Devonshire Sir Bryan Trevelyn. His estate was large, and on it were many tenants. He had but one child, a daughter Gladys, who would inherit his property, and between her and Edgar Cornish, the son of a clergyman, had sprung up an ardent love. Sir Bryan opposed the match, having higher intentions for his daughter, but she was a girl of firm disposition and gave him reason to suppose that if he did not give his consent to the match she would make a trip with her lover to Gretna Green. Fearing this, he consented, and that his future son-in-law might learn to manage the estate Gladys would inherit he made him his secretary and accountant.

One rent day Sir Bryan and his secretary were receiving the rents. When the last tenant had gone the former, leaving a fifty pound banknote on his desk, left the room for a paper he needed. On his return the note was gone. He looked for it everywhere, assisted by his secretary, but it was not to be found.

Sir Bryan went to bed that night convinced that the man who was to be his son-in-law had stolen the note. Opposed to him before, he now became determined that a thief should not marry his daughter and inherit his property. However, the next morning he had a thorough search made of the room in which the note had disappeared. It was not found, and Sir Bryan, despite the pleadings of his wife and daughter, gave young Cornish over to the authorities, preferring against him a charge of theft.

The courts in those days were not the complicated affairs they are now. The accuser stood high in the county, and his word was a power. He told the magistrate his story. He and Cornish were in the room alone together. Sir Bryan went out for a few minutes, leaving the note on his desk. No one entered during his absence. On his return the note was missing. Since inanimate articles cannot remove themselves it must have been appropriated by the only living person present. It was not found on Cornish's person, but he was not searched till he was arrested. He had had ample time to dispose of it. There was no defense made, for there was nothing on which to base a defense. The crime was committed in midsummer, and since the courts were not given in those days to spending much time over the cases that came before them the trial was concluded and sentence passed before September Cornish was sentenced to be hanged on the first Friday in October.

Naturally every one connected with the condemned was wrapped in gloom. The lovers who had anticipations of a happy union now had before them a separation by death. Lady Trevelyn shut herself up with her daughter and would have no communication with her husband, blaming him for the horror he had brought upon his family.

It was now too late to recall what he had done. The law must take its course. Preparations were being made for the execution, and the people, as was the custom in those days, were flocking in for the spectacle.

A few days before the expected tragedy a cold rain and fog, the first of autumn, swept over England. The baron, who sought to distract his thoughts by occupying himself with his accounts, sent for a sweep to take the soot out of the chimney of his office preparatory to building a fire on the hearth. While the sweep was at work Sir Bryan entered the room, sat down at his desk and busied himself with his papers. So preoccupied was he, rather with his somber thoughts than his work, that he did not hear any sound within or without.

Suddenly he was recalled to his surroundings by a cough directly in front of him. Looking up, there stood a figure black as Erebus. It was the chimney sweep, whose extended hand held a small piece of paper so smudged with soot that its character could not be readily recognized. The baron mechanically took it and examined it. A sudden light came into his eye, a color into his cheek. It was the missing note. The sweep had found it in the chimney, where, carried by a draft of air when Sir Bryan had opened the door, it had remained ever since.

Like a cyclone of joy the baron swept through the house and stood beating on the door of the room where his wife and daughter had shut themselves in, crying: "The note! It is found! The boy is saved!" The door was flung open, and the old man rushed in brandishing the smudged note above his head. Then, when the situation was understood, Gladys fell in to her father's arms in a faint.

Leaving her with her mother, the baron rushed to the house of the magistrate and before leaving had secured an order for the release of Edgar Cornish. The news spread, and when

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the released prisoner left the jail he was attended by a crowd of citizens. He had not proceeded far when he was met by Gladys Trevelyn, and their meeting was greeted by the shouts of the people.

Sir Bryan Trevelyn spent the rest of his life trying to atone for his fault. Had it not been for the sweeping of a chimney he would have caused the execution of an innocent man and blighted his daughter's life. As to the sweep, he swept no more. He was given the note he had found and lived for the rest of his life on the estate, enjoying a pension.

Crafty Master Fox.

A fox was one day seen coming out of a pile of stones near the water-side. He hid in the heather for awhile and then pushed out something on the water, which proved to be a bunch of moss. The wind took it into the middle of the lake and blew it past some ducks sitting on the surface. Having watched his venture for perhaps ten minutes with apparent satisfaction and observed that it neared the ducks without arousing their suspicions, our friend began to collect another and larger bunch of moss, which he allowed to float in the same direction, but this time he swam behind it, taking care to show only his eyes and nose above water. Just as it was passing the group of ducks he made a sudden dive, pulled down a bird and swam back to shore under water. Arrived there, he carried the duck to the pile of heather, where his wife and daughter were so doubt waiting to enjoy the fruits of his labors.—"Forty-five Years of Sport."

An Early Riser.

Mrs. Hicks—You mean to tell me that you have a servant girl who gets up in the morning without being called? Mrs. Wickes—Yes. She's in love with the milkman.—Boston Transcript.

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THE EXPLANATION.

Magistrate (to clergyman, summoned for exceeding speed limit)—Well, you say you were only going at eighteen miles an hour, and the constable still declares you were traveling at thirty. Now, I don't like to doubt either of you. Can you think why he declares you were going at that rate? Is there any grudge he owes you?"

Clergyman—No, I can't think of anything—unless, perhaps, it is that I married him three years ago.—London Tit-Bits.

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