

**His Brother's Keeper;**

Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "In His Steps," "The Crown of Thorns," "The Story of the Seven Days," "The Book of the Week," "The Book of the Month," etc.

Continued from First Page.

army hall?" asked Aunt Royal, with a "my life," said Stuart, with a distinctness that ignored all this, but made one point very plain, "will be the undisciplined mistress of this house. She is the peer of any woman living in education, accomplishment and grace, and she is the superior of most of them in her spiritual refinement and self sacrifice."

"Are you going to bring her here?" asked Louise, with a curious look.

"Where else should I bring the woman I marry?" asked Stuart, turning to Louise.

"I didn't know but that Miss Dwight would prefer to live in a humber fashion after all her talks and prayers about giving up this and that and the other. But of course if she decides to enjoy the sinful luxuries of life after her roughing it in army halls you know what I shall do?"

Stuart did not answer. Aunt Royal watched him closely.

"I shall simply leave, that is all," continued Louise. "I don't live under the same roof with Rhena Dwight as dictator over me."

Stuart was about to say something, but Louise interrupted him. "I shall be able to care for myself. You needn't plan for anything different, for I have made up my mind. Aunt Royal will let me stay with her until I am married. I shall be glad to go to New York, anyway. I'm getting tired of the winter up here, with all this gloom and sacrifice and suffering so prominent. So don't put off the happy wedding day on my account, Stuart."

"Louise, I want to speak to you alone a few minutes. Aunt," continued Stuart, politely, but plainly, "will you kindly excuse me if I take Louise into the library?"

"Oh, by all means," replied Aunt Royal, who was outwardly cool and placid, but inwardly a firing line.

So Louise went with Stuart, although she said at first she would not go. She was under his dominion when he exerted his will.

"Louise," Stuart stood facing the contentment, and a look of pity and love crept over his own—"I cannot bear to think that we are going to have this misunderstanding and separate us. Cannot you and Miss Dwight be friends?"

"No. It is out of the question," replied Louise shortly. She was thinking of the lie she told Rhena, and she knew that, no matter if Rhena was ready to forgive it, now that she was going to be Stuart's wife, there was a gulf of difference between them, and, besides, she was out of sympathy with all of Stuart's present plans of life.

"Then if that is out of the question, Louise, there is another matter I must speak of again. I refer to your promise to marry Vasplaine. Be patient with me when I tell you, Louise, dear, that, out of the love I have for you, I would almost rather see you dead than married to that—"

"Is this what you called me in here for?" cried Louise furiously, raising her voice. "I will not listen to it. You are a coward to attack him so, behind his back."

"Louise," interrupted Stuart, who was deathly pale. "It is out of love for you that I speak. I forgive your misunderstanding of my motive," he added as he heard Aunt Royal nearing the door.

"If the time should ever come, dear, when you feel the need of my love, my heart and home will always be open to you."

How little as he spoke Stuart thought of the meaning of those words, even if he did look with some certainty into the future. Louise turned from him, and their interview ended. It was only one more part of the evidence, daily growing stronger in Stuart's mind, of the great difference between his old life and the new. He realized now, as he never had thought, the meaning of those words, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." The division line had been drawn the minute he chose to follow Jesus Christ, and the separation of necessity had gone on widening between him and the old life, still represented by Louise and his aunt. He did not blind himself in the least as to the cause. It was very plain. Eric could not be a Christian and walk hand in hand with them nor they with him. The two ways led in exactly opposite directions.

But all this was only a part of the testing of his manhood. He had a far more severe choice to make at the end of the week.

Matters were in this condition. The building of the new houses was going on with as much rapidity as circumstances would permit. A big storm had interrupted the workmen. The immense snows were a serious hindrance. Added to all the rest was the difficulty of getting workmen during the cold weather. The miners who had been burned out were quartered all over the town. The hotel had arranged for accommodation, Stuart providing all the expenses there. The Salvation Army did its share and more too. But the discomfort and crowding that even suffering were of such a nature that even the lavishly as Stuart was willing to use it, could not much more than provide a temporary and partial relief. He was down at the Salvation Army hall one afternoon at the close of the week trying to make some arrangements for better accommodations. Rhena was at work with some of the women at the other end of the hall when Eric came in hastily. He was followed in a few minutes by Andrew.

"News from De Mott is serious," said Eric. "The men down there are threatening to pull up the pumps again. They are at the end of their provisions and

starving."

"I can't feed the entire mining country, Eric!" said Stuart a little sharply. "I know it." Eric sat down on a bench and put his hand between his hands. At once Stuart repeated him of the sharp words.

"Forgive me, Eric. I spoke angrily. I will do all in my power."

"It isn't that," replied Eric in a muted voice. "The men have refused to listen to me any longer and say they mean to act on their own account. My authority is all over."

"None sense!" But Stuart saw that Eric spoke the truth.

"It's so," Eric spoke with bitterness. "No one is quite so ungrateful as a mob of workmen when it turns on its leaders. My day is over."

It was just at that moment that Andrew came in. "Have you heard the news?" he asked. "They say the De Mott men are going in a body to the Queen mine to pull up the pumps and then to the Royal and so on until they have ruined every mine on the range. They have given the companies two hours to give in."

Stuart was very thoughtful. "If they do so serious a thing as that, it will lead to an appalling loss of life. The troops at Hancock have been kept in readiness by the Cleveland owners, who have been anticipating some such move. It is folly for the men to think the owners will yield at this late day to their demands."

"It will be the death-blow to labor and the workingman's cause for all time if they do as they say," said Eric, with a groan, "and I am as helpless as a child. I— Eric completely broke down and actually cried. He felt that his reign was over."

Andrew looked gravely at Stuart. The short winter day was fast drawing to an end. Stuart still stood there, thoughtfully looking at the bowed form of Eric.

"There is one man who still has great influence over all the miners in Champion and De Mott," said Andrew gently.

Stuart started. Over at the other end of the hall he could see Rhena. She had just left her task and was coming toward him. Life was very sweet to him now. Why should he risk it in a possible-yes, probable—danger by going over to the scene of this new difficulty? Was he his brother's keeper?

"That one man is yourself," continued Andrew.

"You think I ought to go?" asked Stuart calmly.

"I cannot answer for you," Andrew made reply slowly.

"What are you talking about?" asked Rhena as she came up.

"Rhena," said Stuart, "it may be necessary for me to go to De Mott tonight. It looks now as if the strike had reached a crisis, and before morning something will probably occur to change the situation that has held all winter."

Louise looked steadily at the three men.

"You are keeping back something," she said at last.

"Yes!" exclaimed Eric, lifting his head. "The men at De Mott are going to pull up the Queen mine pumps. I've lost my influence over them. If Stuart goes over there to prevent the men, he will risk his life. I know the men when they are drunk and devils. They would kill any one, even Christ himself. If he went over there tonight, don't let him go, Miss Dwight. It's almost sure death. He will only lose his life and do no good by it."

Rhena did not say a word. Stuart looked over at Andrew as if half hoping he would second Eric's request. But Andrew was silent. Then he turned toward Rhena again. He had never loved her so much as at that moment.

"Rhena," he said in a low tone, "I feel as if I ought to go over to De Mott. I am sure Eric exaggerates the danger. If I am the only man with enough influence to prevent an outbreak, I am in duty bound to exert it."

"No; don't go!" cried Rhena, and then she stopped. She had taken one step toward Stuart. He was not looking at her, but seemed to be hesitating for something.

She spoke again. "I would not have you a coward to please me. If you must go—"

"I must," replied Stuart. "God bless and keep you." He leaned over and kissed her, and without another word to either Andrew or Eric he stepped to the door and threw it open.

"I'll send over to the hotel barn for a horse!" cried Andrew. Just at that moment Dr. Saxon drove up.

"He is just in time," said Stuart calmly, as if he had been expecting him.

He told the doctor in a few words that he must go to De Mott at once. The doctor understood.

"Get in, then! This means more gunshot wound practice for me maybe," he whispered to Rhena, who had come

other together and Andrew were praying together and went softly out of the hall and after looking around in the gathering dusk he finally started in to break camp and gradually descended to a car. He followed the track of the doctor's entry and was soon running with all his speed over the De Mott road.

CHAPTER XI  
AN ORATOR.

When Stuart and the doctor swept into De Mott after a fierce ride behind the foundling Ajax, they found almost the entire population gathered around the postoffice block, in which was a large hall, used during the winter mostly for traveling show companies.

It was packed tonight with the miners. The union was in session, and every man who could find a foothold inside was there. The rest were waiting patiently to hear a final decision. Not a man of them but believed the result had already been determined and that before morning every pump on the range would be pulled out and the companies would lose millions of dollars' worth of property in a few hours. It would be a grim revenge of labor over capital. It would strike at its most sensitive spot. It would be a real sacrifice for the great suffering and want of the winter. And many and many a hollow faced miner in the crowd around the hall was thinking of a little child lying dead under the snow in the great burial place on the slope of the range, and he grasped his stake tighter and cursed the rich in his palace of comfort that bitter night.

Stuart never felt more helpless. He looked at the faces around him, and his heart sank as he realized how great was the force of a mob bent on doing its own pleasure. He felt as if any influence he might possess in Champion was an empty breath in De Mott. Surely Andrew had been mistaken when he said Stuart could influence such men as these at such a time as this.

He was roused from all this by the doctor, who spoke short and sharp. "Now, then, let's make a break for the hall! We'll leave Ajax right here."

Stuart was astonished.

"They won't let us in the hall."

"We'll see about that," replied the doctor.

He drove Ajax up in front of one of the drug stores where he was in the habit of stopping when he came to De Mott, and getting out of the cutter, with Stuart following with much wonder, he began to force his way to the hall door. As Stuart went on he began to realize that there had been a mistake made by Andrew. If there was one man left who had real influence over the miners it was not Stuart Duncan, but Dr. Saxon.

It was almost comical to see the changes that swept over the miners' faces as the doctor shoved men this way and that, and began to get near the hall. At first they were and threatened to do irreparable damage for the rough treatment some one was giving them, but the minute they caught sight of the rugged, big, frowny face as he polli and ready to strike room as if he had been some high and mighty potentate and they his loyal subjects.

"Get out of the way there! Doctor, he be needed in the hall. Some one be hurt in there likely!" And a big Dane reeled out and caught a miner, who was standing in front of the doctor, by the collar and pulled him off his feet as if he had been a dummy in a clothing store.

In this way the doctor, Stuart struggling in his wake, fought and had fought for him a way up to the hall door. Thirty years' absolute devotion to the great needs of the miners in De Mott as well as in Champion had endeared the doctor to every stolid, obstinate, dull, heavy brained, but warm hearted man out of the 5,000, but even tonight he was privileged to go where he wanted and no questions asked.

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"News from De Mott is serious," said Eric. "The men down there are threatening to pull up the pumps again. They are at the end of their provisions and

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**CASTORIA**

**PACIFIC UNIVERSITY**

**FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 19.**