

But I can't—I couldn't—brother Seth, I wish her not to marry him." The Bishop stared blankly at him, his amazement freezing upon his lips, almost, the words he uttered.

"Not—want—her—to marry—Brother Brigham Young, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world!"

"But he wouldn't be so hard—taking her away from me—"

Something in the tones of this appeal seemed to touch even the heart of the Wild Ram of the Mountains, though it told of a suffering he could not understand.

"Brigham is very set in his ways," he said, after a little, with a curious soft kindness in his voice.—"In fact, a sadder man I never knew!"

He drove off, leaving the other staring at the letter now crumpled in his hand. He also said, in his subsequent narrative to the Entablature of Truth: "You know I've always took Brother Rae for just a natural born not, a shy little cuss that could be whiffed around by anything and everything, but when I drove off he had a plumb ornery fighting look in them deep-set eyes of his, and blame me if I didn't some way feel sorry for him,—he's that warped up, like an old water-soaked sycamore plank that gets laid out in the sun."

But this look of belligerence had quickly passed from the face of Joel Rae when the first heat of his resentment had cooled.

After that he merely suffered, torn by his reverence for Brigham, who represented on earth no less a power than the first person of the Trinity, and by the love for this child who held him to a past made beautiful by his love for her mother,—by a thousand youthful dreams and fancies and wayward hopes that he had kept fresh through all the years; torn between Brigham, whose word was as the word of God, and Prudence who was the

least the existence of Satan, though this has been alleged of him. In a sermon which he recently delivered on "The Overthrow of Satan's Empire," he makes his position on this point very clear, saying:

"We are aware that our Lord's words to Peter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' are made the basis for the denial that there is any personal devil or subordinate demons. Our reply is that although any man may become an adversary of God (a satan), the

Some Facts Concerning the Life Work of Rev. Charles T. Russell Who Has Been Misrepresented.

Allegheny, Pa.—One of the busiest men in the United States is Charles T. Russell, of Allegheny.

Some people call him Rev. Charles T. Russell, but he himself disclaims all titles, believing that as Jesus and the apostles disclaimed them so should he.

Russell is the leader of a religious movement which has its followers all over the world. He is not the originator of a sect, but simply claims membership in the original church institution of the scriptures, therein described simply as "the church, whose names are written in heaven."

It has no houses of worship of its own, and Pastor Russell's plan for reaching his numerous and widely-scattered followers with his discourses is a unique one.

He travels a great deal, preaching in opera houses in the large cities of the country, and through arrangements with various newspapers gladly printing the discourses because of the increased circulation which accrues to them through the subscriptions of Russell's many followers.

Thus he preaches each Sunday to a congregation of hundreds of thousands.

Russell has been considerably disturbed of late over false and misleading accounts of his teachings and his plans which have appeared in many newspapers.

Among other things, it was recently announced that he was endeavoring to get control of Dowie's Zion City and turn it into a home for his followers.

"Nothing could be more untrue," he declares. "I have no desire for Zion City, and there have been no negotiations whatever in the matter."

It has also been published that Russell is "the no-hell preacher"—because he teaches there is no place of future fiery torment.

Pastor Russell declares that he does not believe in hell as a place of eternal torment, but holds that the "sheel" of the Old Testament and the "hades" of the New Testament is the state of death—that mankind, because of original sin, is under a death sentence, which affects all mentally, morally and physically, and culminates in the tomb.

He holds that redemption was from the tomb, that Christ died for humanity's sins, and that as a result of this redemption all mankind is ultimately to be released from this state of death

On some brown bed of pine-needles, or on a friendly gray boulder close by the water-side, where she could give her eyes to its flow and foam, and her ears to its music,—music like the muffled tinkling of little silver bells in the distance,—she would let herself go out to her dream with the joyous, reckless abandon of falling water.

It was commonly a dream of a youth in doublet and hose, a plumed cap, and a cloak of purple satin, who came in the moonlight to the balcony of his love, and sighed his passion in tones so moving that she thought an angel must have yielded—as did the girl in the balcony who had let down the scarf to him. She already knew how that girl's heart must have fluttered at the moment,—how she must have felt that the hands were mad, wicked, uncontrollable hands, no longer her own.

There was one place in the dream that she managed not without some ingenuity. It had to be made plain that the lover under the window did not come from a long, six-doored house, with a wife behind each door; that this girl, pale in the moonlight, with quickening heart and rebellious hands on the scarf, and arms that should open to him, was to be not only his first wife but his last; that he was never even to consider so much as the possibility of another, but was to cleave unto her, and to love her with a single heart for all the days of her life and his own.

There were various ways of bringing this circumstance forward. Usually she had Brigham march on at the head of his great family and counsel the youth to take more wives, in order that he should be exalted in the Kingdom. Whereupon the young man would fold his love in his arms and speak words of scorn, in the same thrilling manner that he spoke his other words, for any exaltation which they two could not share alone. Brigham, at the head of his wives, would then sink off, much abashed.

She had come naturally to see her own face as the face of this happily loved girl in the dream. She knew no face for the youth. There was none in Amaloth; not Jarom Tanner, six feet three, who became a helpless grinning child in her presence; nor Moroni Peterson, who became a solemn and ghastly imbecile; nor Ammaron Wright, son of the Bishop, who had opened the dance of the Young People's Auxiliary with prayer, and later tried to kiss her in a dark corner of the room. So the face of the other person in her dream remained of an unknown heavenly beauty.

There was a young lady came a-tripping along,
And at each side a servant-O,
And in each hand a glass of wine
To drink with the gypsy Davy-O.

"And will you fancy me, my dear,
And will you be my Honey-O?
I swear by the sword that hangs by my side
You shall never want for money-O.

"Oh, yes, I will fancy you, kind sir,
And I will be your Honey-O,
If you swear by the sword that hangs by your side
I shall never want for money-O."

The singer seemed to be making his way slowly. Far up the trail, she had one fleeting glimpse of a man on a horse, and then he was hid again in the twilight of the pines. But the music came nearer:—

"Then she put on her high-heeled shoes,
All made of Spanish leather-O,
And she put on her bonnie, bonnie brown,
And they rode off together-O.

"Soon after that, her lord came home
Inquiring for his lady-O,
When some of the servants made this reply,
She's a-gone with the Gypsy-O.

"Then saddle me my milk-white steed,
For the black is not so speedy-O,
And I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day
Till I overtake my lady-O."

She stood transfixed, something within her responding to the hidden singer, as she had once heard a closed piano sound to a voice that sang near it. Soon she could get broken glimpses of him as he wound down the trail, now turning around the end of a fallen tree, then passing behind a giant spruce, now leaning far back while the horse felt a way cautiously down some sharp little declivity. The impression was confused,—a glint of red, of blue, of the brown of the horse, a figure swaying loosely to the horse's movements, and then he was out of sight again around the big rock that had once fallen from high up on the side of the canyon; but now, when he came from behind that, he would be squarely in front of her. This recalled and alarmed her. She began to pick a way over the boulders and across the trail that lay between her and the edge of the pines, hearing another verse of the song almost at her ear:—

"He rode all night and he rode all day,
Till he came to the far deep water—
Then he stopped and a tear came a-trickling down his cheek,
For there he saw his lady-O."

Before she could reach a shelter in the pines, while she was poised for the last step that would take her out of the trail, he was out from behind the rock, before her, almost upon her, reining his horse back upon its haunches,—then in another instant lifting off his broad-brimmed hat to her in a gracious sweep. It was the first time she had seen this simple office performed outside of the theater.

CHARLES T. RUSSELL.
(Pennsylvania Pastor Who Has World-Wide Church.)

scriptures everywhere speak of the prime mover in evil as 'the devil, 'the' satan. He is the great murderer. He murdered our first parents by deceiving them, and thus induced them to be disobedient to their Creator."

It was recently stated in several newspapers that in a divorce trial, which resulted in the legal separation of Pastor Russell and his wife, about a year ago, he had said, "his love was like that of a jellyfish, in that it went out to any spirit which responded."

This statement distressed Russell considerably, inasmuch as the truth was that the remark in question was attributed to Russell by a witness during the trial, and was emphatically denied on the stand by him.

It has been said of Russell that "money pours into his office coffers like water," and that his sect is immensely wealthy. This is not the case.

"We have sufficient," he says, "and we never take up collections, but we have no enormous wealth. We care only for enough to enable us to spread our gospel to humanity wherever it is needed."



One morning, a few weeks after he had reached home from the north, he received a call from Seth Wright.

"Here's a letter Brother Brigham wanted me to be sure and give you," said this good man. "He said he didn't know you was allowing to start back so soon, or he'd have seen you in person."

He took the letter and glanced at the superscription, written in Brigham's rather untorned but plain and very decided-looking hand.

"So you've been north, Brother Seth? What do you think of Israel there?"

The views of the Wild Ram of the Mountains partook in certain ways of his own discouragement.

"Zion has run to seed, Brother Rae; the rank weeds of Babylon is a-goin' to choke it out, root and branch! We ain't got no chance to live a pure and Godly life any longer, with railroads coming in, and Gentiles with their fancy contraptions. It weakens the spirit, and it plays the very hob with

the women. Soon as they git up there now, and see them new styles from St. Looney or Chicago, they git downright daft. No more homespun for 'em, no more valley tan, no more parched corn for coffee, nor beet molasses nor unbolted flour. Oh, I know what I'm talkin' about. That reminds me, you had Prudence up to Conference, and I guess you don't know what that letter's about."

"Why, no; do you?"

"Well, Brother Brigham only by a word or two drop, but plain enough; he don't have to use many. He was a little mite afraid some one'd own here would cut in ahead of him."

Joel Rae had torn open the big blue envelope in a sudden fear, and now he read in Brigham's well-known script:

living flower of her dead mother and all his dead hopes.

Presently he saw Prudence coming across the fields in the late afternoon from the road that led to the canyon. He watched her jealously until she drew near, then called her to him. In a few words he told her very gravely the honor that was to be done her.

When she fully understood, he noted that her mind seemed to attain an unusual clearness, her speech a new conciseness; that she was displaying a force of will he had never before suspected.

Her reply, in effect, was that she would not marry Brigham Young if all the angels in heaven came to entreat her; that the thought was not a pretty one; and that the matter might be considered settled at that very moment. "It's too silly to talk about," she concluded.

Almost fearfully he looked at her, yielding a little to her spirit of rebellion, yet trying not to yield; trying not to rejoice in the amused flash of her dark eyes and the decision of her tones. But then, as she looked, and as she still faced him, radiant in her confidence, he felt himself going with her—plunging into the tempting wave of apostasy.

Dear Bro. Joel:

"I was anxious to see more of your daughter, and would of kept her here at my house if you had not hurried off. I will let you see her to me when I come to Pine Valle next, late this summer or after Oct. conference. If anything happens and I am to stay will have you bring her here. Tell her of this and what it will mean to her in the Lord's Kingdom and do not let her company with gentiles or with any of the young brethren around there that might put notions into her head. Try to due right and never fail in well doing, keep the faith of the gospel and I pray the Lord to bless you."

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

The shrewd old face of the Bishop had wrinkled into a smile of quiet observation as the other read the letter. In relating the incident to the Entablature of Truth, subsequently, he said of Joel Rae at the moment he looked up from this letter: "He'll never be whiter when he's dead! I see in a minute that the old man had him on the bark."

"You know what's in this, Brother Seth—you know that Brigham wants Prudence?" Joel Rae had asked, look-

A New Face in the Dream.

Prudence had to be alone to dream her dreams of a love that should be always single. Brigham's letter, far from disturbing these, had brought them a zest hitherto lacking. Neither the sacrifice of refusing him, nor his worldly unwisdom, nor its possible harm to the little bent man of sorrows, had as yet become apparent to her. Each day, when such duties as were hers in the house had been performed, she walked out to be alone,—always



He Lifted His Broad Brimmed Hat to Her in a Gracious Sweep.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Lion of the Lord Sends an Order.

They reached home in very different states of mind. The girl was eager for the solitude of her favorite nook in the canyon, where she could dream in peace of the wonderland she had glimpsed; but the little bent man was stirred by dread and chilled with forebodings. To him, as well as to the girl, the change in the first city of Zion had been a thing to wonder at. But what had thrilled her with amazed delight brought pain to him. Zion was no longer held inviolate.

And now the truth was much clearer to him. Not only had the Lord deferred His coming, but He had set His

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Armor for Hounds of Old.

zled their heads over it. No one knew what it was for, as the armored dog has never been a familiar sight to latter day collectors.

The real use of the golden armor was learned by an expert that happened to recall to mind a picture of one of the famous Spanish rulers painted with his finest greyhound clad in handsomely wrought gold armor standing by his side. The expert's brother collectors, who had suggested surgical appliances and all sorts of queer things as a solution of the puzzle, were somewhat chagrined when they learned its true use. At present this odd armor is on exhibition in the royal collection at Madrid.

Chess Note.

Reid—I see Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess-Players' Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 149,518,299,169,544,000,000,000,000.

Greene—That's a surprise to me. I've never tried more than 123,517,289-444,961,000 of them.—Yonkers Statesman.

At the Sausage Counter.

"Concerning your meals, did you hope for the best?"

"Certainly; that is why I got the wurst."—Baltimore American.

YERKES QUILTS FEDERAL POST.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Takes Up Law Practice.

Washington.—John W. Yerkes, commissioner of internal revenue, has tendered his resignation to the president, who has accepted it with expressions of regret. Mr. Yerkes resigns to enter the practice of law in this city, having associated himself with one of its most prominent legal firms. Secretary Cortelyou was loath to lose Commissioner Yerkes' services in the treasury department, but the strong inducements made led to his resignation.

Mr. Yerkes became commissioner of internal revenue December 20, 1900, and has been in office over six years. His conduct of his office has always been highly satisfactory to the administration. Mr. Yerkes for many years has been prominent in Republican politics of Kentucky and was at one time the nominee of his party for governor of that state. He has for years been recognized by the president as the head of his party, and his recommendations as to patronage have been followed. Efforts were recently made to have Mr. Yerkes accept the Republican nomination this year, but he declined, knowing of his intentions as to practicing law in this city.

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Favorite Canines in Olden Days Wore Coats of Mail.

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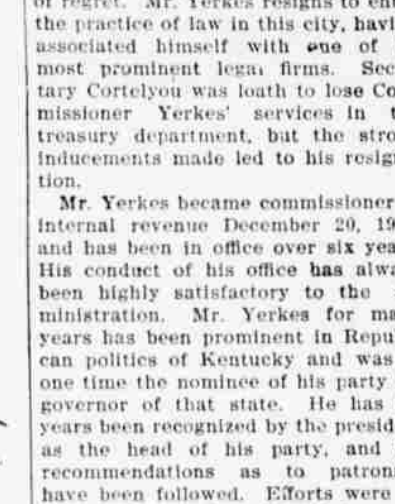


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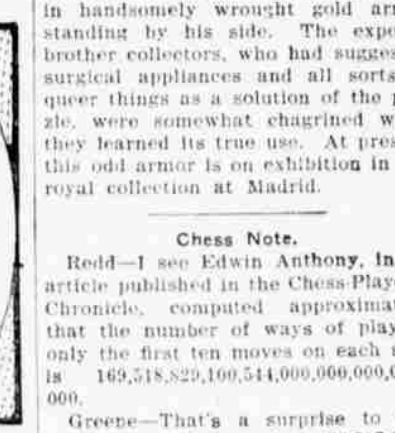
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