DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

bers today-the money, the the gain of acquisition-and perhaps with a somewhat unte pernais with a somewhat un-ergy of denunciation, yet with t erying out for wisdom with ow he struck, "Would Christ Would He say it?" And his Would He say IC? And his keenly suffering spirit heard er, "eYs, I believe He would." that answer he did not go in hat answer he did hot go in so rapidly drawing to their s close. He bowed the soul his Master and said, "Thy

following this Sunday was busiest Philip had known. proach of warmer weather, sickness came on. sarly and late on errands of or souls all about his The people knew him now m. He comforted his spirhat knowledge as he prayed

worked. was going through one of the nar-surts one night on his way home, his head bent down and his is on some scene of suffering, he was suddenly confronted by g man who stepped quickly out shadowed corner, threw one of Dhillos need, and placed bit out Philip's neck and placed his his mouth and atto throw him over backward. o throw him over was no very late, and there was no ght. Philip said to himself, he attack of which I was sight the attack He was taken altogether by but, being active and self posthe sharply threw himself for-epelling his assailant's attack, receded in pulling the man's ay from his mouth. His first away from his mouch. His hist of instinct was to cry out for his next was to keep still. He enly felt the other giving way, trength seemed to be leaving him. eatling up some of his knowl-wrestling gained while in colw his entire weight upon him, his surprise, the man offered no nece. They both fell heavily upground, the man underneath. not spoken, and no one had yet d. As the man lay there motionrose and stood over him. dim light that partly illumicourt from a street lamp he saw that his assailant d. There was a pump not Fhilip went over and and

He sat up and looked about in a Philip stood near ooking at him thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XIX.

is the man looked up at Philip in a dates and uncertain manner Philip

some water. After a few mo-

man recovered conscious-

ou're not hurt badly, I hope. Why ou attack me? man seemed too bewildered to Philio leaned over and put arm about him to help him rise.

struggled to his feet and almost

is sut down on the curb at the

road, holding his head beeen his hands. For a moment Philesitated. Then he sat down beside and, after finding out that he was eriously hurt, succeeded in drawhim into a conversation which more and more remarkable as it As he thought back upon it card Philip was unable to acint exactly for the way in which the e between him and his assailhad been brought about. The inciand all that flowed out of it had wha hearing on the crucifixion that belongs to the whole story. "Then you say," went on Philip after had been talking briefly in ques-Contract lands

disgust. "I may be pretty bad, but I've not got so low as that.' "Then your only motive was hun-BUC?

"That was all. Enough, ain't it?" "We can't discuss the matter here," said Philip. He hesitated, rose and stood there looking at the man, who sat now with his head resting on his arms, which were folded across his knees. Two or three persons came out of a street near by and walked past. Philip knew them and said good evening. They thought he was helping some 3runsen man, a thing ne had often done, and they went along without stopping. Again the street was deserted "What will you do now? Where will

you go? God knows. I am an outcast on His earth!

"Have you no home?" "Home! Yes; the gutter, the street, the bottom of the river." "My brother!" Philip laid his hand on the man's shoulder. "Come home with me, have something to eat, and stay with me for a while.' It was all said so calmly, so lovingly,

so honestly, that the man softened un-der it. A tear rolled over his cheek. He brushed his hand over his eyes, had been a long time since any one had called him "brother." "Come!" Philip reached out his hand and helped him to rise. The man stag-

gered and might have fallen if Philip had not supported him. "I am faint and dizzy," he said. "Courage, man! My home is not far ". We shall soon be there." His

off. companion was silent. As they came up to the door Philip said, "I haven't asked your name, but it might save a little awkwardness if I knew it." "William —." Philip did not hear

the last name, it was spoken in such a low voice. Mrs. Strong at once set food upon

the table, and then she and Philip with true delicacy busied themselves in another room so as not to watch the hungry man while he ate. When he had satisfied his hunger, Philip showed him the little room where the "Brother Man" had stayed one night. "You may make it your own as long as you will," Philip said. "You may

look upon it as simply a part of what has been given us to be used for the Father's children." The man seemed dazed by the re-sult of his encounter with the preach-

er. He murmured something about thanks. He was evidently very much worn, and the excitement of the evening had given place to an appearance of dejection that alarmed Philip. After a few words he went out and left the man, who said that he felt very drow-

sy. "I believe he is going to have a fe-ver or something." Mr. Strong said to his wife as he joined her in the other room. He related his meeting with the man, making very light of the attack and indeed excusing it on the ground of his desperate condition.

His fear was realized. The next morning he found his lodger in the clutch of fever. Before night he was delirious. The doctor came and pro-nounced him dangerously ill. And Philip, with the burden of his work weighing heavier on him every mo-ment, took up this additional load and prayed the Lord to give him strength to carry it and save another soul.

reward and call on the saints to bless you all the same. As everywhere else in Portugal, the omnipresent lottery-It was at the time of this event in Mr. Strong's life that another occurred which had its special bearing upon the crisis of all his life.

The church was dear to his thought, loved by him with a love that only very few of the members understood. In spite of his apparent failure to rouse them to a conception of their duty as he saw it, he was confident that the Spirit of God would accomplish the miracle which he could not do. Then there were those in Calvary church who sympathized heartily with him and were ready to follow his leadership.

knows but some twirl of Fortune's finger will place the grand prize in the hand of the man who is hungry today? "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" therefore everybody invests, So he began to plan for a series of services different from anything Milton had ever known. His life in the tenement district and his growing knowledge of the labor world had convinced him of the fact that the church was missing its opportunity in not grappling with the problem as it existed in Milton. It seemed to him that the first step to a successful solution of that problem was for the church and the workingman to get together upon some common platform for a better understanding. He accordingly planned for a series of Sun-day night services, in which his one great purpose was to unite the church and the labor unions in a scheme of mutual helpfulness. His plan was refresh very simple. He invited into the meet-ing one or two thoughtful leaders of the mill men and asked them to state in the plainest terms the exact condition of affairs in the labor world from their standpoint. Then he, for the church, took up their statements, their complaints or the reasons for their differences with capital and answered them from the Christian standpoint-what would Christ advise under the circumstances? He had different subjects presented on different evenings. One night it was reasons why the mill men were not in the church. Another night it was the demand of men for better houses and how to get them. Another night it was the subject of strikes and the attitude of Christ on wages and the relative value of the wage carners' product and the capitalists' intelligence. At each meeting he allowed one or two of the invited leaders to take the platform and say very plainly what to his mind was the cause and what the remedy for the poverty and crime and suffering of the world. Then he closed the evening's



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Whence Columbus Sailed to the Discovery of

real estate I ever owned! In cloud-pictures against the sunset sky, its shining towers arose complete, Special Correspondence. Cadiz, Spain, Dec. 23, 1899 .- We are not "doing the Spanish tour" in the "With battlements high in the hush of straight and narrow way of the ortho-

America.

spice of life."

out to sea, hugging the coast all the

way down the peninsula, in full view

of the dark Sierra de Caldeirao, but

stopping nowhere till after the sharp

corner of Cabo do Sao Vicente was

rounded; thence due east, along the

province of Alganve, calling at many

small ports to take on wine, fish, oil,

olives and other articles of Portuguese

and Spanish trade. From Lagos, near

the Cape, to the Guadiana river-which

forms the boundary line between Spain

and Portugal, a narrow-gauge railway

follows the shore, connecting the coast

villages like the beads on a rosary. We

religiously went ashore at each port of

call, although there is little in them to

tempt the traveler. All present the

same general features; a sandy beach, fronted with warehouses, lighters and

fishing-craft; one or two straggling streets, lined with white-washed, tile-

roofed casas; greedy customs officiale,

WASP-WAISTED

military attaches, brave in buff, blue

and green; comfortable-looking padres,

half-naked urchins with wonderfully brilliant eyes; brawny fisher-women, in blue kirtles and huge felt hats, with bare feet and legs, and enormous gol-

den hoops in their ears; contented beg-

gars, lounging in the sun, who put on a piteous expression, while whining their

appeals, "por amor de Sanctissima Vir-gin," but take rebuff as cheerfully as

ticket vendor is abroad in the land, no

has not scores of them, male and fe-

male, selling halves, quarters, even eighths of tickets, and finding ready purchasers. Indeed, the poorer the peo-

ple, the more anxious they seem to buy:

or is not the time-honored saying true.

Tomorrow the wheel goes round?"

namlet being so poverty-stricken that it

shovel-shaped chapeaux, and

and under-sized.

under

the air, And the turrets thereon," dox guide book, but according to the vagrant fancies of our own sweet will appropriately draped in crimson and as to routes and details. On the pringold, the royal colors of Spain.

moving panorama of fleecy clouds, one ciple that one does not travel far to could distinctly trace the gallant figure find familiar things, we ignored the of Don Quixote de la Pancha, followed by his faithful squire, riding, their donkeys full tilt against misty wind-mills; the mighty Caliph Abdurrehman, rearing Moslem temples for the malicomfortable, but common-place steamers of England and Germany, and took passage at Lisbon on a little Portuguese coaster, whose jabbering of strange clad Cid to destroy; and all the other delights and wonders that belong to tongues, unguessable menu and piraticeverybody's imaginary possessions al looking crew-each swarthy villain Spain with a knife stuck in his belt, a la There was just time, before daylight

opera bouffe-promised plenty of "the dropped its curtain on the scene,, to get a fieldglass view of Palos, the ancient port of southwestern Spain, Thus we salled down the Tugus and

Columbus sailed four hundred years ago on his first voyage to America. plain little stone church of St. George ooking as fresh in the distance as if only yesterday the contractor had handed over his finished work-still guards the entrance to the town, as when the

In the

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whenc

GREAT ADMIRAL READ

from its pulpit the royal edict-that the citizens of Palos should furnish his crews for the uncertain voyage in search of another world. Fancy the terror and distress in the little town, at such an unexpected levy upon its scanty population! There, too, is the convent chapel of Santa Clara, where Columbus and his sailors fulfilled their vows, after the return from that momentous first voyage. You remember that a dreadful storm arose, during which they prom-ised the Blensed Virgin that if saved by her interposition, they would spend the whole of their first night ashore in prayer and praise before her nearest al-tar. History says that Columbus at least performed his yow to the letter, kneeling all night long on the cold stones before her image in Santa Clara, Two or three miles beyond, clear and distinct on its breezy hill top, stands the old, old convent of La Rabida, whose counterfeit figured at our World's Fair in Chicago, a few years ago. Today passing vessels farely touch at Palor, because the aged town offers few in-ducements to modern trade or travel; but you may easily reach it from Cadiz, either on donkeyback, after the fashion of the country, or in a carriage. Aside from its historic associations, it con-tains absolutely nothing of interestonly one long straggling street, and a few scattered houses climbing up the hillside. I doubt if half a dozen of its five or six hundred inhabitants ever heard of Columbus or what he discovered; and the visitor to Palos brings away with him, besides an extra burden of dust and fleas, a sad impression of prevailing ignorance, poverty and sloth. Speaking of antiquity-the discovery of America, only four little centuries ago, is but as a minute past compared with the traditions of Cadiz! Founded Hercules, eleven centuries before by Hercules, eleven centuries before Christ was born, it is not only one of the



UNION PAOIFIC

S PICTORIAL

you climb down into a felucca-a quee craft, with an immense, triangular sail and tub-like hull, equipped with a rudder at both stem and stern. The waves are always white-capped in Cadiz bay, ruffled by winds that sweep the inlet as through a funnel; and the sail to shore is anything but unal-loyed delight, with a stiff breeze tipping the felucca to the gunwale. Past the frowning walls of San Sebastian, Santa Catalina, San Fernando, Matagorda and several other mediaeval forts you go, under rusty guns that seem to threaten the hated American with instant destruction. The instant your feet touch the shore of Spain you realize that you are under not the friendly military supervision; and presently find yourself in the clutches of the greediest customs-officials in the





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Thad a wife. She's dead-of consump-tion."

and answers for a few minutessay that you meant to rob me, ing me for another man?"

I thought you was the mill What is his name? Winter?" Why did you want to rob him ?" e man looked up and said hoarsealmost savagely, "Because he has ey, and I was hungry." How long have you been hungry?"

have not had anything to eat for ost three days." here is food to be had at the poor dissioners.' Did you know that

man did not answer, and Philip

ad him again. The reply came in one of blitte; emphasis that made, (a) I knew it! I would starve be-

I would go to the poor commissteal" asked Philip gently.

les or steal. Wouldn't you?" hillp stared out into the darkness

he court and answered honestly, m't know.

re was a short pause. Then he

in'i you get work?"

twas a hopeless question to put to man in a town of over 2,000 idle a. The answer was what he knew hould be

Work! Can I pick up a bushel of in the street out there? Can a set work when there ain't any?" "hat have you been doing?" I was fremin at the Lake mills. I job; lost when they closed down

what have you been doing since?" Anything I could get." Are you a married man?"

e question affected the other agely. He trembled all over, put head between his knees, and out of eart's anguish flowed the words: had a wife, ad a wife. She's dead-of con-intion. I had a little girl. She's d too. Thank God!" exclaimed the a too. Thank God!" exclaimed the a, with a change from a sob to a be. "Thank God! And curse on lich men who had it in their power urevent the hell on earth for other sole, and which they will feel for enseives in the other world!" Philip did not say anything for some

Pailip did not say anything for some What could any man say to ansher at once under such circum-

What will you do with money if I the you some?" "I don't want your money," replied

I thought you did a little while ago."

Thought you did a little while ago." It was the mill owner's money I a miled. You're the preacher, ain't may up at Calvary church?" "Yes. How did you know?" "Tes seen you; heard you preach me. I never thought I should come to this-holding up a preacher down ten;" And the man laughed a hard, short laugh.

Then your're not"- Philip hardly insw how to say it. He wanted to say that the man was not connected in any way with the with the saloon element. "You're

discussion by a calm, clear statement of what was to him the direct applica-tion of Jesus' teaching to the point at issue.

(To be Continued.)

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Had Scarlet Fever.

Sait Lake City, Utah, Jan 24, 1900. The little son of Mrs. John Nelson, 563 W. 1st South Street, this city, had scarlet fever which left him with catarrh of the stomach. It was decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and when he had taken two bottles he was cured. Mrs. Nelson says she has taken the medicine for indirection and conmedicine for indigestion and constipation and knows it to be just as represented.

Children who are troubled with Worms are pale in the face, fretful by worms are pate in the face, fretful by spells, restless in sleep, have blue rings around their eyes, bad dreams, varia-ble appetites, and pick the nose. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will kill and expel these parisites. Price 25 cents. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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And with the saloon element. "You're driven to this desperate course on your tause I have been threatened by the Fouwere one of their men." "Xo, gir," was the answer, almost in

from the padre under his shovel hat,

Who

to the cheerful beggar lolling in the sun. So beautifully hospitable are the Portuguese people-particularly those who occupy that golden mean of station be-tween the proud but impoverished nobility and the illiterate peasantry-that the stranger who is loltering away an hour or two, while his steamer dis-charges or takes on cargo, is sure of being invited into somebody's home to rest under the shade of the corridor and himself with draught of wine or orangeade. He will and be treated with all the courtesy accord-ed to an expected guest; and when he since departs, there will be cordial handshakes and fervent commendings to the care of the saints. King Carlo's too-contented subjects

may be shiftless and unprogressive, but there is very much to be said in their favor. Perhaps their's is the truest philosophy-no kicking against the pricks of environment, but accepting with tranquil happiness whatever the gods bestow. Rest is in sea and sky and earth and air-the hoary rest of centuries, with peace and modest plen-ty. At their back doors are mountains and valleys green the whole year through, unfalling in rich yield of fruit and grain; in front of them the sea, teeming with food, free for the taking. Scarcely comprehending how greater wealth might be desirable, they wonder why any human being should worry and strive; and as for him, or her, who hurries-Sacre Jesu! there must be something radically wrong about so

unreasonable a person. To be sure, an American farmer, with his modern methods, would easily ac-complish in half a day more than a gang of Portuguese farmhands can do in a week; but the former misses alto-gether the charming pictures queness of pastoral life. During the last thousand years Portugal has made not a single improvement in any implement or utensil. Ground is still scratched with plows of the first prattern made by man hitched tandem, in traces of braided straw. A dozen men, women and chil-dren consider themselves indispensable to the tilling of each short furrow-cling-ing to the ing to the

FLOW-HANDLES.

riding upon the beam, goading the oxen, amid tremendous shouting and excite-ment; and when a few feet of soil have ment; and when a rew reet of soil have been thus turned over, all sit down in the shadow of the flowery hedge, to en-joy a well-earned slesta. Why should they hurry, when summer never ends, and seed-time and harvest come alike at the will of the planter?

All American cereals grow with remarkable luxuriance in southern Portugal. They are cut with the short curved gal. They are cut with the short curved sickle, followed by the gleaners, as in the days of Ruth in the field of Boaz. Corn is pulled, (not cut); the leaves preserved for fodder, the stalks munched by goats and donkeys, and the cobs, after shelling, used for fuel. Every form has its cleaner threshow Every farm has its eira, or threshing floor-a circular heap of punmiced stone, rain-soaked and beaten hard as granite. Upon this the wheat and barley are piled, and over them blind-folded cows and oxen are driven to and fro, until the treading has released the kernels. In the entire peninsula there is no other method of threshing grain, The straw is then lifted off the eira with woodon forks, and a rag hoisted on a stick to find the direction of the wind. This ascertained, the women and

girls range themselves along the windward side of the eira and toss the grain into the air, until the chaff is blown away Another Portuguese Institution that

may have been borrowed from Moses time, is the mora, or water-wheel. You see it everywhere along the country roadsides, with blind-folded oxen roadsides, with blind-folded oxen marching round and round, raising the water, which is sent through stone troughs to fill the fountains and feed the irrigating ditches.

the irrigating ditches. Late in the afternoon we crossed the rubicon of the Guadiana and left old Portugal behind. So it happened that in the glory of a Spanish sunset, I caucht the first glimpse of the longed-for-land of my chateau en Espagne, cher-ished since childhood—the only bit of

OLDEST CITIES IN EUROPE.

but fully half as old as this weary world itself, according to the Hebrew tradition! What its early name may have been under the Phoenicians and Carthagenians, is not now known. The Romans, who captured it three and a half centuries before the foundation of Rome was laid, called it "Gaddis," and made it for a time the most wealthy and important city of the world. Af-terwards the Goths and Moors had their turn at it, each a few hundred years; and it has been Spanish only since 1262. Nor has it belonged to Spain ever since, for Drake, the English buccaneer, took forcible possession in 1587, followed by Lord Essex and a horde of Britons, who twisted its time-honored name into something like "Kales." The French held it a few years in the early part of the present century; and heaven knows who its next master may be, when Spain gets a little more out of pocket and credit.

With these historic points in mind, one's first view of Cadiz, "The Silver City," is an immense surprise. You are prepared for a sad, gray, tumble-down place-but not for the bright and beautiful reality. Seen from a ship's deck in the early morning-its towers and battlements, churches and tall stone houses glistening like spotless marble in the sun-it looks as if builded yesterday. Here pen and ink are powerles to describe it. De Amicis came near the truth when he said "One could not do better than to write the word 'white,' with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin, 'Impressions of Cadiz.' " It is a study in blue and white-its regular



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