DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

GEN. WHEELER'S

CONGRESS VACANT.

As announced in our

news dispatch last week

General Joe Wheeler will

not occupy his seat in

Congress. Instead he will

continue to fight and win

fresh laurels in the

Philippines,

SEAT IN

w piedge that morning with the oth-

a never knew that I have et I remembe stance. That saloon propstance. That satisfy prop-en the temptation of the It is the best paying in-present that I have, and any a minute before you Insta been the was only a minute before you here that I was in an agony of is think how I was letting a thiy gain tempt me into adenial Christ I had promised to now well enough that He est There is no head, near toctor, u to say a word more." Clayton at his hand and Dr. Bruce grasped shock it hard. After a little he ook it hard. After a little he g, but it was a long time af-hat he learned all the truth struggie that Clayton had was only a part of the his-elonged to Nazareth Avenue that memorable movement that memorable morning Spirit sanctioned the Holy Not even the bishop pdge. moving as they now did sence itself of divine imthe Spirit was brooding with s, waiting for the disto the call of sacrifice and hing hearts long dull and s business men and money easy in their absorption by strat struggle for more wealth the city's history the church The bishop and Dr ady seen some wonderful brief life at the settle-They were to see far greater onishing revelation of

wer than they had sup-in this age of the world. month the saloon next the was closed. The saloon keephad expired, and Clayton not the property to the whisky affered the use of the building shop and Dr. Bruce for the setwork, which had now grown so at the building was not suffithe different industries that One of the most importese was the pure food departsuggested by Felicia. It was not is after Clayton turned the saloon minhafter Clayton turned the saloon metty over to the settlement that held found herself installed in the error where souls had been lost as ad a department not only of cook-at but of a course of housekeeping for its who wished to go out to service. We was now a resident of the settle-set and found a home with Mrs. we and the other young women from we dry who were residents. Martha, w rolinist, remained at the place where the bishop had first discovered certain evenings to give lessons

vikia, tell us your plan in full us" said the bishop one evening the in a rare interval of rest from sure of work, he, with Dr the great pr s and Felicia, had come in from

well, I have long thought of the well, I have long thought of the lost problem," said Felicia, with and fin problem," said Felicia, with mis as she looked at the enthusiastic, and beauty of this young girl, transsdinto a new creature by the the ife "and I have reached certain informations in regard to it that you same not yet able to fathom, but In Bruce here will understand me." "* acknowledge our infancy, Fe-ba Go on," said the bishop humbly. Then this is what I propose to do: all saloon building is large enough a grange into a suit of rooms that in represent an ordinary house. My is to have it so arranged and then th housekeeping and cooking to girls the will afterward go out to service. Recorse will be six months long. In at time I will teach plain cooking, es, quickness and a love of good

"Bid on Fellcia!" the bishop inter-med. "This is not an age of miraa 'but I want to try it. I know

his cross with joy, but he burned and fought within over the shifting of personal love by the many upon the hearts of the few. And still, sllently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the church upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease loving members, who shunned the terrors of the social problems as they would shun a contagious disease.

This fact was impressed upon the bishop and the settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the bishop that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would

The breakfast hour at the settlement was the one hour in the day when the whole resident family found a little breathing space to fellowship together. It was an hour of relaxation. There was a great deal of good natured re-partee and much real wit and enjoyable fun at this hour. The bishop told his best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the almosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the bishop often said that the faculty of humor often said that the faculty of humor was as God given, as any other, and in his own case it was the only safety valve he had for the tremendous pressure put upon him. This particular morning the bishop

was reading extracts from the morning paper for the benefit of the others. Suddenly he paused, and his face instantly grew stern and sad. The rest looked

of coal from a car. His family was freezing, and he had had no work for six months. His six children and a wife all packed into a cabin with three rooms on the west side. One child wrap-

where the family lived.

He finished, and there was silence around the table. The humor of the hour was swept out of existence by this bit of human tragedy. The great city roared about the settlement. The awful current of human life was flowing in a great stream past the settlement house, and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vast throng, but thousands were going down in the midst of that current, clutching at last hopes, dying literally in a land of plenty, because the boon of physical toil was denied them

There were various comments on the food or fuel.'

determined to help himself. known such cases this winter."

had not had any work for six months." "Why don't such people go out into the country?" asked the divinity stu-

up, and a hush fell over the table. "Shot and killed while taking a lump

ped in rags in a closet." These were headlines that the bishop

read slowly. He then went on and read the detailed account of the shooting and the visit of the reporter to the tenement

part of the residents. One of the new-comers, a young man preparing for the ministry, said: "Why didn't the man apply to one of the charity organiza-tions for help or to the city? It certain-ly is not true that, even at its worst, this city full of Christian meenie would this city full of Christian people would knowingly allow any one to go without

I don't believe that it would," replied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know the history of that man's case. He may have asked for help so often before that finally, in a moment of desperation, he I have

"That is not the terrible fact in this case," said the bishop. "The awful thing about it is the fact that the man

Some one at the table who had made a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the ques-tion. According to the investigator, the places that were possible for work in the country were exceedingly few for steady employment, and in almost every case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill, How could he move or get into the country? How could he pay even the meager sum nec. essary to move his few goods? There the visitor into the reception room. They closed the door and were alone. Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic family of great wealth and social distinction. He was exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr. Bruce's church all his life. This man faced the bishop and his

former pastor with a look of agitation on his countenance that showed plainly the mark of some unusual experier He was very pale, and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Pen-rose ever before yielded to such a strange emotion of feeling? "This affair of the shooting-you un-

derstand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary cause of my visit." He stam-mered and looked anxiously into the faces of the other two men. The bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the horrors in his tene-ments, possibly have prevented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed some of his personal ease and luxury to better the condition of the people in his district.

Penrose turned to Dr. Bruce. "Doctor," he exclaimed, and there was almost a child's terror in his voice, 'I came to say that I have had an ex-perience so unusual that nothing but the supernatural can explain it. emember I was one of those who took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. I thought at the time, poor fool that I thought at the time, poor fool that I was, that I had all along been doing the Christian thing. I gave liberally out of my abundance to the church and charity. I never gave myself to cost me any suffering. I have been liv-ing in a perfect hell of contradictions ever since I took the pledge. My little girl Diana, you remember also took girl, Diana, you remember, also took the pledge with me. She has been asking me a great many questions lately about the poor people and where they lived. I was obliged to answer her. Two of her questions last night touched my sore. Did I own any houses where those people lived? Were they nice and warm like ours? You have here here warm like ours? You know how child will ask questions like these.



Into that room came a breath such as before swept over Henry Maxwell's church and through Nazareth Avenue, and the bishop laid his hand on the shoulder of Penrose and said: "My brother, God has been very near to you. Let us thank him." "Yes, yes," sobbed Penrose. He sat

down on a chair and covered his face. The bishop prayed, Then Penrose qui ly said, "Will you go with me to that house For answer both Dr. Bruce and the

bishop put on their overcoats and went out with him to the home of the dead man's family. This was the beginning of a new and strange life for Clarence Penrose. From the moment he stepped Penrose. From the moment he stepped into that wretched hovel of a home and faced for the first time in hip life a de-spair and suffering such as he had read of, but did not know by personal con-tact, he dated a new life. It would be another long story to tell how, in obedi-ence to his pledge, he began to do with his tonement property as he knew Jasus his tenement property as he knew Jesus would do. What would Jesus do with tenement property if he owned it in Chicago or any other great city of the world? Any man who can imagine any true answer to this question can easily tell what Clarence Penrose began to do Now, before that winter reached its bitter climax many things occurred in the city that concerned the lives of all the characters in this history of the disciples who promised to walk in his steps

It chanced, by one of those remarkable coincidences that seem to occur preternaturally, that one afternoon, just as Fellcia came out of the settlement with a basket which she was going to leave as a sample with a baker in the Penrose district. Stephen Clyde opened the door of the carpenter shop in the basement and came out of the lower time to meet Felicia as she reached the sidewalk.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

he said. "Why do you say 'please?" " asked Felicia, handing over the basket. "I would like to say something else," repiled Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her. went to bed tormented with what I now know to be the divine arrows of conscience, I could not sleep. I seemed to see the judgment day. I was placed before the judge, I was asked to give account of my deeds done in the body. How many sinful souls had I visited in prison? What had I done with now were a thousand reasons probably why What had I done with my and especially since she stepped into the in prison shop that day with the bishop, and for weeks now they had been in many ways stewardship? How about those tenements where people froze in winter and ments where people froze in winter and stifled in summer? Did I give any thought to them, except to receive the rentals from them? Where did my suf-fering come in? Would Jesus have done as I had done and was doing? Had I broken my pledge? How had I used the money and the culture and the social influence I possessed? Had I used them to bless humanity, to re-lieve the suffering, to hims low to the thrown into each other's company. "What else?" asked Felicia innocently, falling into the trap. "Why," said Stephen, turning his "Why," said Stephen, turning his fair, noble face full toward her and eyeing her with the look of one who would have the 'best of all things in the universe, "I would like to say, "Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia." Felicia never looked so beautiful in her life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face toward him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen lieve the suffering, to bring joy to the distressed and hope to the desponding? I had received much. How much had I given? him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender, "Why don't you say it then?" "May 1?" cried Stephen, and he was so careless for a minute of the way he held the basket that Felicia exclaimed: "Yes! But, oh, don't drop my goodies!" "Why, I wouldn't drop anything so precious for all the world, 'dear Fe-licia." said Stephen, who now walked "All this came to me in a waking vision as distinctly as I see you two men and myself now. I was unable to see the end of the vision. I had a con-fused picture in my mind of the suffer-ing Christ pointing a condemning finger at me, and the rest was shut out by mist and darkness. I have not had sleep for 24 hours. The first thing I saw this morning was the account of the shoot-ing at the coalyards. I read the account with a feeling of horror I have not been able to shake off. I am a guilty crea-ture before God." licia," said Stephen, who now walked on air for several blocks, and what else Penrose paused suddenly. The two was said during that walk is private correspondence that we have no right



CURREN

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY No. 1-From Provo. Grand June-

CHICAGO

Great

8 55 p m



THE

LINE

DAILWAYSONLY



Women Well.

on a false scent.

give medical advice :

advice of an unqualified man.

to read, only it is a matter of history that day that the basket never reached its destination and that over in the other direction late in the afternoon the bishop, walking along quietly in a rather secluded spot near the outlying part of the setulement district, heard a familiar voice say, "But tell me, Fe-licia, when did you begin to love me?" "I fell in love with a little pine shav-ing just above your ear that day I saw you in the shop," said the other voice, with a laugh so clear, so pure, so sweet, that it did one good to hear it that it did one good to hear it. The next moment the bishop turned the corner and came upon them. "Where are you going with that basket?" he tried to say sternly. "We're taking it to-where are we taking it, Feilcia?" "Dear bishop, we are taking it home to basin"-

to begin"--"To begin housekeeping with," fin-

ished Stephen, coming to the rescue, "Are you?" said the bishop. "I h "I hope you will invite me in to share. I know

what Felicia's cooking is." "Bishop, dear bishop," said Felicia, and she did not pretend to hide her happiness, "Indeed you shall always be "Yes, I am," replied the bishop, in-terpreting Felicia's words as she wished. Then he paused a moment and said gently. "God bless you both!" and went his way, with a tear in his eye and a prayer in his heart, and left them to their too.

to their joy. Yes; shall not the same divine power of love that belongs to earth be lived and sung by the disciples of the man of sorrows and the burden bearer of sins? Yea, verily! And this man and woman shall walk hand in hand through this No. 3-From Provo, Grand Juno-tion and the East. No. 5-From Provo, Heber, Bing-nam, Eureka, Bolknap, Manti and intermediate

Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick

a sore of girls already who will take the course, and if we can once establish sebing like an esprit de corps among the great value to them. I know al-advised the pure food is working a seation in many families."

Telicia, if you can accomplish half Peleta, if you can accomplish half d'hat you propose to do, it will bless as whole community," said Mrs. Faz. "I don't see how you can do it, hti say 'God bless you!" as you try." To say we al!!" cried Dr. Bruce and a bishop, and Felicia plunged into the ming out of her plan with the en-mass of her discipliship, which evday grew more and more practical

I must be said here that Felicia's an successed beyond all expectations. Matching wonderful powers of persize and taught her girls with astoning applity to do all sorts of house-inh in time the graduates of Felicia's wing school came to be prized by descepts all over the city. But that Audipating our story. The history the effective to be prized by settlement has never yet been n. When it is, Felicia's part will

found of very great importance. The depth of winter found Chicago meeting as every great city of the std presents, to the eyes of Christenthat marked contrast between as and poverty, between culture, ement, luxury, ease and ignorance, avity, destitution and the bitter tagic for bread. It was a hard win-a bit a gay winter. Never had there as balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, ies never had the opera and the Artics never had the opera and the base been so crowded with fashion-de sudiences; never had there been bets lavish display of jewels and fine base and equipages, and, on the oth-thand, never had the deep want and during been so cruel, so sharp, so waterous; never had the winds blown we duling over the take and through thing over the lake and through ather the pressure for food and fuel and bits been so urgently thrust up what the people of the city in their for the people of the city form. thood of the settlement; never

stimportunate and ghastly form. Init after night the bishop and Dr. with their helpers, went out and and to save men and women and add to save men and women and adden from the torture of physical funton. Vast quantities of food and doning and large sums of money were tasted by the churches, the charitable makes the civic authorities and the Revolent generations but the reasons lent associations, but the personuch of the Christian disciple was That to secure for personal work. ag the Master's command to go itis the suffering and give itself with sits in order to make the gift of is in time to come? The bishop and his heart sink within him as he as this fact more than any other. It would give money who would not be a figure themselves, and the may they gave did not represent any as acrifice because they did not miss i bey gave what was the easiest to be what hurt them the least. Where the shat but them the least. Where discarding come in? Was this fol-ming Jeau? Was this going with anal the way? He had been to many embry of his come of his control arise. ers of his own wealthy and aris

source of his own wealthy and aris-ente contregation and was appalled and how few men.and women of that anious class in the churches would ally suffer any genuine inconvenience is the sake of suffering humanity. That is a suffering humanity. That is the giving of wornout gar-mean organization in the church? as the man never go and give his is himself: Shall the woman never to theself her reception or her party in himself: Shall the woman never berself her reception or her party be musical and go and actually as the foil, sinful sore of diseased musical shall charity be conveniently if easily done through some organiza-tions to that love shall work dis-bused that how shall work dis-bused they by proxy? If his the bishop asked as he will bitter winter. He was bearing

s particular man did not go else where

where. "Meanwhile there are the wife and children." said Mrs. Bruce. "How aw-ful! Where is the place, did you say?" The bishop took up the paper. "Why, it's only three blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I be-lieve Penrose himself owns half of the barase is that block. They are around

houses in that block. They are among the worst houses in this part of the city, and Penrose is a church member." "Yes: he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue church," replied Dr. Bruce in a low voice

The bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in the way of denunciation when the bell rang and one of the

residents went to the door. "Tell Dr. Bruce and the bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the name -Clarence Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows

The family at the breakfast table The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The bishop ex-changed a significant look with Dr. I Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall. "Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the bishop ushered

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY PREPARING HIS MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

HUI

The attention of our readers is directed to the artistic qualities of the above half-tone illustration due to Leslie's Improved stereotype half-tone process controlled exclusively in this city by this newspaper.

Here is a most important prolograph showing the President in the act of giving Secretary Porter the final notes of his message to Congress. The message, it is understood, will be of unusual interest, dealing as it will with our new possessions and other matters of equal importance.

great desert of human wee in this city, strengthening each other, growing more loveing with the experience of the world's sorrow, walking in the steps even closer yet because of this love, bringing added blessings to thousands oringing added blessings to thousands of wretched creatures because they are to have a home of their own to share with the homeless. "For this cause," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife," and Felicia and Stephen, following the Master, love Him with deeper true service and denotes with deeper, truer service and devotion because of the earthly affection which heaven itself sanctions with its solemn blessing.

Now, it was a little after the love story of the settlement became a part of its glory that Henry Maxwell of Ray. mond came to Chicago with Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page and Rollin and Alexander Powers and President Marsh, and the occasion was a remarkable gathering at the hall of the settle, ment, arranged by the bishop and Dr. Bruce, who had finally persuaded Mr. Maxwell and his fellow disciples of Raymond to come on to be present at

this meeting. The bishop invited into the settlement hall meeting for that night men out of work, wretched creatures who had lost faith in God and man, anar-chists and infidels, freethinkers and no thinkers. The representatives of all the city's worst, most hopeless, most dan-gerous, depraved element faced Henry Maxwell and the other disciples when the meeting began, and still the Holy Spirit moved over the great, heaving selfish, pelasure loving, sin stained city and it hay in God's hand, not knowing all that awaited it. Every man and woman at the meeting that night had seen the settlement motto over the door, blazing through the transparency set up by the divinity student. "What Would Jesus Do?"

And Henry Maxwell, as for the first time he stepped under the doorway, was touched with a deeper emotion than he had felt in a long time as he thought of the first time that question had come to him in the pitcous appear of the shabby young man who had appeared in the First church of Raymond at the maximum service. morning service. Was his great desire for Christian fel-

the movement begun in Raymond actu-ally spread over the country? He had come to Chicago with his friends partly to see if the answer to that question would be found in the heart of the group to see if the answer to that question would be found in the heart of the great city life. In a few minutes he would face the people. He had grown very strong and caim since he first spoke with trembling to that company of workingmen in the railroad shops, but now, as then, he breathed a deeper prayer for help. Then he went in, and with the bishop and the rest of the dis-ciples he experienced one of the great and important events of the earthly life. Somehow he felt as if this meeting would indicate something of an answer would indicate something of an answer to his constant query, "What would Jesus do?" and fonight as he looked into the faces of men and women who had for years been strangers and ene-mies to the church his heart cried out, "O my Master, teach thy church how to follow thy steps better!" Is that prayer of Henry Maxwell's to be anprayer of Henry Maxwell's to be an-swered? Will the church in the city re-spond to the call to follow Him? Will it choose to walk in the steps of pain and suffering? And still over all the city broods the Spirit. Grieve Him not, O city, for He was never more ready to revolutionize this world than now!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As a cure for rhumatism Chamber-lain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reoutation. D. B. Johnston, of Rich-mond, Ind., has been troubled with that aliment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me."

Rock Island Route Best Dining Car Service. BUFFET LIBRARY SMOKER. ELEGANT EQUIPMENT.



JOE WAS ENTHUSIASTIC.

"J. D. Blunt arrived Saturday evening from a nine-months sojourn in Michigan and will spend the summer in Florence. Joe came in over the Burling ton road and is enthusiastic in his commendation of that road's fine equip-ment, and especially their 'one-night run between Chicago and Denver.' "--Florence (Coio.) Refiner.

If you have ever seen, if you have ever traveled on the Chicago Special, the Burlington's "one-night-ontheroad" train between Denver, Chicago and St. Louis, you will understand the cause of Mr. Blunt's enthusiasm.

Take this train any day in the week -It leaves Denver at 2:50 p. m., and next morning you are in Omaha, St. Joseph, or Kansas City; in St. Louis or Chicago next evening.

Tickets at offices of connecting lines. Ticket Office, 214 S. W. Temple Street, W. F. McMILLAN, General Agent, Salt Lake City. R. F. NESLEN, Trav. Pass & Freight

Agent.



Direct Route

to Chicago

Dolores, Mancos, La Plata and Durango.

Opening up the most magnificent scenery in the Rocky Mountains, and passing through the famous gold and silver fields of San Mig-uel and Dolores Countles and the Montozuma and Shenandoah Valleys, the great agricul-tural region of the Dolores River.

This line trings the tourist within easy ride of the wonderful homes of the Oliff Dweilers.

In connection with the Denver and Rio Grande it forms the unsurpassed ALL RAIL "AROUND THE CHICLE TRIP"

E. T. JEFFERY, President.



THE EYE SIGHT Is nature's most precious gift. Its loss means living death. Great care should al-ways be taken to preserve it. Carefal con-scientions optical service is our specialty. Thats the kind you want. Thats the kind we give. We keep only the best standard goods. Clear accurately ground lenses, war-ranted te give satisfaction when we fit them. EXAMINATIONS FREE OF CHARGE

We are exclusive opticians. Our entire time is devoted to the correction of defects of vision with suitable lenses, properly adjusted frames etc. We will give you skill and ex-perience unexcelled at a great saving in time and money.

ai 3d

UTAH OPTICAL CO., Under Walker Bros. Bank, Salt Lake City