

But I can't—I can'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 Releator, 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 soft in his ways," he said, after a little, with a curious soft kindness in his voice,—"in fact, softer 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 jest 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 gits 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

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 unformed 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



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

the women. Soon as they git up there now, and see them new styles from St. Looey or Chicago, they git down-right dast. 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 let a word or two drop, but plain enough; he don't have to use many. He was a little mite afraid some one down 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:

"Dear Broth. Joel:
I was anxious to see more of your daughter, and would have kept her here at my house if you had not hurried off. I will let you seal her to me when I come to Pine Valley 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 do right and never faint in well doing, keep the faith of the gospel and I pray the Lord to bless you."
—BRAHIM 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 wiser 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-

ing 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 he looked, and as she still faced him, radiant in her confidence, he felt himself going with her—plunging into the tempting wave of apostasy.

"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.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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 his 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 "sheol" 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.

"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 re-
ply,
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:—

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