THE LION OF THE LORD

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SPENDERS"

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"They moved down to Jackson county, Missouri, too," concluded his informant, thus adding to the flame. They had gone to set up their home in the very Zion that the Gentiles with so much bloodshed had wrested from the Saints.

Even when the first anger cooled and he could face the thing calmly in all its deeper aspects, he was still very bitter. While he had stanchly kept himself for her, cherishing with a single heart all the old memories of her dearness, she had been a wife these seven years,—the wife, moreover, of a mob-leader whose minions had put them out of their home, and then wantonly tossed his father like a dead branch into the waters. She had loved this uniformed murderer—his little Prue—perhaps borne him children, while he, Joel Rae, had been all too scrupulously true to her memory, fighting against even the pleased look at a woman; fighting—only the One above could know with what desperate valor—against the warm-hearted girl with the gray eyes and the red lips, who laughed in her knowledge that she drew him—fighting her away for a sentimental figment, until she had married another.

Now, when he might have let him self turn to her, his heart freed of the image of that yellow-haired girl so long cherished, this other was the wife of Elder Pixley—the fifth wife—and an unloving wife as he knew.

She had sought him before the marriage, and there had been some wholly frank and simple talk between them. It had ended by his advising her to marry Elder Pixley so that she might be saved into the Kingdom, and by her replying, with the old reckless laugh, a little dry and strained, and with the wonderful gray eyes full upon him, "Oh, I'll marry him! Small difference to me what man of them I marry at all,—now!"

And while he, by a mighty effort, had held down his arms and let her turn away, the woman for whose memory he did it was the wife of an enemy, caring nothing for his fidelity, sure to feel not more than amused pity for him should she ever know of it. Surely, it had been a brave struggle—for nothing.

But again the saving thought came that he was being tried for a purpose, for some great work. And now it seemed that the time of it must be near. As to what it was there could be little question; it must be to free his people forever from Gentile aggression or interference. Everything pointed to that. He was to be entrusted with great powers, and be made a Lion of the Lord to lead them to their rightful glory.

CHAPTER XIII.

How the Saints Were Brought to Repentance.

He put his torch to the tinder of irreligion at the first Sunday meeting after his return. There were no premonitions, no warnings, no signs.

A few of the Elders had preceded him to rejoice at the escape of the last hand-cart party from death in the mountains; and Brigham, after giving the newcomers some practical hints about their shelter during the winter now upon them, had invited Elder Rae to address the congregation.

He arose and came uncertainly forward, apparently weak, able hardly to stand without leaning upon the desk in front of him; his face waxen and drawn, hollowed at the cheeks and temples, his long hands thin to transparency. Life was betrayed in him only by the eyes. These burned darkly, far back under his brows, and flashed fiercely, as his glance darted swiftly from side to side.

At first he spoke weakly and slowly, his opening words almost inaudible, so that the throng of people before him leaned forward in sympathetic intentness, and silence became absolute in the great hall except for the high quavering of his tones. But then came a miracle of reinvigoration. Little by little his voice swelled until it was full, sonorous, richly warm and compelling, the words pouring from him with a fluency that enchained. Little by little his leaning, drooping posture of weakness became one of towering strength, the head flung back, the gestures free and potent. Little by little his burning eyes seemed to send their flash and glow through all his body, so that he became a creature of life and fire.

They heard each word now, but still they leaned forward as when he spoke at first, inaudibly—caught thrilled and breathless in his spell, even to the Elders, Priests, and Apostles sitting near him. Nor was his manner alone impressive. His words were new. He was calling them sinners and covenant-breakers, guilty of pride, covetousness, contention, lying, stealing, moral uncleanness—and brunching upon them the curse of Israel's God unless they should repent.

Such was the opening gun in what became known as the "reformation." The conditions had been ripe for it, and in that very moment a fever of repentance spread through the 2,000 people who had covered under his words. Alike with the people below, the leaders about him had been fired with his spirit, and when he sat down each of them arose in turn and echoed his words, denouncing the people for their sins and exhorting them to repentance.

After another hour of this excitement, priests and people became alike demoralized, and the meeting broke up in a confusion of terror.

As the doors of the tabernacle flew open, and the Saints rushed out of that stifling atmosphere of denunciation, a cry came to the lips of the dozen that first escaped:

"To the river—the waters of baptism!"

The words were being taken up by others until the cry had run back through the crowd to the leaders, still talking in excited groups about the pulpit. These comprehended when they heard it, and straightway a fine of conscience-stricken Saints was headed toward the river:

There in the icy Jordan, on that chill December afternoon, when the snows lay thick on the ground, the leaders stood and buried the sinful ones anew in the cleansing waters. From the sinners themselves came cries of self-accusation; from the crowd on the banks came the strains of hymns to fortify them for the icy ordeal and the public confession.

There in the freezing current stood Joel Rae until long after the December sun had gone below the Oquirrh hills, performing his office of baptism, and reviving hope in those his words had smitten with fear.

His strength already depleted by the long march with the hand-cart party and by the exhausting strain of the day, he was early chilled by the water into which he plunged the repentant sinners. For the last hour that he stood in the stream, his whole body was numb; he had ceased to feel life in his feet, and his arms worked with a mechanical stiffness like the arms of some automaton over which his mind had control.

He Put Out His Arms and Drew Her to Him.

Not until night fell did the hymns cease and the crowd dwindle away. The air grew colder, and he began to feel pain again, the water cutting against his legs like a blade. Little groups were now hurrying off in the darkness, and the last Saint he had baptized was standing for the moment, chill and dripping, on the bank.

Seeing there was no one else to come, he staggered out of the stream where he had stood for three hours, finding his feet curiously clumsy and uncontrollable. Below him in the stream another Elder still waited to baptize a man and woman; but those who had been above him in the river were gone, and his own work was done.

He had been hearing footsteps behind him, creaking rapidly over the packed snow-path. He might have to ask for help to reach his home. Even as the steps came close, he felt himself swaying. He leaned over on the fence, but to his amazement that swayed, too, and threw him back. Then he felt himself falling toward the street; but the creaking steps ceased, now by his side, and he felt under him something soft but firm—something that did not sway as the fence had unaccountably done. With his balance thus regained, he discovered the thing that held him to be a woman's arm. A woman's face looked close into his, and then she spoke.

"You are so cold. I knew you would be. And I waited—I wanted to do for you—let me!"

At once there came back to him the vision of a white-faced woman in the crowd along the river bank, staring at him out of deep, gray eyes under heavy, black brows.

"Mara—Mara!"

"Yes, yes—you are so cold!"

"But you must not stand so close—see, I am wet—you will be chilled!"

"But you are already chilled; your clothes are freezing on you; and you were falling just now. Can you walk?"

"Yes—yes—my house is yonder."

"I know; it's far; it's beyond the square. You must come with me."

"But your house is still farther!"

She had started him now, with a firm grasp of his arm, walking beside him in the deep snow, and trying to keep him in the narrow path.

"No—I am staying here with Hubert Pitmon's two babies, while the mother has gone to Provo where Hubert lies sick. See—the light there. Come with me—here's the gate—you shall be warmed."

Slowly and with many stumblings, leaning upon her strong arm, he made his way to the cabin door. She pushed it open before him and he felt the great warm breath of the room rush out upon him. Then he was inside, swaying again uncertainly upon his feet. In the hovering light that came from the fireplace he saw the bed in the far corner where the two small children were sleeping, saw Mara with her back to the door, facing him breathlessly, saw the heavy shadows all about; but he was conscious of hardly more than the vast, heavenly warmth that rolled out from the fire and enfolded him and made him drunk.

Again he would have fallen, but she steadied him down on to a wide couch covered with buffalo robes, beside the big fireplace; and here he fell at once into a stupor. She drew out the couch so that it caught more of the heat, pulled off the water-soaked boots and the stiffened coat, wrapped him in a blanket which she warmed before the fire, and covered him still again with one of the buffalo robes.

She went then to bring food and to make a hot drink, which she strengthened with brandy poured from a little silver flask.

Presently she aroused him to drink the hot liquor, and then, after another blank of stupor, she aroused him again to eat. He could take but little of the food, but called for more of the drink, and felt the soul of it thrill along his frozen nerves until they awoke, snargened, alert, and eager. He lay so, with closed eyes a little time, floating in an ecstasy that seemed to be half stupor and half of keenest sensibility. Then he opened his eyes. She was kneeling by the couch on which he lay. He felt her soft, quick breathing, and noted the unnatural shining of her eyes and lips where the firelight fell upon them. All at once he threw out his arms and drew her to him with such a shuddering rush of power that she cried aloud in quick alarm—but the cry was smothered under his kisses.

For ages the transport seemed to endure, the little world of his senses whirling madly through an illimitable space of sensuous light, his lips melting upon hers, his neck bending in the circle of pulsing warmth that her soft arms wove about it, his own arms crushing to his breast with frenzied fervor the whole yielding splendor of her womanhood. A moment so, then he fell back upon the couch, all his body quivering under the ecstasy from her parted lips, his triumphant senses rioting insolently through the gray, cold garden of his vows.

And then, as he lay so, there started with electric quickness, from some sudden coldness of recollection, the image of Prue. Sharp and vivid it shone from this chill of truth like a glittering star from the clean winter sky outside. Prue was before him with the tender blue of her eyes and the fleecy gold of her hair and her joy of a child—her little figure shrugging and nestling in his arms in happy faith—calling as she had called to him that morning—"Joel—Joel—Joel!"

He shivered in this flood of cold, relentless light, yet unflinchingly did he keep his face turned full upon the truth it revealed.

He sat up on the couch, looking about the little room curiously, as one recovering consciousness in strange surroundings. Then he began slowly to pull on the wet boots that she had placed near the fire.

When he stood up, put on his coat, and reached for his hat, she came to him, hesitating, timid.

"You are so cold! If you would only stay here—I am afraid you will be sick."

He answered very gently:

"It is better to go. I am strong again, now."

"I would—I would not be near you—and I am afraid for you to go out again in the cold."

He smiled a little. "Nothing can hurt me now—I am strong."

He opened the door, breathing his fill of the icy air that rushed in. He stepped outside, then turned to her. She stood in the doorway, the light from the room melting the darkness about them.

They looked long at each other. Then in a sudden impulse of gratitude, of generous feeling toward her, he put out his arm and drew her to him. She was cold, impassive. He bent her face and kissed her closed, unresponding lips. As he drew away, her hand caught his wrist for a second.

"I'm glad!" she said.

He tried to answer, but could only say, "Good night, Mara!"

Then he turned, drew the wide collar of his coat well up, and went down the narrow path through the snow. She stood, framed in the light of the doorway, leaning out to look after him until he was lost in the darkness.

As she stepped back and closed the door, a man, who had halted by a tree in front of the next house when the door first opened, walked on again.

It had been a great day, but, for one cause or another, it came near to being one of the last days of the man who had made it great.

Late the next afternoon, Joel Rae was found in his cabin by a messenger from Brigham. He had presumably lain there unattended since the night before, and now he was delirious and sick unto death; raving of the sins of the Saints, and of his great work of reformation. So tenderly sympathetic was his mind, said those who came to care for him, that in his delirious ramblings he ranked himself among the lowest of sinners in Zion, imploring them to take him out and bury him in the waters of baptism so that he might again be worthy to preach them the Word of God.

He was at once given every care, and for six weeks was not left alone night or day; the good mothers in Israel vying with each other in kindly offices for the sick Elder, and the men praying daily that he might not be taken so soon after his great work had begun.

The fifth wife of Elder Pixley came once to sit by his bedside, but when she heard him rave of some great sin that lay black upon his soul, beseeching forgiveness for it while the tears rained down his fevered face, she had professed that his suffering sickened her so she could not stay. Thereafter she had contented herself with inquiring at his door each day—until the day when they told her that the sickness was broken; that he was again rational and doubtless would soon be well. After that she went no more; which was not unnatural, for Elder Pixley was about to return from his three years' mission abroad, and there was much to do in the community house in preparation for the master's coming.

But the long sickness of the young Elder did not in any manner stay the great movement he had inaugurated. From that first Sunday the reformation spread until it had reached every corner of the new Zion. The leaders took up the accusing cry,—the Elders, Bishops, High Priests, and Counselors. Missionaries were appointed for the outlying settlements, and meetings were held daily in every center, with a general renewing of covenants.

Brigham, who had warmly seconded Joel Rae's opening discourse, was now, not unnaturally, the leader of the reformation, and in his preaching to the Saints while Joel Rae lay sick he committed no faults of vagueness. For profane swearing he rebuked his people: "You Elders in Israel will go to the canyons for wood, get a little brush-whipped, and then curse and swear—damn and curse your oxen and swear by Him who created you. You rip and curse as bad as any pirates ever did!"

For the sin of cattle-stealing he denounced them. A fence high enough to keep out cattle-thieves, he told them, must be high enough to keep out the Devil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Skill More Than Strength

Latter Is of Little Avail in Properly Ruling Horse.

Strength has nothing to do with hands, or rather, it is a distinct drawback to their acquirement. The weakling must use other means to attain his ends; the strong man disdains the delicate effects which make for everything of the best in horsemanship. A little 30-pound boy will control perfectly a rattle-brained race horse that no man could hold by main strength; a slight woman will guide four horses as few men can—it is the combination of the attributes named that enables them to do it.

Appropriate bitting has much to do with success, but the novice is apt to proceed to the extremes of severity in his desire to gain that delicacy of touch and promptness of response which he thinks should follow sharp restraint. The reverse of this should always be the rule, and the horse should be constantly tried with lighter bitting effects until the least possible restraint is employed. Hands and mouths vary from day to day, according to various circumstances of irritability and sensitiveness, and no one arrangement is likely to be for the best interests of both biped and quadruped. A balanced horse is always a light-mouthed horse, and it is "up to" the driver or rider to find what best brings about this result. No balanced horse can pull; no puller is in balance.—Outing.

MATTERS FEMININE.

Comfort for Cozy Corners

ELABORATE AND PLAIN CUSHIONS IN PROFUSION.

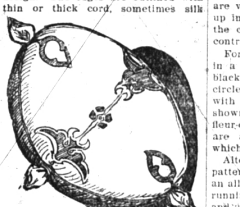
Hand-Painted Floral Fantasies Among the Finer Ones Shown—Handsome Brocades Worked in Many Varied Styles.

Among the most elaborate cushions, incidentally costing a neat sum, are the exquisite ones for the drawing room and the boudoir de luxe of plain with hand-painted scenes in Watteau. Etched medallions of similar scenes in fanciful shapes and bordered oy gilt-cord are temptingly displayed. Hand-painted floral fantasies, sweet peas, roses, lilies of the valley, besides other appropriate florals are shown in graceful sprays on pale tinted background in cream and black. A most tempting cushion was designed after the popular song, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." Bees were shown gayly feasting upon cultivated and wild honeysuckle, the whole being unusually realistic.

Very handsome brocades are shown in scrolls and florals, both in satin and velvet with gold and silver cord and thread employed as high lights and to emphasize certain parts of the design. The edges are outlined with thin or thick cord, sometimes silk against gold. Black satin is very frequently adds an exceedingly novel and effective touch, bringing out the design as nothing else would.

A decidedly luxurious and Oriental air is imparted to cushions of velvet and satin by bands of heavy lace, studded with beads or jeweled sequins. The circular-shaped cushion, with crossed bands forming diameters, is so treated without additional decoration which would mar the ornate but rich beauty of the sparkling lace.

Leather cushions of all sorts and conditions are enjoying great vogue. Brilliant ones of scarlet, green, warm brown and tan in suede and soft



Library Cushion of Leather on Suede With Applied Designs.

Hand-Painted or Tinted Pillows

leathers are immensely liked. More conservative tastes prefer the bright hued cushions with little or no decoration.

Stenciled effects in leather cushions are very good, these usually showing up in a lighter or darker shade than the cushion itself or in a pleasantly contrasting shade.

For example, a very rich design was in a warm shade of tan suede with black fleur-de-lis outlined in raising circles of gold (yellow paint touched with gold). The same idea was also shown in a scarlet saphion with black fleur-de-lis. Stenciled monograms, too, are among the exclusive novelties which the amateur artist may copy.

Altogether different are the cut-out patterns of leather, sometimes being an all-over design, again a wide border running diagonally through the center and under which a contrasting color is used.

Cushions of these rough and ready materials look their best in a well-stuffed circular design, the newest having corded corners. Many are stenciled in queer Japanese characters and heraldic designs. When only a little work is desired, then tinted patterns require only a heavy cotton or silk for outlining purposes.

Timely and Useful Entertaining Hints

New and Novel Ideas for the Entertainment of Guests.

An "Indian Meal."

Put one or two tents for wigwams and send the invitations on paper arrows through which a feather is thrust. There could be a sale of baskets, bead work and pottery, if the affair is given for a church or charity. Girls dressed as squaws may serve as attendants at the booths and act in the capacity of waiters. There are Indian post cards, which would make very good place cards or souvenirs. For refreshments serve:

Cornmeal Mush, with Milk
Fish or some kind of game
Bean Soup
Corn Bread Corn Muffins
Indian Meal Pudding.

An Evening with "Christy."

A club composed of young men and women gave this entertainment, which delighted their friends and was a social and financial success. Invitations were sent out for "An Evening with Christy," and some 12 or more of this artist's pictures were illustrated by tableaux, among them being: "The American Girl," "Making Bread Pills," "Rival Beauties," "The Widow and Her Friends," "The Nightmare of a Young Man Who Dreams He Is Marrying for Money," and "The Society Girl."

There was little or no expense attached to the affair, except the colored lights; each one participating was responsible for his or her costume. Light refreshments were served at a small price; the young men donned aprons and caps and acted in the capacity of waiters. So the sum made for charity was a goodly one.

Photograph Place Cards.

Guests invited to dine with a hostess noted for her clever schemes were told to find their places at table by the photographs at each place.

To the wonderment of all, the pictures were of children. It was some time before the "judge" was recognized as the lad in knickerbockers sitting curled up in a big chair with a picture book spread out in his lap. The "matron" was discovered as a wee six-year-old girl, clasping a doll, while the "debutante" turned out to be the small miss in a perambulator, with an orange in one hand and a stick of candy tightly grasped in the other.

As the color scheme was red, the photographs were neatly framed in red ribbon, a bow at the corners; through one of these loops there was a white rose. The effect was charming and a flow of conversation was started which continued through the meal.

MADAME MERRY.

FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Egg-Cosy Can Be Easily Made in a Few Spare Minutes.

One of those pretty and useful little articles that can be made out of almost any remnant of material in spare moments is an egg-cosy. It is no new idea, but one always well worth remembering when we wish to fill up idle moments. We give a

sketch of an egg-cosy in a very simple and useful form. It should be made to stand just high enough to cover egg and egg-cup together. There is a little loop of twisted ribbon at the top with bows, by which it can be lifted off and on, and a small frill of material runs all round the edge. To complete it some pretty floral design may be worked on either side in colored silks.

Wraps in Velvet and Cloth

Both Smart When Used For Afternoon Wear.

Afternoon wraps differ chiefly from those designed for evening wear in coloring, but there are other points of unlikeness which are perhaps not noticeable, but just as real. Cloth and velvet are the principal materials made use of, but there are some silks and satins that are also in demand. To fit comfortably over a handsome reception gown a wrap must be loose everywhere, and it should be sufficiently long to be a real protection for the dress. With a light cloth or velvet reception gown the cloak may be made like a loose separate wrap, so that it may be worn when desired with the gown, but without it, the dress will be quite complete. The wrap then can be worn with any other form when occasion demands.

Many different models are fashionable this year for afternoon, and in each wrap the lines and cut are quite unlike, yet all are loose and long enough to protect the gown without altogether hiding it.

An excellent style of afternoon wrap and a good design for a cloak that may be worn with a cloth dress or over a light silk gown is a medium peacock blue broadcloth made with the deep empire yoke in back, while in front the cloth hangs loose from the shoulders, although fitted flat across the shoulder. The collar is bordered with black velvet crossing over in front, and under medallions of passementerie. The full short sleeves are finished off with wide velvet cuffs, below which fall soft ruffles of lace.

Aigrettes, lace, and flowers lighten the wintry effects of these fur hats.

Round fur toques are much worn this winter and are most becoming.

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Birth Was Reserved.

Franklin K. Lane, interstate commerce commissioner, went west last week. He wanted to reserve a berth from Chicago to Minneapolis. He wired the request and this reply came back: "Can't do it. Interstate commerce commission will not allow it." He fired a wire back reading: "By what authority do you say interstate commerce commission will not allow you to reserve a berth in a sleeping car?" The Pullman agent answered: "By the authority of a recent ruling." Mr. Lane was interested by this time and he telegraphed: "I am a member of the interstate commerce commission and am not familiar with the ruling. Give me a reference." And a short time afterward he received this telegram: "Berth reserved."

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