

THE TREY O' HEARTS

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

New Running at Bijou Theatre

One Episode Each Week

WATCH THIS COLUMN FOR MISSIONARY ITEMS

"What are the Bibles the world is reading? Your daily life adminis. What are the sermons the world is hearing? Your daily life and mine. What are the creeds the world is reading? True lives—yours and mine. On what, then, should our souls be feeding? On Christ, the Life Divine."

Don't forget the Missionary Evening at the Christian Church February 14th. Mission Study circles of four churches are preparing the program which will appear next week.

There is in Canada a decided movement toward union of the Presbyterians, Congregational and Methodist Churches of British North America. Active negotiations have been in progress for twelve years. A basis of union has been arranged and passed on to the several churches concerned.—Missionary Voice.

Dr. Harriet F. Love, latest addition to the medical faculty at Macy Black Hospital, Soochow, China, writes:

"Soochow itself has more canal streets than Venice, and we can go anywhere in or outside the city in most attractive and comfortable and slow Chinese house boats. If we choose to get to the railroad station in less than one and a half to two hours, we can take a sedan chair carried on the shoulders of cordless human beings, or we can ride a donkey. The streets are very narrow, so we cannot use automobiles, as is done in some other cities. Besides being most picturesque and unique because of the canals and the old wall, some thirteen or fourteen miles long, encircling the city with its six gates, the city is noted for its wealth, pagodas and temples. One of China's largest pagodas eight stories high is here and in a fine state of preservation. Then there are also the famous ink-and-pen pagodas.

In the temples I have seen ignorant, groping heathenism burning incense and kneeling in worship before hideous wooden idols. Actually to see such things makes a different impression upon one than just reading in books or missionaries' letters. Through pity and love one wants to tell them of the Truth, the Life, the Way. In one temple we saw five hundred idols of every conceivable fancy, all made of crumbling clay, and in an adjoining room some fifty pictures depicting and worshipped before—gigantic Buddha. One "you think it possible that these people believe in and sincerely worship these mud and wooden images? Yes, I can, because I have seen educated and intelligent Americans believe in and worship idols, though of different make. There are made of money, power, ambition, reputation, selfish desires, social and political and professional success, and other metals—all base unless they have passed through the refining fire of His pardoning grace and love."—Missionary Bulletin.

MANY ENROLL IN THE HOME-MADE MEAT CLUB

More than One Thousand People now Members of Club Having For its Purpose the Raising of More Meat.

West Raleigh, Jan. 27.—One thousand and members have enrolled as members of the Home Made Meat club, an organization which has as its purpose the organization and instruction of clubs for the promotion of the raising of more meat, in the bounds of North Carolina.

The animal husbandry department of the experiment station at West Raleigh is conducting the club. The fact that the organization is only a year old and has at present enrolled 1,000 members is evidence that the efforts of the promoters are meeting with success. Since the first of January 100 of these members have been enrolled.

Prof. Don T. Gray, in charge of the swine industry division, states that a definite system of crop rotation will be planned for the different sections of the state. In the eastern part of the State as a rule the growing of peanuts will be encouraged. One instance has been noted in Edgecombe county where a farmer raised 20,750 pounds of pork on 140 acres of peanut land after the harvest had been gathered. This markedly demonstrates saving the waste. It is figured that were the entire crop allowed to be used by the swine, a much larger gain could be made. For the western part of the state the raising of soy beans will be specially encouraged.

Two thousand members by 1916 is the goal towards which this year's efforts will be directed.

HER FIRST NOTARY JOB

Whatever the malcontents and assistant Republicans may say, North Carolina, in education, morality, in manufactures and industries, and in general well-being is the most progressive of all the Southern States—and we solicit the seal of the first woman notary public to this instrument. Daily sewers to with our left hand on the Book and our right hand, or vice versa, if so desired. For 50 cents. P. Charlotte Observer.

CHAPTER XVI

The Island. For a matter of twelve hours the fog, laden, dank, viscous, as human bile on the dominion of evil, had veiled the world in an embrace as hot and viscous as the coils of some great, gray, slither serpent.

Through the sluggish folds the paddlers, yellow-lipped like blood-croaked at a man's pace, its stem parting and sailing back from either bank a heavy-laden sea of gray.

In the bows a young woman rested in a state of semi-consciousness, her eyes closed, her head pillowed on a cork-bulk life-preserver, her sodden garments matted closely to the slender body that was over and again shaken from head to foot with the strength of a long, shuddering respiration.

Seated on the nearest thwart, Alan Law, chin in hand, watched over the boat with a grimly expectant attitude. He was in no happier case than they, so far as physical comfort went—he was in pain, since he might not rest.

For several seconds longer the otoliths struggled their spirits in its ruthless grasp. Then at a sudden a cry thrilled through the fog, as near at hand that it seemed scarcely more distant than over the side.

CHAPTER XVII

The Island. Not more than twenty seconds could have elapsed before Alan recovered from the shock of the motor's treacherous sufficiency to reverse the wheel, throttle down the carburetor and jump out of the engine-apt.

CHAPTER XVIII

There's nothing to go by—except the bare possibility that the reef she spoke of may be Norton's. It doesn't seem possible, but we may have made that much something. In that case we're about three miles off the mainland, somewhere in the neighborhood of Katama Island, a little, rocky, desolate bump of earth, inhabited mainly by fishermen.

The girl wrung her hands. "But how could Judith get there—and with her men—and ammunition?"

"Don't ask me. Going on my own guess with the lady, I'd be willing to bet that she was picked up by the pleasure boat that ran us down, and probably to make a prize of it—or try to. One thing's certain—the boat must have found or stolen a boat from somebody; they couldn't have made Norton's reef by swimming—it's too far.

"That's the answer; they were picked up, stole a boat, and piled it up on the reef."

"No! he told her, as soon as he saw her writhe awake once more—'don't waste time pitying me. I'm all right—and so is Alan! That's the main thing for you to understand; he's still alive and sound—'

CHAPTER XIX

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