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### WOMAN'S WONDROUS WAYS

A pretty dog lay on a rug before a fire-place and indolently enjoyed the warmth he found there. The clanging of the trolley cars and the rumble of the passing wagons made a confused-din outside, but the only sound within the room came from a small clock on the centre-table. The lonesomeness of the room made the dog rise to look for notice from his mistress who sat in a large chair before the fire. He walked over to her and put his head in her lap and whined for recognition, but finding himself unnoticed he went back to the rug and again fell asleep.

The young woman continued to gaze into the fire and seemed to be peeping it with characters from her fancy. She nervously fingered a sheet of note-paper and showed the perplexity of her mind by the smiles and frowns that alternately chased one another across her features, like the sunshine and shadow of an April day chasing each other across a meadow. She was evidently trying to open the gateway of the future and could not find a key suitable, as was shown by the sigh that came from her lips as she sat up in the chair and began to open the folded paper. She unfolded it slowly and with hesitation as if she were yielding to temptation. She held it open for a moment and then bent forward to read it by the light of the fire. The first lines brought a smile and then suddenly the corners of her mouth dropped as if her happiness had fled before a doubt. She threw herself back in her chair and closed her eyes in reverie. After a few moments she murmured: "It is not my desire but it seems to be fate that is doing it."

She seemed to be afraid of her thought and opened her eyes quickly and listened. Then she continued: "George will feel bad about it and he will make all sorts of efforts to avoid it, but he will have to submit and he has no one to blame for it except himself. He will be sad and then angry and he may even,—but no, drinking would interfere with his business and that seems to be all he cares for in life. He thinks more of making money than he does of me. It will hurt him just the same. He is proud of me. He thinks I am a becoming ornament to the decorative scheme of his home. He is fond of me, too, in his way; but he has such good common sense that he will see that I am right and agree with me. He is very reasonable,—yes, too much so. I wish he were not so sensible, as it makes things too solemn all the time. A few bits of nonsense are salt to a woman's life, especially a young woman's. If a person cannot be silly once in a while then what is the use of being born young? I am young. We have only been married nine months and to look at the way George acts you would think it were nine years. It is aggravating and looks so odd that it makes people talk about it."

"George and I are incompatible. That is what they always tell the judge in South Dakota. I don't want to go there right away, but I'll see about it. I guess that mamma and I will take a trip to Europe for a year, and all can be arranged when we come back, without having our pictures and biographies in the papers. I hate those papers. They are so impertinent. As to Lionel—" There was a short pause in the monologue and then she went on in a firm voice: "As to Lionel, I shall forbid him to visit me, or to write to me when I come back and everything is settled, I may give the matter more notice, providing he persists, but till then—"

A key grated in the door and her reverie was broken up. The dog jumped up and barked joyfully. The color left her cheeks, and she quickly hid the tell-tale paper in her bodice. She

tried to rise but sank back into the chair.

"Hello, how's the girl?" A man flung open the door and came up to her catching her head between his hands.

"Oh, don't George. You muss my hair, and besides I have a headache." She rose and faced him petulantly. The man pulled at his moustache. "Dinner ready?" he asked.

"I don't know; I suppose so," she replied. "I won't dine with you, as I'm feeling ill."

"Better take something—a cup of tea."

"Not a thing; now don't insist."

"Oh, very well," said the man, as he turned slowly and left the room.

As soon as he had gone from the room, she lighted the lamp. "The time has come." She spoke excitedly and jabbed at her hair in the vain effort to smooth it. "Right now. I will be firm. I'll be sensible and he shall see that I have plenty of force of character. I'll be calm and collected. He shall not think that I am worked up by excitement and he must take me seriously."

The man had scarcely stepped into the room when she said: "George, I have something important to tell you." There was an ominous severity about the tone of her voice and it was not lost on the man, for he stood looking at her till the match he had struck to light his cigar burned his fingers.

"Why, what's the matter, Patricia? You look tragic."

"Oh, nothing whatever, I assure you. I never felt better in all my life. I have been thinking."

"You ought not to think very long at one time as it does not agree with your sex."

"Indeed."

"Now, girl, don't get angry. That was only one of my clumsy jokes." He advanced as if to caress her into good humor but she waved him to the other side of the table and told him to sit down.

"Now Patricia, he said, after he had seated himself; "I am ready to hear and sympathize with your tragic,—but before we begin, I have a bit of news for you. Someone called on me this afternoon. You never could guess who it was. Genevieve Maxwell, you know,—she used to be Genevieve Frye."

"Well?" The woman became rigid. "Yes," he went on looking at her in a puzzled sort of way. "She blew into the office this afternoon and what do you suppose she wanted? Well, you could not guess, for it was a job. She did not look as if she needed a job, though, for she was stunning and just as gay as in the old days. You can't tell much from her manners, though. She's as game as a badger and if she has any tears to weep she weeps them in private. I did not have anything in the office for her, but I thought for the sake of old times and the sake of old acquaintance, I'd—"

"For the sake of old acquaintance, indeed!" This was a sneer. "After the way she ogled and flirted with you before we were married, to the great scandal of the neighborhood, it seems rather strange that your sympathies should be aroused on the score of old acquaintanceship."

"But she has no one to provide for her now."

"She is a divorced woman."

"Well!"

"Have you no more respect for your wife than to take a woman like that into your office?"

"You forget that it was she who got the divorce."

"I don't care; it's just the same."

"Well!"

"George Elliot! if you take that woman into your office, I'll—I'll—well, I'll go home to mamma."

"Now, Patricia?" cooed the man as he came over and stroked her hair, "be sensible, and—"

"I won't be sensible,—not if I have to be insulted by that woman."

"Well, then, Patricia, if the matter annoys you so much, I'll tell her that I have nothing to offer her. Now, will that satisfy you?" He waited in silence while the woman continued to sob convulsively. "Now does it, Patricia?"

"Y-es; but, if you really loved me, you would never have thought of it."

"You know, Patricia, that I could not get along without you," and he picked her up in a heap and sat down with her on the sofa. "Now girl, that's all settled. Tell me that very important thing you had to say."

The sobs ceased but there was silence.

"Come, Patricia, tell me what it was. I know it must be a very serious matter. What was it?"

"You won't laugh, George."

The handkerchief was slowly pulled from one eye.

"Of course not."

"And you'll believe me awfully serious?"

"Certainly."

"And you'll do as I say."

"Yes, I usually do."

"And you won't tell me to be sensible?"

"Of course not. I don't want you to be sensible."

"You don't?"

"No, your follies make you charming."

"Why George, how can you say that?"

"That's the truth. But tell me this serious matter."

"You're sure you won't laugh?"

"Quite."

"Well, George," and she snuggled down into his infolding embrace; "of course, you know—I know,—that is,—you see I have read in the papers that business,—and you do talk so in your sleep; just as if you never thought of anything but your money."

"And that was what troubled you, was it?"

"Y-es."

"Well, it is true that business has been taking too much of my time and thoughts and yet it was only that I might be able to get you everything you wanted and I had planned to go to Europe with you if I could only make that last big deal all right. It bothered me until to-night and even kept me late but I wanted to be sure that it was all settled and that I could have a rest and be with you more than I have lately."

"Oh, George!"

"There, there, now; that's all right. We'll get ready and start for our pleasure-trip, Wednesday."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"George, you are the best and dearest fellow in the world."

The spaniel turned his other side to the fire, and the only sound in the room was the busy little clock that tolled off the seconds and minutes and the hours.—Exchange.

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### CONVERT IS CONTENTED

Letter from Mr. Schultz, Former Protestant Episcopal Minister

A year and a half ago Rev. C. H. Schultz, pastor of St. Stephen's Episcopal church, in the city of Milwaukee, Wis., renounced that faith and on January 31, 1904, was baptized and received into the Catholic Church. In January of this year Bishop Nicholson, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, wrote to Mr. Schultz, who is now teaching in the Newman school, a Catholic institution at Hackensack, N.J., stating that it was his duty in accordance with the canons of his Church "to pronounce a sentence of degradation upon you as

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our canons require. Before doing so officially I beg leave to send you this notice and warning, asking you to assign cause why I should not so proceed. No answer to this is necessary if you are satisfied with your present state. In that event, after the date of February 5, 1905, I shall proceed to the required canonical action."

To this Mr. Schultz replied as follows, expressing full satisfaction with the Catholic Church:

"My dear Bishop Nicholson—In receiving your notification of the official action required by the title II, canon 2, section 1, which relates to 'Holding doctrine contrary to that held by the Protestant Episcopal Church,' you will permit me to say at the close of one year within the Catholic Church that I deem the so called degradation an honour. And in making the statement I do not wish to imply other than the assurance that I believe I am where God's will requires me to be. For I hold that all which the Roman Catholic Church teaches, including the Supremacy of the Holy See, the infallibility of the Pope and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Blessed Mary, mother of God to be 'de fide' and therefore necessary for the soul's salvation.

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