

with him this afternoon," and without giving her time to reply, he bowed shortly and turned away. She was red with mortification when she turned back to Mr. Higbee. "Let us go," she commanded. Five years had taught Mr. Higbee wisdom, and he prudently refrained from speaking as they walked down the broad stairs and he handed her into her carriage. "You won't misunderstand my pre-occupation?" she asked, with a little nervous laugh. "The — the truth is," she continued, with unexpected solicitude, "I'm a little worried about the B. and P. Bank. I had a letter this morning from the directors, and they seem a bit nervous, in their cautious-conservative way, about the panic. Everything I have invested there, except a few thousands in railroad stock, you know," smiling. "I'm not exactly fitted for genteel poverty."

III.

Miss Bellingham had not dreamed of worrying over the affairs of the B. and P. Bank, except to meet the implication she read in Mr. Higbee's eyes. She did not give it another thought until one morning a week later, when she took up the paper from her breakfast table to find its failure blazoned out in unescapable headlines across the front page. She stared at the words with wide, unbelieving eyes, then gazed stupidly at the familiar objects in her dining-room to draw some reassurance from their familiarity. Finally, she read the newspaper account from beginning to end, carefully and dispassionately. There was no mistaking it. The B. and P. Bank had failed. She rose from the table and walked over to the window, pressing her face against the cool glass. In all her life she had thought little of money. It had always poured into her hands and out again, unconsidered. It was her birthright, and she had taken it as naturally as she took her good looks, her friends, her position, the circumstances of her life. She had never imagined herself without any of these things. They seemed something in the nature of personal accomplishments.

It was not easy now to consider herself apart from them. But she did, facing the situation with strange calmness. She took a kind of grim satisfaction in slowly stripping from life the dress clothes it had always worn for her. Its nudity was not attractive. She turned it round and round in her mind like a cloakmaker's model, looking at all its ugly outlines and bare unloveliness. It broke upon her inner vision with the shock of discovery. She wondered if other people saw with the eyes with which she saw now.

Her thought went back to the bank. Her father had organized it years and years ago. It bore his name. It had always stood for conservatism and solidity. "As safe as the B. and P. Bank" had been a byword for security. She idly began to imagine how her father would feel if he had lived to see its failure — her father, with his stiff-necked pride in its probity, his worship of tradition, his —

The window pane was blurred with mist. She rubbed her hand across it and looked out. The little grass plot was brown and cheerless. A solitary sparrow shaking with cold hopped about forlornly, peering for a crumb. "Poor little hungry thing!" she said.

She did not know how long she stood there before a maid came up timidly behind her to say that Senator Griggs was in the drawing-room and wished to know if he might see her.

"No," she answered, and then, as the girl turned to the door, "Wait — I will go to him," she added, hastily.

She found him standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, his face drawn in a frown. He was too much preoccupied to notice the maid she extended, and he remained standing after she had motioned him to a chair.

"Miss Birmingham," he said, after a few minutes' silence, "I was sorry to learn this morning of your ill fortune. I understand that you are the chief stockholder and loser in the B. and P. Bank failure. I beg your pardon, but am I right?"

"Perfectly right, Senator Griggs," answered Miss Bellingham, drawing herself up a little haughtily. "If all is gone, I shall have to depend on nothing but a little income, something less than a thousand a year."

The Senator was plainly agitated. He was still frowning and his eyes held a smouldering which Miss Bellingham had never seen there before. "I have called," he said, finally, in a dry, even voice, "to return to you, with interest, of course, the one hundred thousand dollars you lent me five years ago."

Miss Bellingham felt the room awaying under her. She seemed confronted with a shameful something, but no words came to her. His eyes

were upon her face, challenging and accusing her.

"There's no use pretending I'm grateful," he went on, presently. "I'm not. I never have been. Perhaps I am used to drive it home at such a time, but not more cruel than you were to me. Have you never thought what a disgraceful thing it was to use a man for a puppet, to make him go through his tricks like a performing monkey, for a whim, a caprice, a spectacle?"

"No, no!" she cried. "You wrong me. It was not that!"

"Then it was for something worse. It was to test your power — yours and your money's."

His voice and his look were pitiless. She did not attempt to defend herself against them. She did not think of making a denial. When she looked up her eyes were full of baffled questioning.

"I suspected it from the first," he said, answering her look. "I could not help hearing your last words the day I came in upon you and Mr. Higbee five years ago. The money coming through him to me only a few days later, and without any probable explanation, brought the incident back to my mind, and it rankled there, growing from a suspicion to a certainty. Perhaps I was not such an utter fool as I looked, Miss Bellingham. At any rate," he added, with grim emphasis, "it did not require a very wise man to divine what your purpose might be in hitting upon me as the subject for your experiment."

He turned away, walking the length of the room before he faced her again. "You'll wonder why I did not at once return your money, why I acted out the part. Well, I'll tell you. I determined that you should have the play, if you wished, at the same time learning that money can't bare the workings of a soul. "I determined you should know it was a dangerous and uncertain game to play with men for pawns, and that it was a game that might be checked. So I waited my time, secure in its coming. It came, not in the way that I had expected, this morning. You will bear in mind that all this was merely a moral certainty. I had no proofs. But when I read of the bank failure this morning I knew that not only chance, but duty demanded that I should know for a surety. I went to Mr. Higbee and told him what I have told you. I demanded that he let me know the truth."

Miss Bellingham interrupted him. "Mr. Higbee had no right to divulge my secret!" she cried.

"So he thought," said Senator Griggs, calmly. "I had some difficulty in persuading him that I had some rights in the matter. That is the side of the question you both seem to have overlooked. But sometimes the puppets refuse to dance, you know."

She bit her lips angrily. He stood between her and the light, holding her unwilling eyes with his.

"I have not told you all my reasons, Miss Bellingham. There is still another. Shall I tell you now?"

She shrank away, afraid. "I — I think you have told enough, Senator Griggs," she faltered.

"What I have told you is nothing!" he answered. "The greatest reason remains. It was that I loved you."

There was a pause, a breathless moment. Then he went on: "Your theories didn't take, that into account, I suppose, but there you have the key to it all! That's why I worked without rest. I vowed you should know me for a man and not for a toy, that some day you should come to me, that you —"

"Stop!" she cried, her eyes blazing. "How dare you — tell me of this — now?"

"Because I love you now!"

It was a defiance rather than an avowal. Miss Bellingham looked at him through a sudden mist. Then she sank into a chair and shielded her face with her hands.

TOLD BY PRIESTS' NAMES.

Racial Indications Given by the American Catholic Hierarchy.

(From The New York Sun.) When the Very Rev. John J. O'Connor was consecrated Bishop of Newark, N. J., on July 25th the Maes and the O's in the Catholic hierarchy of the United States were placed on an even footing. There will be six of each among the eighty-two bishops who will wear mitres when Mgr Garvey comes into the new see of Altoona, Pa.

For the first time in a number of years, every see in now filled. There's even a surplus, for Chicago, by a curious train of circumstances has three prelates. When two years ago Archbishop Feehan found that he needed an assistant, Rome, at his request, promoted for him the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alexander J. McGavick, a young priest of promise. But almost as soon as he was consecrated Bishop McGavick fell into decline and the result is that another worker had to be found, the choice falling on Father Muldoon, who was elevated to the Episcopacy on July 25th.

Up to this time the Maes and the O's in the hierarchy have been as 6 to 5. This seems to be about the same proportion that they hold among the 11,987 members of the priesthood, parochial and regular, the members being, according to a glance at the latest issue (1901) of the official Catholic Directory, 639 Maes — not including the Rev. Ignatius Maciejewski of Shamokin, Pa., perhaps the Polish descendant of some wandering Celt — and 517 O's. The rule that excludes the Shamokin pastor must also be held to bar the Rev. F. W. Oberbrockling of Luxemburg, Ia., in any attempt to swell the list of O's.

There is neither a Mac nor an O among the Archbishops, and the late Cardinal McCloskey was their only representative who has, as yet, reached the Metropolitan dignity. The Maes among the Bishops are McCloskey, Louisville; McDonnell, Brooklyn; McPaul, Trenton; McGavick, Chicago; McGolrick, Duluth, and McQuaid, Rochester. The O's are, O'Dea, Vancouver; O'Donahue, Indianapolis; O'Gorman, Sioux Falls; O'Reilly, Peoria; O'Connell, Portland, and O'Connor, Newark.

The social indications of these names are evident. Among the Archbishops there are two French representatives, Chapelle and Bourgade, one German, Katzer; four native Irish, Ryan, Feehan, Keane and Ireland; three Irish-Americans, Corrigan, Williams and Kane; and one pure United States, Elder, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco was born in New Brunswick of Irish parents and Archbishop Christie of Portland, Ore., is also a British-American of Scotch ancestry.

Among the eighty-two bishops, forty-nine are of Irish or Irish-American extraction, thirteen are German, eight are French, two are Belgian, and Bishop Michael of Burlington, Vt., has a table all to himself. His father was a French-Canadian and his mother an Irishwoman.

The Catholic laity of the United States is a conglomerate body of all the Catholic nations of Europe and their native-born children, with the Irish in the lead, the German second, the Italians third and French, French-Canadians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, Austrians, Greeks, Syrians in various proportions. Every nationality is represented in the priesthood. Recruits are drawn from Ireland, England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Poland, Hungary, Syria, Spain and Mexico.

Once the priests were nearly all foreign born, but now, with the increase of population and the growth of seminaries, not only are native-born ecclesiastical students preferred by the bishops, but many of them, save in exceptional cases, refuse adoption to any but subjects born in their respective dioceses.

The matter of a native clergy was once the subject of a great controversy between the late Archbishop Hughes and the famous Orestes A. Brownson and his review. There was a Catholic club in this city — it was in 1856 — made up of a small number of priests and laymen whose object was stated to be the Americanizing of the Church. The late Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Cummings of St. Stephen's Church, and the Rev. Dr. Ambrose Manahan were leading spirits in the organization.

The article by Dr. Brownson in The Review on the "Mission of America" and one by Dr. Cummings on "Vocations to the Priesthood" gave rise to the controversy. In its course the filling up of the seminaries with candidates for the ministry direct from Ireland and Germany, and their management and mode of instruction were sharply criticised, without, however, the necessary allowance for time and circumstances and the want of means on the part of the authorities. The embers of this strife carried down to our time were fanned into the flame of the Heckerian and Americanism of recent memory.

The analysis of the long lists in the directory shows some curious statistics as to individual names. The Smiths are the champion sacerdotal family, there being 112 of them in the various spellings of the name, viz.: Smith, 47; Smyth, 16; Schmidt, 6; Schmidt, 20; Schmitt, 12; Schmitz, 11. Next to them came 83 Murphys, and third place goes to 82 Rileys — 63 with the O and 19 without it.

Then follow 74 Walshes, 72 Kelleys, 68 Ryans, 67 O'Briens, 57 Sullivans, 56 O'Connors, 45 Fitzgeralds, 44 Quinns, 44 O'Neills, 42 Bradys, 38 Lynchs, 38 McCarthys, 37 Kennedys and 34 Burkes. This exhausts the very big families, but, of course, the others deserve minor mention. There are, for instance, 81 kinds of Vans of whom probably the Jesuit Father Harry Van Rensselaer, descendant of the old Patroons and beloved of policemen and firemen in several cities, is the best known.

The list is headed by two Aarons — the Rev. Francis P. of McKean, Pa., and the Benedictine Leo of Atchison, Kan.; but there is no Moses appearing anywhere in it. Taking all the names that have ten or more representatives, the following interesting and instructive array of figures is to be found: Barrett, 12; Barry, 27; Becker, 19; Brennan, 23; Bradley, 10; Brown, 20; Burns, 15; Butler, 12; Byrnes, 29. If the Rev. Ronald Byzowski of Pulaski, Ill., could be put in a Polish Byrnie it would make an even 30.

Then we have 11 Cahills and 12 Campbells ending with the ex-Jesuit Provincial Thomas J., who might easily, like the poor Abu Ben Adlem, lead all the rest; Carr, 14; Carroll, 29; Casey, 16; C... 10; Clark, 18; Collins, 19; Connell, Connelly and Connolly, 25; Conway, 19; Corcoran, 11; Coyle, 14; Cronin, 16; Cawley, 14; Cullen, 10; Cunningham, 11; Curren, 15.

That this section is not entirely Hibernian is indicated by the scattering about of such names as Czubek, Czelusniak, Czapnis, Czernecki and Czewski, not one of which could be located in Lenster, Ulster, Munster or Connaught.

The Ds begin with 10 Dalys, and there follow Dolerty, 12; Dougherty, 13; Dolan, 14; Donahue (ohue and dhoe), 29; Donnelly, 14; Donovan, 10; Doyle, 10; Driscoll, 12; Duffy, 20; Dunne and Dunn, 34; Dwyer, 14; Egan, 20; Farrell, 16; Farrelly, 11; Fisher, 11; Fitzpatrick, 12; Fleming, 12; Flood, 10; Flynn, 16; Foley, 20; Fox, 13; Gallagher, 26; Graham, 12; Griffin, 18; Hanley, 10; Harrigan, 12; Hayden, 11; Hayes, 13; Healy, 1; Hennessy, 17; Hickey, 26; Higgins, 16; Hoffman, 10; Hogan, 19; Hughes, 21; Hurley, 12; Jones, 10; Kane, Keane and Keen, 16; Kenny, 17; Klein, 13; Lee, 20; Lennon, 10; Leonard, 11; Lyons, 15; McCormick, 15; McDermott, 16; McDonald, 22; McGovern, 10; McGrath, 17; McGuire, 18; Maguire, 10; McKenna, 18; McLaughlin, 31; McMahon, 19; McNamara, 16; Malone, 11; Mayer, 10; Meyers, 27; Miller, 17; Moore, 18; Moran, 10; Mueller, 27; Murray, 27; Nolan, 25.

The clans of the O's start with O'Callaghan, 12; O'Connell, 27; O'Donnell, 22; O'Farrell, 10; O'Gorman, 11; O'Hara, 11; O'Keefe, 20; O'Leary, 10; O'Malley, 15; O'Pourke, 12; O'Shea, 11; O'Sullivan, 22; Phelan, 15; Power, 17; Powers, 12; Predergast, 11; Shea, 11; Sheridan, 11; Slattery, 11; Wagner, 18; Ward, 18; Weber, 16; White, 16; Whalen, Whelan, 25.

Among the last is one with the singular given name Isaac. It is worth going all the way to Bayonne to hear him tell how he got it, especially if he will add the chapter of his first experience as a curate to old Father Gessner of Elizabeth. X would be an unknown quantity in the clerical list as well as in algebra were it not for Father Henry Xavier of Yonkers, who thus has a line all to himself. There are eighty-three Zs, however, to end the roll with, such specimens as Ziegelsnaier, Zielonka, Zielonks, Zmijewski, Zwiernichowski, Zwyessig. They match a few of the B's at the beginning, such as Bachewski, Banasiewicz and Bobkiewicz.

While lump numbers of family names are not so numerous among those of evident German, Italian and Slavonic origin, the great increase of the representatives of these races in the make-up of the Catholic body is everywhere manifest.

Another notable change is the appearance of the monsignori in the various dioceses. Time was in the not very distant past when the presence of the Right Rev. Robert Seton, D. D., in his ermine cape and purple robes at an ecclesiastical function was a distinct event. Now a whole procession of monsignori can be got up on short notice. It is true they are not all prothonotaries apostolic with the privilege of pontificating, but how many of the general public understand the meaning of rank among the domestic prelates?

We have no canons yet, but they are coming and soon maybe some American "Father Dan" will sadly put away the rochet, mozzetta and biretta of the tardily offered prebendary stall in the Cathedral chapter in favor of a younger and more active incumbent.

Another recent novelty in the list of priests is the addenda, "Chaplain, Regiment, U. S. A.," or "Chaplain United States Navy." The first naval chaplain, still a very young man, resigned with honor and has settled down to the routine of parish work in one of the progressive colonies of The Bronx district.

There are old soldiers, too, scattered over the roll, but they do not parade their records and have good representatives in such men for instance, as Dean Joseph M. Flynn of Morrisstown, N. J., who, following the example of his father, a Captain in the New York Sixty-ninth, went off to the war and served his term also. Father Walter Elliott, the Paulist of now international repute, with his two brothers, was enrolled in an Ohio regiment. Out in Notre Dame, Ind., there is a post of the Grand Army of the Republic composed exclusively of priests and religious men who are veterans. The Commander is Father William H. Olmstead, a brave Brigadier-General of New York Corps, and now Twenty-fifth Army Corps, and now an humble member of the religious order of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame.

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