

THE POMPEY-BINKS SENSATION

"Duty of Forgiveness." It was simple and impressive, direct and piercing to the heart's core, and even Melissa forgot the presence of the crape-bonneted woman in front as she drank in the appeals of this big rough man with an irresistible personality, who was endeavoring in his homely way to help them keep their feet more steadfastly on the path between the cradle and the cross.

Tears stood in many an eye as the service drew to a close that night, and none were surprised when he requested them as they dispersed to signify their good-will one toward another by the expressive hand-clasp. Slipping down the aisle as the last verse of the closing hymn was being sung, he started the "shake" by extending his hand to right and left. Approaching Mrs. Pompey, who was fidgeting with her bonnet-strings, he proffered his hand, and stretching forth his left to Melissa, who had stepped from her seat, he shook both heartily. Still clasping them he looked quickly from one discomfited face to the other, and then with the nicety of an expert he drew Melissa's hand by a dexterous movement into the broad palm where rested the hand of Mrs. Pompey. Placing his disengaged one over both, he pressed them by an action which spoke louder than words, and as he hurried from them he whispered in a genial undertone, "Now's the accepted time."

As their hands fell awkwardly apart they caught each other's glance and smiled.

Slowly and with evident reluctance many wended their way home that night, the jubilant among