

The
Bishop's Shadow
by I. T. THURSTON
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III.
AN ACCIDENT.

TODE Bryan was sauntering down the street, his hands in his pockets, as usual, when he was not selling papers. He was whistling a lively tune, but he was on the lookout for anything interesting that might happen. As he passed a fruit stand kept by an old woman, he slyly snatched a handful of peanuts which he ate as he went on. He had sold out his papers more quickly than usual, for it was still early in the evening, and the streets were full of business-men on their way to their homes.

Suddenly the boy stopped short and listened, and the next moment there was a general rush into doorways and side streets as a fire-engine came dashing around the corner, while the police rushed from side to side clearing the way through the narrow street.

As the engine passed, Tode, like every other boy within sight or hearing, raced madly after it, shouting and yelling "fire" with all the power of his healthy lungs. Hearing somebody say where the fire was, he slipped through a narrow cross street and an alley, so coming out ahead of the engine which the next moment swung around the nearest corner.

An old man was just crossing the street, and as he heard the clang of the gong and the clatter of the engine, he looked about in a dazed, frightened way, and, instead of hurrying across, hesitated a moment and then turned uncertainly back. The driver did his best to avoid him but when the engine had passed the old man lay motionless upon the ground.

Instantly a crowd gathered about him and Tode pressed forward to the front rank. One policeman was raising the old man's head and another was asking if anybody knew who the injured man was.

It was Tode, who, peering curiously at the pale face, remarked, "I know him. He buys papers o' me."

"What's his name? Where does he live?" questioned the officer. "Do' know. He keeps a bookstand down on School Street."

"Well, we'll have to send him to the hospital. Ring up the ambulance,

Dick," said the officer to his companion.

Tode was just dashing off after the engine when one of the policemen collared him.

"Here you!" he exclaimed. "None o' your cuttin' off! If you know this man you've got to go to the hospital an' identify him."

Tode looked uncomfortable and tried to squirm out of the man's grasp—a fruitless effort, for his strength availed nothing against that iron grip. The boy had no idea what "identify" might mean but he had his reasons for preferring to keep at a distance from the guardians of the law. There was no help for it, however, so with many inward misgivings, he submitted and waited for the ambulance. When it appeared the still insensible old man was lifted in and Tode was ordered to the front seat where he rode securely between the driver and the policeman. The boy had never before been in a hospital and he felt very ill at ease when he found himself inside the building with its big rooms and long bare halls. He was left alone with the policeman for a while, and then both of them were called into another room and questioned in regard to the accident. Finally Tode was dismissed with strict orders to return the next day.

"He'll be here. I know him, an' if he don't show up, you jest send me word an' I'll find him for ye," the officer said to the doctor, with a threatening glance at the boy.

Tode said nothing, but in his heart he was determined not to return the next day. The officer, however, kept his eye on him, and the next afternoon pounced upon him and put him on a street car with strict orders to the conductor not to let him off until he reached the hospital. So finding himself thus under watch and ward, Tode concluded that he might as well obey orders, and he rang the bell at the hospital door. He was met by the doctor whom he had seen the night before, and taken at once to the ward where the injured man was lying.

As Tode gazed around the long room with its rows of white beds, a feeling of awe stole over him. He wanted to get away, for he did not know what to do or say.

The old man was lying as if asleep, but when the doctor spoke to him he looked up and his dim eyes brightened at sight of the familiar face of the boy.

"Oh, bishop, it's you is it? Got a paper for me?" he said with a feeble smile.

Tode wriggled uneasily as he answered gruffly, "Guess ye don't want none to-day, do ye?"

"No, I don't believe I do. You can bring me one to-morrow, bishop," and as he spoke the old man closed his eyes again, and turned his face away with a weary sigh.

"Come away now," said the doctor, and once outside the door he added, "He hasn't said as much as that before. Seeing some one he knew aroused him as I hoped it would. Why does he call you bishop?"

"I do' know," replied Tode indifferently.

"Well, you must come again to-morrow. Here's a car ticket and a quarter. I'll give you the same when you come to-morrow. Be here about this time, will you?"

"All right—I'll come," answered the boy to whom the quarter was an inducement.

The old man remained at the hospital for several weeks and Tode continued to visit him there at first for the sake of the money and because he dared not disobey the doctor's orders, but after a while he became rather proud of the old man's evident liking for him, and he would often sit and talk with him for half an hour at a time.

One day Tode inquired curiously, "What d' ye call me bishop for? 'Tain't my name."

And the old man answered dreamily, "You remind me of a boy I knew when I was about your age. He used to say that he was going to be a bishop when he grew up and so we boys always called him 'bishop.'"

"An' did he?" questioned Tode. "Become a bishop? No, he entered the army and died in his first battle."

"W'at's a bishop, anyhow?" asked Tode, after a moment's silence.

"You know what a minister is, Tode?"

"A preacher, ye mean?"

"Yes, a minister is a preacher. A bishop is a sort of head preacher—ranking higher, you know."

Tode nodded. "I'd rather be a soldier like that feller you knew," he remarked.

(To be continued.)

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

A sad thing has happened, for in the middle of the week, there arrived at my office a few of your competition answers which somehow had been delayed, and had not arrived in time for me to judge them. I am so sorry about it, because I recognized some old friends amongst them, and there were two or three new ones besides, amongst them somebody who signs himself Robert Henry Blow. I don't know which name to call him by, so I have to put it down in full. I suppose you are John and Roy's brother, aren't you? They used to write me splendid letters, but I don't remember that they ever told me about any brothers and sisters, so it was quite a surprise to see his answer-list. I'm afraid nothing can be done about them now, people; if I could find the postman who was responsible for the delay—well, I wonder what I'd do to him? Can any of you guess?

They said in the papers one day that sap was beginning to run, and two boys had had one boiling of maple sugar the other day. I've been wondering ever since if any of you people up in the country have found that out yet. It rather looks to-day as if we might perhaps have some really cold weather after all, for the wind blows right through you when you go out, and it was so mischievous this morning that it wouldn't let my going-out specs stay on my nose at all; it kept blowing them off just as I got them settled, and I had a regular fight about it. And in our garden it keeps blowing the leaves off the places where I want things to grow when real spring comes, so somebody has to go out and keep things covered up well; but it's a difficult job.

Now I'm going to stop, so that I'll have room for two letters, one from George Nott, who is a new cousin, and one from Willie Miller, who goes in for competitions very often, but who hasn't written me before. I was so glad to get them both.

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

WILLIE MILLER'S LETTER.

Linwood,
January 20th, 1919.

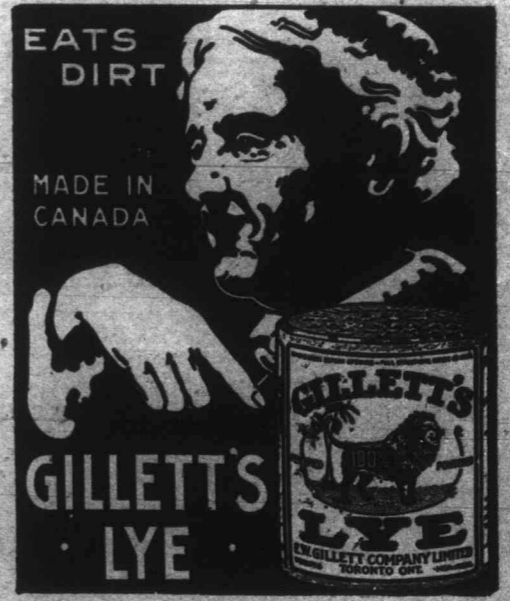
Dear Cousin Mike,—
I thought I would write you a letter, as I never did before. I have tried the Text-Hunting Competition ever since they started; I like them the best. I go to school nearly every day, and to Sunday School, too. I think I will have to close now.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Willie Miller.

GEORGE NOTT'S LETTER.

Fingal, Ont.,
January 26th, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike,—
I have never written to you before. I have read your letters for quite a



while and thought I would write to you. I am in the Senior Third Class at school. I have three sisters and a brother, and I am eleven years old. I have six rabbits and a pigeon, but none of them are very tame. We have a dog and his name is Sport. Well, I guess this will be all.
Your Cousin,
George Nott.

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