

# An Affair in a Church

On Easter Sunday morning for the first time St. Paul's congregation was to occupy its new church. It was an elaborate edifice, but with its English effects, its huge overhanging rafters, its deep set windows and its dim, quietly furnished interior it was a far cry from the hall, where for several years a hand of worshippers had met. So the happy occasion was to be duly celebrated, and the young women of the altar guild had taxed their individual and collective ingenuity — to say nothing of purses — in order to beautify the chancel with flowers.

Philip Harrison, pausing in the doorway, nodded his head approvingly.

"The girls have done well, and this will give just the correct finishing touch to the decorations," he murmured as he stalked down the center aisle, carrying a pure white dove, with outstretched wings. His sister, who was the president of the altar guild, had pressed him into service, and he was to suspend the bird just above the lectern. He was glad that the matter had slipped her mind until after the girls had gone, for since a certain night when Mildred Allen had parted in bitterness, he had rather avoided the circle of young people who rallied round his sister in her work for St. Paul's.

Philip climbed up a tall ladder and had wired the dove to the rafter above the lectern when suddenly from beneath his feet slipped the ladder, falling with a crash among the choir stalls.

Fortunately the young man had a good grip on the polished oak beam, and before the noise died away he had swung himself up and from his perch surveyed the broken ladder with a useful expression.

Suddenly he removed his gaze from the ladder and glanced around with an uneasy sense that some one was watching him. This was impossible, for the church had been absolutely empty when he entered it. He turned cautiously on his perch and caught a mothered exclamation. Then he saw ten feet away a tousled golden head and a pretty face, in which amazement and fright mingled. The girl was peering from a loft above the builders for the eventual accommodation of a pipe organ.

"Well, Milly, it looks as if you were in a hole too."

She ignored both the speech and the chuckle which followed it.

"I do not see," she replied in icy tones, "how my predicament can be of the least interest to Mr. Harrison."

Philip, now quite secure on the beam, hugged his knees and looked at her entreatingly.

"Come, now, Milly, isn't that a strong to the man you were practically engaged to less than a week ago?"

"It is hard to be reminded of the pascal lamb which stood out so bold relief back of the altar to her right. 'One is not to blame, however, for mistaking a flirt for a gentleman.'"

"I'm not a flirt," answered Philip lightly, and in his excitement he almost slipped off the beam.

Mildred tried hard not to smile and continued to gaze at the lady.

"Isn't it odd," she continued, "how some persons will fib even in church?"

"The lamb wisely kept out of the picture, but young Harrison answered her.

"Why won't you please listen? I have cared a rap for Jennie Adams, haven't I?"

"That," she retorted, suddenly forgetting the lamb, "why did you send those perfectly lovely violets?"

"Great light came to Philip. 'Why, those were a philopena present. Didn't she tell you?'"

"That is a very ancient excuse for sending violets on a girl to whom you are not engaged. You might at least have informed me of your intentions beforehand. Then, you see, I shouldn't have cared, and perhaps I might have warned you"—this just a moment viciously—"that a girl with a man's sallow complexion does not wear well-wearing violets. Crimson intentions would have been better."

"Well, I will ask you next time," she catching sight of more than a thousand gathering, he added hastily "I mean there will be no chance of ever happening again if you will promise me."

"The contrition seemed genuine, however, she was uncomfortable, and the shadows were falling unpleasantly fast.

"Perhaps I will if—you will get me out of this."

"How did you get in?" he questioned.

"I was working on the ladder, and it suddenly led me to see what this hole was for and then I caught

## Caused Heated Debate.

London, July 2.—A long and heated debate on the Irish question was precipitated in the house of commons today. Thomas W. Russell, Liberal, moved the adjournment of the house to discuss pending evictions from the estate of Lord DeFrayne, in Roscommon county, in connection with which that nobleman recently had written against several members of the Irish parliamentary party, whom he charged with conspiracy.

Mr. Russell declared that unless the government intervened to prevent these evictions an era of turmoil would be inaugurated in the west of Ireland, where there was trouble enough already. He said that he had visited the DeFrayne estate three times, and that he was thoroughly convinced of the injustice under which the tenants suffered. The people there were the poorest of the poor. He believed one word from Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary for Ireland, would settle the whole trouble, and he thought the reduction of the rents collected on the estate by 33 per cent. would not be excessive for these lands, which were now renting for more money than was obtained from decent arable lands in Ulster county.

Mr. Wyndham replied with some asperity that he was surprised to find Mr. Russell siding against law and order. The rents from the DeFrayne estate, he said, had been reduced 37 per cent. in the past twenty years, and he knew that some of the organizers were making money out of the agitation. His advice to the tenants was to pay up. This statement was greeted with groans from the Irish members. Hundreds had done so, said Mr. Wyndham, and this remark was received with Conservative cheers. Many would like to pay, added the chief secretary, but were intimidated. Mr. Wyndham said it was impossible to carry out the land purchase scheme in Ireland when it was interrupted by agitators who desired to make government there impossible.

John Redmond, the Nationalist leader in the house, characterized Mr. Wyndham's statement as paltry and flippant. He declared that whatever money was paid in rentals on the DeFrayne estate was earned by the male population working in England during the harvest season, and he contended that the government was directly responsible for the happenings on the DeFrayne property. After other members of the house had spoken on the subject Mr. Russell's motion for an adjournment was defeated by 231 votes to 125.

## Escaped Death Penalty

Panama, Columbia, July 5.—Confirmation has been received from a reliable source of the report that the revolutionary generals, Ramirez, Payan and Ferras, who were recently made prisoners by the rebel chief, Herreras, for insubordination, and who were tried by court martial at David, were sentenced to death. The penalty imposed was, however, commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment.

## "Marse Henry's" Popularity.

"There goes Marse Henry," said a Kentuckian affectionately as Mr. Henry Watterson passed through the corridor of the capitol recently. "He is Colonel Watterson to the world at large, but 'Marse Henry' to the little world in Kentucky that loves him, and I believe that he values the latter appellation more than any title that has been bestowed upon him.

"When I was a boy, I lived at a little railroad station in Kentucky which was reached by the mail train about 11 o'clock every morning. It was the custom for the inhabitants to gather at the station to await the coming of The Courier-Journal. No work was done in the meantime, the little group about the station discussing the affairs of the state, with occasional reference to local questions of grave importance.

"When the train arrived, the single copy of The Courier-Journal which came to our place was handed out. Then came I into momentary importance and prominence. As the best reader in the crowd—being at that time eleven years of age and having progressed as far as Guffey's Fifth Reader in the Frankfort school—I was daily elected to read the paper to the assembled crowd.

"Mounting the well whittled store box that stood by the freight agent's door and pausing a moment to permit each gent to take a fresh 'chaw' of tobacco to assist meditation and mental digestion, I proceeded to read the paper aloud amid a most respectable silence from the audience.

"Read it all? By no means. I read 'Marse Henry's' leading editorial. That was all our people wanted. Little cared they for the headlines of the news columns. The editorial set the pace for the day for our folks, and when the last word was read every man went his way about his work."—Washington Star.

**When the Statue.**

The three were indulging in their favorite pastime, jesting, Messrs. Ruppert, Ryan and Fitzgerald of New York composing the party. Ruppert had just hauled out a box of cigarettes when Representative O. F.

## \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal-amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

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