

a word, of young Flanagan; and he shrewdly suspected that Donovan's reference to Friday had not been quite accidental. Without seeming to do so he had quietly watched Flanagan during lunch and had divined, with mingled amusement and contempt, the motive that had first made him order meat and then persist in eating it.

"I suppose he thought it would raise him in my estimation," he mused. "Well, well! he made a mistake, that's all; but I wonder if all Catholic customs are as susceptible of reasonable explanation as those I tried Donovan on. I must broach the subject to Flo—not that it will interest her much, I fancy."

"Flo" was his wife; previous to their marriage she had been a Catholic, but at present of no particular persuasion, judging by her conduct. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Archland bore as close a resemblance to a jellyfish as a human being may. Soft, indolent, weak, hating everything that savored of exertion, physical or mental, she needed the constant influence of a stronger will than her own to keep her moving in any direction. Before her marriage to Mr. Archland, her mother, a woman of determination, had seen to it that she attended to her duties toward "God, her neighbor and herself"; after that interesting event, her husband had kept her up to the last two items, but, having pledged himself not to interfere with her in matters of religion, the first was left to herself, with the result that she quickly dropped all religious observances. Of course, her mother took her to task from time to time, and equally of course she expressed purpose of amendment on each occasion; but the months and the years rolled on, and the reproaches of a never very urgent conscience grew fainter and fainter, until at last Mrs. Archland was a very contented woman, for the "inward monitor" had given up the weak struggle and composed itself to rest.

Sometimes Mr. Archland wondered why the representatives of his wife's religion had exacted from him such