

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SHILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XIII. IN PRISON AT AIX.

After the inquest, at which nothing fresh was elicited, the body of the unfortunate lady was laid on a temporary bier in the principal passage of the convent. The doors were then opened to admit the crowds who flocked in. Mrs. Blanchard had been laughed at sometimes for her piety, but she had never made it offensive, and she was adored by the poor on account of her charity. One may imagine the grief of the people on seeing their benefactress lying cold and stark, and in proportion to their grief was their rage against the cruel murderer.

"Look at that, see how the wretch strangled the poor dear lady!" "Throttled her and stabbed her too. Look! her dress is saturated with blood!" "No, no, our good clergyman never did that!" "He must have done it. It was done with his knife. It has all been proved against him."

"The rascal ought to be torn in pieces."

"Now you see what use religion is! I for one shall never go inside a church again."

Such were some of the remarks made by the ignorant and easily prejudiced crowd. One said one thing, and one another, and only a small minority ventured to insist on their Pastor's innocence, or at least express their doubts as to his guilt. And when the cry was raised: "Here he comes! Here he comes!" all attention was turned to the small escort of police who were advancing, their truncheons drawn, ready to protect the prisoner who walked in their midst, and make a way for him through the crowd.

As they passed the spot where the bier stood, Father Montmoulin involuntarily paused, and raised his fettered hands in supplication, murmured the prayer: "Eternal rest give to her O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her." Tears filled his eyes; availing himself of a momentary hush, he attempted to address a few words to the bystanders, but scarcely could he say: "My children, I am innocent, before he was interrupted with insults, and the police hurried him on, fearful lest any violence should be used against him.

At the gate of the convent a farmer's cart was standing, such as is used to carry sheep or calves to market. The driver, a rough laborer, looked at the muddy casock the priest wore, and made some rude jest as to the queer load he had to carry, which the onlookers received with laughter and reports.

Meanwhile Father Montmoulin got into the vehicle, and seated himself, a policeman by his side, on a sack of straw.

The unhappy priest's feeling as they drove off may be better imagined than described. He looked so once more at the church, and remembered the last sermon he had preached within its walls, only two days before, on the seal of confession, little thinking how soon he himself would become a victim of that stringent law. He glanced at the crowd, some of whom were following the cart shouting imprecations upon him, and in the background he saw many a sorrowful and compassionate countenance; but those were believed in him and felt for him were withheld and timid, afraid to express opinion of his innocence. So it was when our Lord was led bound through the streets of Jerusalem from the tribunal of Caiaphas to Pilate's palace, and the thought of this brought comfort to the heart of the Pastor, as the rude conveyance jolted over the rough stones of the village street.

He closed his eyes and felt in that for the sake of Christ's Passion strength might be imparted to him. Only once he opened them, when the village school was being passed, and amongst the voices of the adults who all turned out of their houses to gaze at and abuse him, he heard one or two children's voices calling him a murderer.

This hurt him more than anything; he looked at the offenders with an expression of sorrowful reproach which silenced them; at the same time he saw others crying and bewailing his departure, and their childish sympathy was balm to his wounded heart.

The worst was over when the village was left behind. The few who would run after the cart as far as the ways dropped off, and on the high road there were only occasional groups of peasants, who were returning from the produce of their farms and gardens, or laborers who left their work in the fields at the sight of the escort of the mounted police and the prisoner wearing handcuffs in the cart. Now and again exclamations such as these were heard: "Look, the police have got a priest! They are taking him to prison! He is handcuffed! Whatever can he have done? Why is the priest of St. Victoire?" and the driver was never averse to satisfying the curiosity of inquirers by informing them who the prisoner was, and what the crime whereof he was charged. "Look at him," he would add, "they are all alike; his next sermon will be from the scaffold. That's what your clergy are; away with them all."

Not until Aix was reached did Father Montmoulin experience to the full the pain and ignominy of this visitation. The report had reached the town that a priest was to be brought in, convicted of robbery with murder, and on the way to the prison heads were thrust out of every window, the shopkeepers stood on their doorsteps, the lowest rabble filled the streets, and it was not without difficulty that the cart made its way in some parts through the crowds of roughs that surged around it. Turning a corner into the market place, where business was still going on, the conveyance came momentarily to a standstill, at the very spot where, as ill-

luck would have it, or rather as Providence decreed, Father Montmoulin's mother was standing, making a few purchases at one of the stalls.

"One moment, my good lady," quoth the stall-keeper, "sturdy, weather-beaten old woman, 'I will serve you directly, only I must see who they are taking to prison. Hold the chair, child, while I get up on it to look,'" she said to Mrs. Montmoulin's grand daughter, who was carrying the basket for her grandmother.

They did say, it was a priest who had committed murder—my goodness, is it possible! yes, the prisoner in the cart actually has a casock on! Do you see child? Get up here and look."

In the twinkling of an eye Julia climbed upon the stand, and no sooner did she catch sight of the prisoner who sat with closed eyes, pale and patient in the cart, than she screamed aloud: "Grandmother, it is Uncle!" Hardly knowing what she did, the old woman turned round, and as the conveyance proceeded on its way, she caught a glimpse of her son, and calling him by name, she fell fainting to the ground.

The cry reached Father Montmoulin's ears, and he recognized his mother's voice. He sprang to his feet, and begged the guard for Heaven's sake to stop one moment that he might speak a word of consolation to his mother; but the police only ordered the driver to go faster, and ere long they drew up at the prison gates.

After the usual formalities had been gone through in the presence of the Governor, the prisoner was given in charge to one of the warders with the words: "Robbery and murder as good as proven. Take the prisoner to cell 11, and let him be closely watched."

The massive iron gates which separated the main body of the prison from the wing containing the Governor's apartments and the various offices, swung back on their hinges to admit the prisoner and the attendant warder. The porter who opened the gates looked the priest up and down with a sinister expression, then all was locked and bolted behind them. Father Montmoulin's heart was heavy as he walked by the warder's side down a long corridor, closed by a heavy iron grating, on both sides of which were the prisoners' cells. The warder unlocked No. 11, and ushered his companion into the gloomy chamber.

Father Montmoulin glanced at the bare, whitewashed walls and the tiny window with its iron bars and wooden shutter; through which a narrow strip of blue sky alone was visible, the small table and wooden stool standing on one side, whilst against the opposite wall was a wretched pallet with a straw mattress; then he turned to the warder and asked if he would take off the handcuffs and get him a breviary and writing materials.

"I will take off the handcuffs," the man replied, with a searching look at the prisoner. "You seem a quieter chap than your predecessor here, who tried to commit suicide when he found he was sentenced to death. He hung himself to the bars of the window, but we cut him down in time, so the hang man was not cheated. I dare say the Governor will allow you to have the writing materials, but we have not got the book you ask for; it is quite unnecessary."

"It is very necessary for me, I am under the obligation of saying it every day. Would you have the kindness to ask the Director of the Diocesan Seminary. He knows me quite well; my God, how amazed he will be when he hears I am imprisoned on a charge of robbery with murder!"

"I will mention your wish to the Superintendent," the warder answered. "Is there anything else you want? No? We generally get no end of requests, very few of which are granted, let me tell you. A prayerbook is the last thing asked for. There is your pitcher of water in that corner; your food will be put through this sliding-door. I suppose you will wish to be supplied from outside, until after the trial. The prices are: 1st class, ten shillings per diem; 2d class, five; 3d class, three. Which will you have?"

"What does the usual prison fare cost?" "Nothing at all, it is supplied gratis, but I warn you it is not very appetizing."

"I have no doubt it will do for me. I am poor, and so are my relations. And the prison fare will be suitable for Lent, on which we have just entered," Father Montmoulin rejoined with a mournful smile.

The warder stared at him for a moment. "As you please," he said and turned to depart. Then coming back, he took up the pitcher saying, "At any rate, Sir, I will fetch you some fresh water and a piece of good bread," and left the cell, half annoyed with himself for having been moved to pity by the pale, delicate looking priest and the shabby murderer. "That is the strangest murderer I have ever seen," he said to himself as he bolted and locked the door. "I have had experience of a good many during twenty years' service here, but none has been like this one. But there must be strong evidence against him, or the Governor would not have sent him to No. 11. Perhaps he is only a better dissimulator than the others. I am not going to let myself be taken in at my years."

As soon as he was left in solitude, Father Montmoulin knelt down and made an offering to God of the bitter shame and disgrace which had been his portion during the past twenty-four hours. He did so from his heart, although he felt within him the natural repugnance that everyone feels to humiliation and injustice. He then prayed for fortitude, that he might drink the chalice of suffering like his Lord, to the dregs, and endure anything and everything rather than be unfaithful in the slightest degree to the sacred obligation of secrecy. For some time he remained at prayer; at length he found consolation and peace of mind. "I cannot do otherwise," he said to himself; "I must do my duty, and leave the rest in God's hands. He will make all turn out for the best."

In te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum. After thus raising his heart to God, Father Montmoulin, worn out with sorrow and fatigue, laid down on his hard and narrow bed, and from sheer exhaustion, fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke, it was almost dark. The warder must have been in, for he found a pitcher of water on his table, besides some bread and the writing materials he desired. A basin of soup and a small piece of meat had also been put in through the sliding door, both were cold, as if they had been there some time. He ate some bread and meat, and then said his beads, which he had been allowed to retain when his pockets were searched.

Afterwards he paced up and down his cell, endeavouring calmly to reflect what it would be best for him to do. He decided to write to his ecclesiastical superiors the next morning, giving a brief statement of what had occurred, and declaring his innocence, with an earnest entreaty that they would both counsel him how to act and take steps in his behalf, not so much for his sake as for that of the clergy in general, who would be involved in his disgrace, and for the sake of averting terrible scandal to the faithful and to unbelievers. Next to this, his principal anxiety was to speak a word of consolation to his mother; but the police only ordered the driver to go faster, and ere long they drew up at the prison gates.

After the usual formalities had been gone through in the presence of the Governor, the prisoner was given in charge to one of the warders with the words: "Robbery and murder as good as proven. Take the prisoner to cell 11, and let him be closely watched."

The massive iron gates which separated the main body of the prison from the wing containing the Governor's apartments and the various offices, swung back on their hinges to admit the prisoner and the attendant warder. The porter who opened the gates looked the priest up and down with a sinister expression, then all was locked and bolted behind them. Father Montmoulin's heart was heavy as he walked by the warder's side down a long corridor, closed by a heavy iron grating, on both sides of which were the prisoners' cells. The warder unlocked No. 11, and ushered his companion into the gloomy chamber.

Father Montmoulin glanced at the bare, whitewashed walls and the tiny window with its iron bars and wooden shutter; through which a narrow strip of blue sky alone was visible, the small table and wooden stool standing on one side, whilst against the opposite wall was a wretched pallet with a straw mattress; then he turned to the warder and asked if he would take off the handcuffs and get him a breviary and writing materials.

"I will take off the handcuffs," the man replied, with a searching look at the prisoner. "You seem a quieter chap than your predecessor here, who tried to commit suicide when he found he was sentenced to death. He hung himself to the bars of the window, but we cut him down in time, so the hang man was not cheated. I dare say the Governor will allow you to have the writing materials, but we have not got the book you ask for; it is quite unnecessary."

"It is very necessary for me, I am under the obligation of saying it every day. Would you have the kindness to ask the Director of the Diocesan Seminary. He knows me quite well; my God, how amazed he will be when he hears I am imprisoned on a charge of robbery with murder!"

"I will mention your wish to the Superintendent," the warder answered. "Is there anything else you want? No? We generally get no end of requests, very few of which are granted, let me tell you. A prayerbook is the last thing asked for. There is your pitcher of water in that corner; your food will be put through this sliding-door. I suppose you will wish to be supplied from outside, until after the trial. The prices are: 1st class, ten shillings per diem; 2d class, five; 3d class, three. Which will you have?"

"What does the usual prison fare cost?" "Nothing at all, it is supplied gratis, but I warn you it is not very appetizing."

"I have no doubt it will do for me. I am poor, and so are my relations. And the prison fare will be suitable for Lent, on which we have just entered," Father Montmoulin rejoined with a mournful smile.

The warder stared at him for a moment. "As you please," he said and turned to depart. Then coming back, he took up the pitcher saying, "At any rate, Sir, I will fetch you some fresh water and a piece of good bread," and left the cell, half annoyed with himself for having been moved to pity by the pale, delicate looking priest and the shabby murderer. "That is the strangest murderer I have ever seen," he said to himself as he bolted and locked the door. "I have had experience of a good many during twenty years' service here, but none has been like this one. But there must be strong evidence against him, or the Governor would not have sent him to No. 11. Perhaps he is only a better dissimulator than the others. I am not going to let myself be taken in at my years."

As soon as he was left in solitude, Father Montmoulin knelt down and made an offering to God of the bitter shame and disgrace which had been his portion during the past twenty-four hours. He did so from his heart, although he felt within him the natural repugnance that everyone feels to humiliation and injustice. He then prayed for fortitude, that he might drink the chalice of suffering like his Lord, to the dregs, and endure anything and everything rather than be unfaithful in the slightest degree to the sacred obligation of secrecy. For some time he remained at prayer; at length he found consolation and peace of mind. "I cannot do otherwise," he said to himself; "I must do my duty, and leave the rest in God's hands. He will make all turn out for the best."

who would have dreamed of such a thing happening; I do not mean to reproach you, but one must observe ordinary prudence. What we have to do now, is to prove that you are not guilty. There must have been some one else on the premises, who had got in without your knowledge, and who committed the murder; who can it have been?"

"The magistrate averred that it could not possibly have been a stranger, for how could he have known that Mrs. Blanchard would pass by the lumber-room with the money at that particular time, and laid in wait for her," Father Montmoulin answered dejectedly.

"There was the sacristan; has it been actually proved that he was absent that day?" "So I am told."

"That must be looked into. Or perhaps the maid-servant talked about Mrs. Blanchard going for the money, and it got to the ears of some rogue, who slipped into the convent after her. Take courage, all must be thoroughly investigated. I will go at once to the Vicar-General and if necessary, to the Archbishop; counsel must be retained for the defence."

"I have no money to pay for his services."

"Do not trouble yourself on that score, we shall see about that. Your disgrace is reflected upon us."

Father Montmoulin replied despondently. "But I am none the less grateful to you for your kindness. I beg you will assure his Grace the Archbishop, the Vicar-General and all my fellow-priests of my innocence, and tell them how deeply it grieves me that I should be the occasion of bringing this trouble upon them. One thing more: do what you can for my poor mother, my sister, and her children, if they suffer on my account."

"Certainly I will see what can be done for them. Do not lose heart, my dear friend. In your affliction think of our Lord, innocent itself, Who for our sins was counted amongst the ungodly. You have now to carry the cross as He did."

"The cross is a heavy one. Pray for me, and ask the prayers of others, that I may not fall beneath its weight," replied the prisoner, as his visitor rose to take leave. He then begged him to hear his confession, which Father Regent did very willingly. What an unhappy priest it would have been to have confessed to the subject of his meditations during Lent, he seated himself at the table, and wrote to the Vicar-General, enclosing a short note to the Archbishop. He also wrote to his mother, to comfort and encourage her; there was no need to assure her of his innocence. He felt not a little uneasy on account of the magistrate's threats, but he tried to persuade himself this was an empty menace. There was nothing to be done out to leave this all to God; even if his mother were put in prison and sentenced to some punishment as accessory to the crime, it would not justify him in breaking the seal of confession.

When his letters were finished, Father Montmoulin looked round for his breviary, intending to recite it as usual. He then remembered that he had not been supplied with one, and was obliged to content himself with saying the rosary in its place. Then he waited as patiently as he could until the warder should come for his letters and perhaps bring him up for further examination.

Shortly before noon the bolts of the cell door were drawn back, and to his great joy Father Regent, the director of the Seminary, entered. The good old man looked kindly but sorrowfully at his former pupil: "My dear Francis!" he exclaimed, "this is indeed a terrible trial for you! I heard yesterday of the calamity that had befallen you and tried to see you, but could not get permission. This morning I went to the prefect of the department, an old friend, and begged him to give me an order to the Inspector of police, and thus access was granted me. And now my dear fellow, you need not tell me this accusation is perfectly false, for I know you to be utterly incapable of committing so foul a crime; I told the Inspector so, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and said the circumstantial evidence appeared incontrovertible. No doubt about your innocence, but how is it to be proved? That is the difficulty. What can we do to put down this frightful scandal as soon and as completely as possible, and vindicate your good name?"

Father Montmoulin thanked his old friend for his kind sympathy, and said he really did not know what could be done. The Inspector told him the whole story of what had taken place, entirely omitting, however, the fact that Loser had been to confession to him. After he had counted up all the evidence against himself, and dwelt upon his gravity, he wound up by saying: "God, the omniscient and omnipotent, knows that I am innocent, I take Him to witness! But how to prove my innocence in the sight of man is another matter. I shall not be the first man who has been unjustly condemned."

Father Regent's countenance had grown very grave, as he listened to the prisoner's narrative. He remained silent for some minutes; then he said: "The difficulties seem more insuperable than I at first imagined. I thought the whole affair was cooked up by our enemies, to make a point at the elections, because the Liberal papers made use directly of the fatal occurrence in support of their views." After a pause he continued: "It is a good thing the lady who was murdered was not young, or another construction might have been put upon the deed. I must say I think you were very unwise to let the old lady come to you when you were alone, if you were going to hand over that sum of money to her; you might have told her to bring another member of the committee with her, or at least you need not have sent the old servant away. I know what you will answer:

ones—kind of heavy, but you won't have to go far. No, hold on, I'll dump them into that hearse of yours, and you come along with the basket full of apples; and then crowd in the tomatoes to top off the load."

That was Gilpin's way. Sister Adelaide packed the hand basket and emptied the load into her waggon. With a rewarding smile, and a grateful "thank you, Mr. Gilpin," she went to a stall number two. Here she found a stranger, a big, raw boned six-footer, who had changed his occupation from cutting and hauling timber to selling eggs and poultry. The little Sister did so want eggs. They were the main table relish in Lent and she politely asked if he had anything for her old folks.

"Ain't ye big an' old an' able enough to support yer old man and woman 'thout beggin' from honest hard-worked people?" was the gruff response. "Up my way one of your years works and works hard, milkin' cows, twenty on 'em, every day, and cleans house besides after the men go to the wood, 'an' then along with that has time to make over last year's clothes. You'd better get to work, an' quit Your'd round here, like some giddy young bunnies."

Sister Adelaide had frequently met with refusals, decisive to be sure, but with the sting taken out—which always made her feel they were not refusals. This onslaught was new, and it hurt. Her first impulse was to ignore it, and go to stall number three, but then, here was an opportunity to enlighten this man, who evidently was ignorant of her life's mission. Briefly she explained what and who her old folks were, repeating at the end her question—if he had anything for her charges at home?

"Yes, by thunder, I have something for sich as you." Standing back as he uttered the words he deliberately spat in her face. The training that makes the martyr came to the surface instantly. Quietly wiping her face she said very gently: "That's for myself. Now, what have you for Christ's poor at our home?"

Before he recovered from his blank surprise there was a shout in the street, and big John Mulaney, the handsome owner and driver of a four-horse team, loaded with apples, made a "lep" from his seat, cleared the wheel, landed on the walk and hit the brute a fearful blow, telling him as with a sledge hammer.

"Ye black-hearted devil, I saw what ye did; where I come from they'd make ye walk on yer knees around the street to bog her pardon. I've a mind to—"

And certainly something worse would have befallen the vendor of eggs if Mulaney had not been caught by the other dealers and held. Even then he was like a wild thing.

The little Sister pleaded with him; "For God's sake, do no further harm."

"Sister, you stand away now, get back there a bit, and let me have me own way. I'm not work with him. I have a plan that'll work well with a thing like this. I've a mind to—"

reaching down, dragged up the protruding man, who fortunately had fallen on a bag of oats, thus missing a cracked skull. "Stand ye there now, and God help ye if ye move a perch from that flag stone," shouted the Irish man, and the captive stood as if petrified. Mulaney went to the Sister's wagon, from which the scared novice had hastily retired, and unhitched "Kitty," who went foraging amongst the carts. He marched back to stall number two, grasped the owner, as one grasps a bag filled with meal, and actually threw him out before the shafts—into which he backed him, harnessed him with the tug straps around his waist, and the reins fastened under and over his shoulders, buckling them near his ears.

"I'll lead this mule myself, lead him by the ears round the market for the edification of any more donkeys that may be minded to act like him," he explained. And lead him he did, from stall to stall.

The crowd of onlookers increased; once and only once the victim protested at such "an outrage"—to be met by Mulaney's ready reply: "Outrage, is it, and that wasn't an outrage ye did the poor little creature that it does us all good to see? Stop, now; hold yer tongue, or I'll muzzle ye as they do the dogs. Many a one of them is better nor ye are."

"What's all this tomfoolery?" demanded an officer, drawn to the spot by the jeers of the crowd.

"Nothing at all, Tim," said Mulaney, reassuringly. "Tis only a lad that's paying an election bet. They all knew Mulaney's funny vein, and the guardian of the peace went off chuckling."

The queer-looking parade made a circuit of the market, the wagon growing heavier as they went. Finally, when it was packed to the cover, they stopped at stall number two, where Mulaney unhitched the brutal dealer, and left him before his eggs and pullets, with this admonition: "Ye've learned yer lesson, this day. Don't ever forget it. If ye expect any comfort down here amongst men that are yer betters, then give, don't, beudge what ye give, to the little woman, or her likes. Never mind now, Sister," as Sister Adelaide began to protest against the humiliation he had inflicted on the vendor, "yer ideas of this may differ from mine, but 'twasn't human what he did to ye."

home without the horse? Where is "Kitty?" "Oh, to be sure. I'll get the old mare." "But "Kitty" couldn't be found—another trick of Mulaney's. He pretended to look for her.

"Sister, that old mare must have gone home without ye. Let me give ye the loan of one of the four out there in the street. I'll let ye have him for such time as well—I'll let ye have him till I call for him—the lad there in the load."

"It was useless to protest, for Mulaney was one who did things, whether you would or wouldn't. The big gray with difficulty was put between the shafts that "Kitty" so long and so faithfully filled, and the Sisters mounted to the wagon seat, looking sadly at the crest-fallen owner of stall number two, and with a smile and a "thank you" to Mulaney, they started home.

The gray was awkward—found it queer pulling the load that was so light for him—but once he got into the swing of things he plunged along lively through the crowded streets, back over the bridge, and brought up shortly at the gate of the old folks' home, where John O'Dowd in surprise and alarm swung back the gate and let him in.

"My, my, Sister! but where did ye get the big fellow? What a breadth of the chest he has, and look at the head of him, and the fine broad back! My, my," John continued, "Sister, I guess yer right, God is good."

Mulaney, in the meanwhile, found "Kitty" behind a true stone, and he had securely tied her. He hitched her with the off gray horse, the latter evidently protesting, as horses can do, in his own way, at the mist of a mate, but it wasn't horse sense to balk when Mulaney was the whip, so they started for the long journey home.

Owing to "Kitty's" uselessness as a leader of a four-horse truck, the going had to be somewhat slow. The progress was slow, and Mulaney entered his own barnyard, twenty miles away, hours after "the woman" had gone to bed.

This did not prevent him from waking her, after he had securely housed the four, to tell the doings of the day, with many a loud laugh. Her comment when she had heard the whole, with all the details as only Mulaney could tell them, was, "John Mulaney, the blessing of God on ye for a good man!"—Donahoe's.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HORACE HARTLEY.

Horace Hartley was a boy. That is, he was a real boy. When he played marbles his voice was as much in evidence—or even more—as his skill in shooting. When he was on the baseball diamond he took to go full limit any and every advantage the rules of the game allowed. He would suffer the chagrin of his competitors in marbles, after he had "stumped" him. He had to be vicious first, and then he was generous.

Horace Hartley was a boy. There is nothing remarkable in this fact, but it is necessary to state it again, because the same Horace, one day, got so incredibly mixed up with another person, that for some time he did not know whether he was himself or some one else. This is how it all happened.

It was a hot Friday morning in June. The day before, Hartley's class had celebrated their annual picnic, and, as every boy had on that day taken advantage of every possible enjoyment, and had filled the day to overflowing with fun, it may easily be surmised that the lessons of the day were none too well prepared, or the class as a whole up to the usual standard in its intelligence or attention. Mr. Cane, the professor of the class, saw how matters were, and was unusually lenient that day in exacting the ordinary repetitions and class exercises. Horace had a colorful and decent recitation of his catechism, and the judicious professor waived the Latin lesson for that day, and instead, gave a somewhat lengthy explanation of some new portion of the grammar which the boys had not yet seen.

The teacher talked earnestly and with fluency, and with a ready power of explanation. This morning, however, his efforts seemed fruitless, fruitless to interest, fruitless even to hold the attention of his class. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he again and again repeated and explained the first of the four Concord.

"Pay attention, Horace," said Mr. Cane. "I shall require you to repeat this lesson to-morrow morning." "Assure, but it's so hot," replied Hartley, "and my arm aches so, and my back is blistered and I feel so—so—"

"So tired. Of course. You can't expect to play baseball for four hours, and be in the water for over an hour and a half, as well as doing many extraordinary things, without being tired the next day."

"Never mind, now, Horace. Pay attention, for although I did not call for a repetition to-day, I shall call on you to-morrow to repeat all about the first Concord."

Hartley was one of the best students in the class. He aroused himself to pay stricter attention, but soon he felt his eyelids to be again most unwontedly heavy, and his senses dull.

"Horace Hartley," said Mr. Cane, a few minutes later, and somewhat sharply this time, "please try to pay attention. I have been talking for the last ten minutes, and you might as well be a thousand miles away for all the benefit you are deriving from what I am saying."

Then Mr. Cane pointed his finger at Horace, and said: "Put yourself in my place, and see if you would care to talk on a hot day like this, to an inattentive boy for half an hour!"

Now a very strange thing happened to Hartley, which he was never afterwards able to explain. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation. He was conscious that he was growing larger and larger, and soon began to feel decidedly out of place in the benches among his class-mates. Then to his further