

the—representatives of the Queen, how can they listen without—emphatic protest to such disloyal principles?" asked the Canon.

"Oh, these eccentricities are quite tolerable, and even amusing," said the Doctor, "to Englishmen. It is only when we see such principles reduced to practice by silent and steady organization that we bring down the whip."

"But the language, sir!" said the Canon.

"We never mind talk," said the Doctor; "it is the silence we dread."

And the Canon thereupon was dumb.

"There's a letter from Louis by the evening mail," said Mrs. Wilson, addressing her husband.

A modest request for twenty pounds? asked the Doctor, lifting his black eyebrows.

"No, indeed. You can read it. There's nothing of that kind in it."

And the filial letter ran thus:—

"Dearest Mother:—Arrived here quite safely on the 11th and looked up my old disciples. None were pretty rough and disgraced as was not expected, and London is yet a dear old hillside in the deep valleys of the Alps or leaning over the knuckles of the Norway rivers. But there is a pretty large crowd of country cousins in the streets, very open as to the condition of chronic public opinion on the subject of the 'Pope' and the 'Pope's'."

Hot streets, blazing sky, no society. Well, a little. We had a meeting of the 'Catholics on Monday evening' and a very successful one. I am booked for a lecture on 'The Pope's' on the 14th. We had also a garden party up the river at Leckham. A select few of the rabble of 'plebeian' heads and 'peasant' noses met at the house of Lady L., who you already know as the patroness of the arts. She has a very nice garden, and a very nice house, and a very nice family. I am booked for a lecture on 'The Pope's' on the 14th. We had also a garden party up the river at Leckham. A select few of the rabble of 'plebeian' heads and 'peasant' noses met at the house of Lady L., who you already know as the patroness of the arts. She has a very nice garden, and a very nice house, and a very nice family.

"I am not surprised at his affection for his niece," said Dr. Calthrop; "she is the gentlest and sweetest girl I have ever seen. I have never seen a hawk and a dove in close company sitting near her at the dinner table."

"Ay!" said Dr. Wilson, and his voice would have broken sadly but for that blessed cigar; "but like all things else, she will leave me. Now, I could spare Louis easily, but I can't spare her. She'll go and he'll stay; and I am not certain which will be the more bitter trial."

"Where will she go?" asked Dr. Calthrop.

"Look here, Calthrop! You cannot understand. It is all the old literalness of this religion of ours. 'Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor;—' 'Consider the lilies of the field;—' 'What doth it profit a man?—' Denny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Me.' This is what we are ever hearing; and these young featherheads believe it all and take it letter by letter."

"It sounds very like the Gospel, though," said Dr. Calthrop.

"Of course. But this is the nineteenth century. Consider the lilies of the field! What chance would any unfortunate man have, with such a belief as that, amongst the army of rabid and unscrupulous Orangemen here in Dublin? He would be in the work-house in a month."

"I suppose so," said Dr. Calthrop, smoking leisurely.

"Now, there's the beauty of your religion," said Dr. Wilson. "It fits you like a dressing-gown—ease, beauty, elasticity. You can sit, stand or lie. You can be anything you like—Turk, Jew, or Atheist, Freemason, Agnostic, Socinian—but no one minds. You can rob, steal, swindle and sit down calmly the following Sunday and hear that such have no place in the Kingdom of Heaven. I call that delightful. But let one of our musty, barefooted friars say, with certain emphasis next Sunday: 'Come, rise up, and follow the footsteps of blood, why, every little girl is dying to start at once for China or Japan, and get her little neck chopped off by some pig-tailed savage. And this will be the way with Barbara. Instead of a few balls and parties, and then a decent marriage, she will become a 'servant of the poor,' or kit chen maid to a parcel of lunatics."

"And your son—has he similar notions?"

"Will sow his wild oats, I suppose."

"And then?"

"And then depend on his uncle for a dispensary."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HONOR OF CONOR SHEAN.

As Conor Shean entered his board ing house, he found a letter on the hall table where his landlady deposited the boarder's mail each day. With a surprised lift of his eyebrows, Conor noted the business card of a safe and lock company which was a formidable competitor of his employer. Tearing open the envelope he read:

"Dear Sir: A few months ago it was my privilege to examine a number of specifications and drawings made by you. I was impressed by the neatness and exactness of your work and the great care it evinced. By the death of one of our draughtsmen, we stand in need of the services of such a man as yourself, and should be pleased to know whether a consideration of \$150 per month would interest you."

"I shall not ask that you keep this matter in confidence. The Enterprise is a competitor of the Master Company, and I want you with us if I can secure you. An early reply would oblige you. A Sincerely yours

"JOHN BECK
"Pres. Master Safe Co."

As Conor ate his modest supper and

drank the concoction charitably called coffee which filled his cup, he beamed in an unwonted manner upon his fellows, even trading jokes with the old professor, of whom he usually forgot uncomprehendingly shy.

Rose Emerson presented a charming picture as she waited for Conor that November evening. Gibson might have passed her with no desire to reproduce her in black and white, but a painter of Madonnas would have claimed her for his own. As the fire-shine polished the ebony of her hair, and sent off a cluster of sparkles from her gold brown eyes, she smiled into the flames, and a rosy flush diffused her cheek and brow. A peal of the electric bell roused her from her dreaming.

"Rose, darling, have you been waiting long?"

"No, Conor, dear; just a little while. Come, sit by the fire and less abnormal weight upon your brain. I'm convinced that there is an something remarkable must have happened by the look of your face, my man. What is it? Tell me, there's a good chap."

Conor laughed indulgently at her as she stood where the firelight enveloped her in its soft radiance, and replied:

"Yes, little sweetheart, something has happened. It is good news, but this blessed English I don't like to talk business just yet. Stand there a minute and let me look at you."

What a scrutiny! Lovers' eyes are keen and far from blind, but as he gazed at the beautiful girl who had honored him with her pure love he was not a fault to be found in her.

If I am to do the gravest image set much longer, I shall need a support or pedestal," she laughed.

"It's very flattering, but not a bit comfortable. May I please be seated, sir?"

"Yes, sweetheart," Conor responded, in a graver tone. Somehow, it was always difficult for this young Irishman to be merry with his sweetheart. Her wit was keen and her laughter very dear and wholesome, but this thing called love was so serious with him that he was inclined to become over-grave when in her company. To-night was no exception.

"Come sit by me here, sweetheart. I want to show you something."

Obediently she went to him, and, sitting side by side, they read the letter.

"Hurrah for Mr. Conor Shean! I knew it, was in you, my boy," cried Rose.

"Tell the honorable president of the Master Safe Company that you are to be had at once. I always knew those Enterprise people didn't half appreciate my boy. But—Conor—dear—you will be twenty-five miles away from home."

"I know it, little girl; but I'll make a new home down there and you'll be the general manager. If I make good the Master people, we can be married in six months."

"What unmitigated assurance! I haven't said yet that six months would give me time."

"Time?" What would you have to do?"

"My dear Mr. Shean, you are extremely clever in the business of manufacturing safe and locks. You could tell to the hundredth fraction of a cent how much iron is a pound, or steel is by the ton. You could draw an exact picture of a vault or a screw-door safe, but you don't know 'beans' about a woman's wardrobe or the making of it. I am not sure but that it would require six months to give you a detailed list of the things I shall have to do before I can possibly go to the altar with you as your bride. You can come up each Sunday, though, and I will tell you in instalments."

"Rose, Rose, can't you be serious, dear? We have waited so long and I have wanted you so, couldn't you come to me just as you are and make me the happiest man in America? What a man wants is the woman—hang the clothes! You have any number of pretty ones."

"My dear Conor, you was dangerously near profanity. I am sure I couldn't think of a wedding before six months, but—I might make it in seven."

"Good! Seven months from to-day; that would make it June 20, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, what a lightning calculator you are! But—well—yes, I will be come Mrs. Conor Shean at 8 o'clock in the morning on June 20th."

Two months had passed since Conor Shean had taken a table in the draughting-room of the Master Safe Company. He had gone to work with the twin incentives—love of his work and love of a girl. The combination is not always good, for the work sometimes gets too hard, or the girl contrary; but Conor had so far found smooth sailing, and two months of the seven were gone. Rose had given him such generous instalments of information about the amazing business of getting ready that he fostered a wild hope of her being able to "make it" in five. He had not yet summoned the courage, however, to offer the suggestion, to him the whole category of intricate knowledge about locks, bolts and architraves, to say nothing of the cheerful sound of "hammers closing rivets up," was infantile compared with Rose's knowledge of feminine fables, French seams, shirtings, and pinkings, and puttings; pippings and ginkings; and medallings, insertings and edgings; ruffles, tucks and hems—his brain whirled somewhat, and he passed bravely through the ordeal, and always congratulated himself on his good fortune in having won the affections of so clever a woman as his fiancée.

"Buzz" purred the electric bell under Conor's table, which meant that he was summoned to the private office of the president.

"Good morning, Shean," smiled that worthy as Conor presented himself. "Have a chair." After carefully closing the door and casting a glance about, to make sure of no possible auditors, Mr. Beck returned to his desk.

"Shean, we are going to 'pull' that

Copperhead Bank deal if we can, and I tell your help."

"All right, sir. What can I do?"

"Well, you see, it's like this," said Beck, exhibiting something so near akin to confusion that Conor was surprised. "The Enterprise people have already made their bid."

"Yes?" was Conor's non-committal answer.

"And you made the specifications, I believe. Now, I want you to draw up a duplicate of that bid, as near as you can, from memory."

Conor's face, whose expression had at first been one of surprise, now reflected the dull red of anger.

"I cannot do that, sir."

Beck, misunderstanding him, went on: "I do not expect you to reproduce it verbatim—just the main specifications and the figures, you know. We can then make ours sufficiently lower to swing the deal our way. Understand?"

"Mr. Beck, I understand perfectly, but I cannot do such a thing. I was a paid employee of the Enterprise Safe Company when I draughted those specifications and made the bids, and I cannot divulge their business."

Beck stared at the young Irishman in amazement. Such effrontery had never before been dreamed of in his presence. This young strip of a fellow's daring not to put his brain, or time, or conscience at his disposal was simply beyond belief.

"What! Do you mean to say you refuse to give me those figures? Why, man, this is the biggest safe deal of the century. We have got to have that order. Fifty thousand dollars profit at least, and you practically have it in your power to help us to it."

"I cannot betray confidence, sir."

"But, tut, tut, fellow! Suppose we should offer an inducement—two or three thousand would be fairly good price for a few typewritten specification sheets, eh?"

"A good price for typewriting, Mr. Beck, but my honor is not for sale." Before Beck could make any reply Conor turned on his heel, opened the door and passed out. Beck's proposition to divulge the bids had in itself been bad enough, but his assumption that he could be induced to sell the information was too much for the pride of a man of Shean's calibre. He went immediately to his room, gathered up his belongings and left the building, too angry and humiliated to remain a moment or say a word to any one.

Conor's first impulse after Conor's hasty departure was to touch the electric button which would call him back, but his finger paused in mid air. "No; I'll let him think it over. He will get over his foolishness in a day or two. He was confoundedly impudent, but it won't pay to take too much notice of that for the present; we need those specifications first."

When Shean found himself in his own apartment that evening, his first intention was to write his fiancée a straightforward statement of the facts. His second thought, however, forbade this, for it brought him the heart-breaking conviction that not even to his promised wife could he, with honor, betray the import of the results of his interview with his employer.

After long reflection and the most serious moral conflict of his life, he at last wrote:

"My Dear Little Girl: This will not be a good letter or a cheerful one, for I must tell you that I shall be without a position to-morrow morning. I am writing my resignation to-night. My dear girl, as well as myself; but, owing to circumstances which have arisen, and which I may say were not of my own making, I cannot honorably retain the position another day. To tell you more would be to divulge a business transaction and betray my employer. It is not desire but necessity that imposes this silence upon me. Oh, I wonder if it is always so hard to do right. Then, as though the thought held in itself a grain of comfort, he smiled faintly, and, pulling his great frame together, began to pace the floor.

"Well, thank God, I lost her for doing right, and not through any disgraceful act. I am a man and can work, but—she, poor little girl, how she will suffer because she thinks I do not trust her! My God, I would trust her with my life, but not with another man's secrets. They are not mine to tell."

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"Rose, Rose, don't cry so," soothed her friend, now deeply distressed. "I never dreamed of this. I thought—"

"Yes, I know."

"But, Rose dear, why did he resign at the Master? Papa meant to do great things for him."

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After bidding her friend good night, Marie slipped to the library, and, perching upon an arm of her father's chair, told him the whole story. Mr. Beck's wife having passed away when her little daughter was a baby, this father and daughter had been the dearest of companions and confidants all through the years. Seldom indeed had Marie refused anything to his one darling child, and Marie had approached him that night with a confident heart.

"Say, pop, why did Conor Shean resign. I'd like to tell Rose."

"My dear," said the gray-haired man, who had exhibited a strange agitation during the recital of Rose's story, "if Conor couldn't tell his sweetheart, I can't tell my daughter. It was a business difference, my dear, and he was quite right in not divulging it."

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Shean's hand went out at once to the older man.

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"Thank you, Shean. I will see to it that I deserve forgiveness. We lost the Copperhead job, as I suppose you have heard, but I have made up my mind that a young man who could throw up a good piece without anything in sight—give up his sweetheart—rather than betray an old reprobate like myself, and then go to work at the bottom of the ladder again is worthy to hold the best place I can give him. The superintendent of the draughting room is yours if you say the word. I want you back at the office, and if I am not mistaken, that little girl wants you, too, though she didn't say so," he loyally added. "I shall tell her why you left me, and I venture to say the result will be exactly to your liking. Will you come?"

Conor's eyes were moist as he replied:

"God bless you, Mr. Beck; of course, I will."

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It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.