

THE MODERN PULPIT.
Wink, in Baltimore American.
A truly modern preacher
Discusses every ad
at comes to mind notices
it to be good or bad.

An Unlooked-for Conclusion.

For thirty years Captain Walworth's home had been on the rolling deep, and for as many seasons he had cherished in his heart an idyllic dream. While battling waves and swearing at the rollers his fancy had bubbled to him of green fields, and he longed for the day when he could retire from his sea-faring life with a competency and pass his declining years in the realization of that dream.

Abernathy caught his breath like one on the verge of a precipice. To have risked a declaration at such an unpropitious moment would have been madness indeed, and with cold chills running down his back at the thought of the danger he so narrowly escaped and yet dared and ventured by the unknown peril which still impended, he stared at Nellie Bowman's right arm, which was all of her fate, and that she permitted him to see, with open-mouthed apprehension.

When Abernathy reached Captain Walworth's house that night, with the duck eggs in the four pockets of his coat, well buffered in wool, he paused at the gate to see if the way was clear. As he stood with his hand upon the latch he thought he had never seen the old place look so beautiful. Through a vista of cape jasmines and white roses he beheld the dining-room lamp softly shining through the half-closed Venetian blinds, and as the night wind rose and ebbed, the white blossoms swayed like snowy censurers and waited toward him their witching sweetness.

It was midnight in the rooms of Bacon and Abernathy. On Jim's countenance the pallor of fright had given place to the flush of anger. When he stood in the honory speechless with shame and praying for the earth to swallow him, Bacon, under the guise of friendship, had come to his assistance, but now that Abernathy recalled the manner in which he had been extorted from his difficulty by his rival, he detected the cruel and crafty inwardness of the apparent kindness and his indignation waxed hot.

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ter of the old seaman and remembering the frame of mind in which he had left Nellie, Jim thought it extremely probable that Bacon's visit would be abbreviated, and the interview likely to ensue between Bacon and himself on the former's return presented food for thought.

Ordinarily the captain would have shifted his seat that he might not overhear the conversation, but this morning he remained in the place even after he heard his niece's dainty feet descend the stairs and enter the room. Queer things had happened on his premises of late, and he felt justified in his present course. Besides, the captain was aware that women are notoriously afraid of mice, and he wished to be near in case the one he smelled should cause Nellie embarrassment.