THE MODERN PULPIT. osh Wink, in Baltimore American. e truly modern preacher
Discusses every fad
at comes to public notice,
if it be good or bad.
speaks with graceful accent
on "Should Our Hair Be Dyed,"
'ttils his congregation
"The Proper Way to Hide."

walls "The Curse of Checkers,"
Or "Why We Leave the Farm;"
ut none has used this topic,
"Turn in a Fire Alarin,"
o talks on "Modern Writers,"
Or "Can Our Votes He Bought?"
dd somethnes he's lust levely
on "Thoughtlessness of Thought."

ome day an innovation Will suddenly be spring— me conscientious preacher Will turn his silver tengue words of hope and heaven, And grace his voice will flit. And grace his voice will hid we'll get more religion and less of yaudeville.

#### An Unlooked-for Conclusion.

For thirty years Captain Waling deep, and for as many seasons e had cherished in his heart an idyio dream. While battling waves nd swearing at the sallers his fanby had habbled to him of green fields, and he longed for the day when he could retire from his sea-

fields, and he longed for the day when he could rettre from his scafaring life with a competency and pass his declining years in the realisation of that dream.

The day came at last. He returned to the land of his birth, and buying an old house embowered in recency in the suburbs of Oakville, he plunged with all the enthusiasm of a novice into the cultivation of Howers and the rearing of poultry. The advent of the bluff and burly old saller imported but little, but there came with him bis nicce, like a wayward, wandering start to illumine the society skies of the small Southern town and bring confusion into its well-ordered social system. Among the first to feel the disaurbing influence of this unexpected and heavenly body were Charles Bacon and James Abernathy, two friendly huminaries of law and finance, who occupied rooms together in the centre of Oakville.

"Jim," said the former, on returning to their fireside after the fatal visit, "you have not spoken since we left the cantain's door, and I

rist, "you have not spoken since we left the captain's door, and I know the reason; you have fallen desperately in love with the captain's niece. Don't deny it; I can the the your wy's?"

tain's niece. Don't deny it; I can see it in your eyes."

"Indeed? 'Sot a thief to catch a thief.' Pray, come by the lamp and let me gaze in your orbs and see if they are as legible as mine."

"Don't be sility, Abernathy, I'm not making a joke for it is not a theme for jesting. Of course I'm in in..." with Miss. Rowman. I don't see how a man with a heart could look at her without leving the girl, and I'd have a poor opinion of your taste if you didn't. All the same, it is a very serious matter."

"How so?"

"Because you and I have been

is a very sorious matter."

"How so?"

"Because you and I have been friends always at school, col...gc, everywhere, and now our friendship is going to undergo the hardest test that a tie botween two follows is ever subjected to. We are in love with the same woman, and both can't marry hur.

"Your first conclusion is obvious."

"Your first conclusion is obvious."

"We have told each other our secrets," resumed Bacon, "and helped each other out of all manner of scrapes. We have been like two chaps rowing in the same boat. But now all that must end. We must paddle separate canoes now, and we'd best have an understanding about the matter. I am going to marry Nellie Bowman if I can, and I shall leave no stone untrined in trying to do so, for 'all is fair in love and war."

"Most things, but not a!"."

"Most things, but not a'!."
"Don't quible, Jim. You know what I menn. Of course we shan't do anything dishonerable. But I warn you that I shall take every advantage of you that I can and keep quiet about it, and I shall expect similar treatment from you."
"You are going to resort to tricks?"
"Certainly— to anything. Ye it

"Certainly- to anything. Is it agreed?" Abernathy hesitated a moment, then sighed reluctantly: "If it must "Then shake on it." And they

After this compact the two suitors were seldem apart, except when one or the other was paying a call at Captain Walworth's, where they

one or the other was hadned, at Captain Walworth's, where they went on alternate evenings.

In seeking the favor of the fair, Bacon and Abernathy were each shreved enough to recognize that the good will of her uncle was by no means a negligible quantity, and one day Jim was selzed with a brilliant idea. Aware of the captain's fondness for fowls and flowers, it occurred to him that it would be a master stroke to present his sweetheart's uncle with it's newest and most expensive thing i in bulbs, the rare and beautiful il ium rubrum auriterosum of Borneo.

The old man beamed with delight on his reception of the gift, and Jim felt his stock 'ise a hundred points on the spot, and when Miss Nelle superadded a smile, his excited fancy began to dream of solitaires.

But, alasi about we weeks after

taires.

But, alasi aboutt wo weeks after the presentation of the lilium rubrum auriferosum, Abernathy overtook Neille on the sidewalk, and his beaming smile met a chilling frost. "Mrs. Abernathy, I am deeply of fended with you," said the young woman, with averted head, "and Uncle Tom is in a towering rage," "Great heavens, Miss Bowman, what have I dono? returned John, in consternation.

"To play a trick upon an unoffending young girl would have been bad enough," continued the pouting lips, needless of Jim's exclamation, "but to wreak your spite upon her innocent uncle was fiendish."

"Miss Nelie, I am thoroughly mystilled. Play a trick upon you Oh, i. you only knew how much I "Stop, Mr. Abernathy! Your con-But, alasi aboutt wo weeks after

"Stop, Mr. Abernathyl Your con-duct admits of no defense, so don't add falsehood to your catalogue of primes.

Abornathy caught his breath like one on the verge of a precipice. To have risked a declaration at such an one on the verge of a precipies. 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 marrowly appear and advertage of the was all of her fair face that she permitted him to see— with openmented him to see— with openmented apprehension.

"Poor Uncle Tom!" resumed Miss Nellie; "his disappointment was piteous at first, and if he hadn't begun to swear it would have broken my heart. Oh, but he is angry. You should have heard him telling Mr. Bacon this morning of the outrageons trick you had played on him.

The mention of Bacon was timely, and the discovery that his detested rival was paying morning as well as ovening calls brought back to Abernathy his presence of mind.

"Miss Boyman, I haven't the faintest idea of what you are talking about. If it will not weary you too much, will you kindly explain? Even a lynching party grants the suspected horse thief some kind of a trial."

suspected norse ther some sind of a trial."

Miss Bowman gave Abernathy a swift glance of her blue eyes and wondered if he were trying to biaff. Then she proceeded to demolish him. "Cortainly, Mr. Abernathy," said the young lady, jelly; "and to begin with, let ane assure you that although my uncle has spent the greator part of his life upon the ocean, the sait air has not affected his sense of smell."

Having thrown this bit of verbal dynamite, Miss Nellie awaited the explosion with interest. But even the worm will turn, and Abernathy laughed.

"Belleve me, Miss Bowman, I have never by wolrd or in thought re-flected upon Captain Walworth's bose"

flected upon capacity foothers."

"Well, if you haven't, you have done worse," was the indigmant rejoinder. "To think that Uncle Tom conldn't tell the difference between a lily and an old union!"

A horrible suspicion finshed upon Jim and overwhelmed him with dis-

may.

"Oh, Miss Nellie, you don't mean
to say that the illium rubrum auriferosum has turned out to be—"

"Yes, I do. The lilium rubrum auriferosum came through the ground
yosterday and it is nothing but a
wretched old onion!"

Though Abernathy sought the indignant captain and endeavored to make his peace by assuring him upon his honor that he was as innocent as a lamb and the stupid florist was entirely to blame, the old seador was on. partially appeased, and the disgustful glances he shot under his shargy brows evidenced but too plainly that he continued to regard Abernathy with profound suspicion.

but too plainly that he continued to regard Abernathy with profound suspicion.

Who could blame him? Even the young fancier was obliged to admit that the apology offered was decidedly "rocky," and falled to satisfy his own intellect. Such being the case, in the solitude of his room he tried to find a more plausible explanation.

To begin, the florist from whom he had procured the illium rubrum auriferosum did not deal in onions, and, besides, was too careful a man to injure his business by such a mistake. "Oh—o—hi" exclaimed Abernathy, as the glimmering' dawn of suspicion gave place to the sunrise of certainty. "Baconi Ho caught me pouring over a flower catalogue. I found him examining the package from the florist, and next day I saw him buying a small, round object from a green grocer."

Jim rose and paced the floor.

"The unprincipled villain" he substituted that onion after the built was planted and doubtless has been

ject from a green grocer."
Jim rose and paced the floor.
"The unprincipled viliali" he substituted that onlon after the bulb was planted and doubtiess has been laughing to himself over since. 'Trick No. 1! And he said, of course, we shouldn't do anything dishonorable. By George, this comes infernally near it. Well, I shan't let him know that I am aware he has scored, but he'll find out I am a match for him before the business is over. If he has been spying upon me, I, too, have had my eyes olpen. Hai hai he thinks I don't know that he has given Captain Walworth hen eggs and that the captain has set them under his Brahma hon, but I do. Miss Nellie told no hil about it has evening. I remember, too, that Aunt Saille, our laundress, doth possess a flock of puddle ducks. If the regal illum rubrum auriferosam can be metamorphosed into a fowl-smelling onlon, by the same sign why cannot aristocratic Wyandotte chickens be transformed into ignoble puddle ducks?"

It was Bacon's evening to visit the

ariscoratic wyanuotte enickens no transformed into ignoble puddle ducks?"

It was Bacon's evening to visit the fair-or would be when the stars had sought the quiet skies—and conscious that time was golden, Abernathy snatched up his derby and set forth to prepare for the dark deed. Like Macboth, he believed that once the table was billed, it was well to execute it with despatch Having resolved to do something that his conscience disapproved, Abernathy was shocked to find how easy was the downward path. 'Twas a case of facilis descensus Averni with a rish.

The interview with the fat and turbaned Aunt Sallie was most satisfactory. At first the old negress was curious to know what in the world Marso Jim wanted with "a setting of puddle-duck aigs," but when Abernathy told her that he was threatened with asthma and that the doctor had prescribed a diet of duck eggs, the old creature's curiosity was allayed, and she remarked the "dock aigs," was "powerful good for the asthmy and ever kine o' misery in do chist."

Bridging his difficulty temporarily by this knowledge of a negro nostrum, Jim speedily plunged Aunt Sallie in fresh bewilderment. The old woman had a duck due to hatch in thirty-six hours! If he could but get possession of the contents of that nest his revenge might be hastened three weeks.

"De lan's sak- Marse Jim!" ejac-niated Aunt Sallie. In amasement.

nest his revenge might be hasched three weeks.
"De lan's sake Marse Jim!" ejaculated Aunt Sallie, in amazement, dropping her basket.
"Yes, Aunt Sallie, give me the sitting duck's eggs. They are twice as good for the asthma," inelsted Jim, eagerly, and in a jiffy the eggs, were in the basket, covered with wool to keep these warm, and Aber-

nathy hurried away, having deposited troble the price in the old woman's hand, leaving her dumfounded by the discovery that medical solonce had decreed that ducks on the half shell were dopbly offencious for all lung affections.

From Aunt Ballie's cabin Abernathy hastened to a hardware shop. The success of his nofarious scheme was favored by the fact that a few weeks before he had been accidentally present while Captain Walworth was buying a lock for his hennery, and the old sallor had asked his advice in the purchase. Abernathy recalled that one of two locks which were precisely alike had been selected, and the circumstances now stood him in good stead. He would buy the other lock and avail himself of the key to enter the captain's hen house.

"Bacon, old boy," chuckled 'Jim to

"Bacon, old boy," chuckled 'Jim to himself on his way 'to his rooms, "you are a lost man!" . . . .

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 had never seen the old place look so beautiful. Through a vista of cape jasmines and white roses he beheld the dihing-room lamp softly shining through the half-closed Venetian blinds, and as the night wind rose and ebbed, the white blossoms sweed like snowy censors and waft-d ioward him their witching sweetness.

Ite lingered long, and he might have lingered longer and, forgetful of his errand, fallen into a lover's reveries had not Bruiser, the captain's watch-dog, come bounding down the waik.

"Hist— Bruiser, good old doggie,"

tain's watch-dog, come bounding down the wark.

"Hist— Brulser, good old doggle," whispered Jim, entering the gate and patting him on the head. Without Brulser's consent nothing could be accomplished, and he congratulated himself on the friendship which execut het was the mean. exsted between them.

It were wisest to take a straight out through the flower garden to the captain's hennery, but the light in the window acted upon Jim like a Inme upon a silly moth. Fascinated by the soft radiance, he could not ed by the soft radiance, he could not resist the temptation to risk a fleeting look at the scene within. Cautiously approaching the house, accompanied by Bruiser, he peoped through the blinds, At first he gritted his teeth as he beheld bacon bending over Nellie at the plane, but when he followed his rival's until the control of the second of the

but when he followed his rival's uneasy giance across the room at the
old captain reading his newspaper,
he capered with malicious triumph.
Alasi the manifestations of gleo
came near to spoiling all, for Jim
inadvertently touched the shutters,
which fell to with a loud snap, and
at the sudden sound the occupants
of the room rar towards the window and opened it so quickly that
he had barely time to hide himself
by jumping head foremost into the
privet hedge.

"It must have been the wind," he
heard Bacon say, "for there's Bruiser." And then the window closed.

"Dailying is dangerous," the parky

er." And then the window closed.
"Dailying is dangerous," thought
Jim, and, trembling at his narrow
escape, he hastened to the hen
house, still accompanied by Bruiser,
to whem the dive into the hedge
seemed a very strange performance
—so strange, indeed, that he ceased,
to wag his tail and followed Abernathy with a rigidity of bearing
that plainly indicated diminished
confidence.

At the hennery Jim'ilt a dark
lantern and unlocked the door, leav-

lantern and unlocked the door, leav-

inntern and unlocked the door, leav-ing it open behind him. Brulsor 're-mained without, intensely curlous. Yes, there was the yellow Brahen hen cosily ensconced in the north-west corner, just as Nellie had des-

He removed the contents of the nest carefully one by one and replaced them with the duck eggs. Then, with a smile, he rose and his eyes fell upon the discarded eggs, and, looking about him for a hiding place for Bacon's gift, he discovered a rat hole. With a sigh of satisfaction he folled the eggs down it. Thus far fortune had strangely favored him, but now the fickie god dess began to frown Just as the last white oval disappeared in the rat hole a gust of wind blow to the hen-house door, and Abernathy heard the spring lock give an ominous click. With a start he felt in his pocket for the key. Alasi It was ous click. With a start he felt in his pocket for the key. Alasi It was not there. He had left it outside in the door. Objurgating his want of forethought under his breath, he glided towards the door to see if he could not reach the key through one of the wide cracks left in the building to admit light and air. He succeeded in passing his hand out, but with the less of much cuticle and succeeded in passing his hand out, but with the loss of much cuticle and a painful accretion of slivers. Fumbling nervously, he finally extracted the key but his hand trembled so that if slipped through his fingers and sank into the soft, white and outside the door. He was a prisoner tight and fast in Captain Walwarth's hen bouse, and at the Walworth's hen house, and at frightful thought Jim's halr s end and he throw up his hands

To add to his agony the fowls or To add to his agony the lowis on the roosting perches above, startled by hijs panic-stricken gesture, began to cackle wildly, and to can the climax of disaster Bruiser, who had been viewing his actions with increasing suspicion, now lost all coridence in the honesty of Abernathy's intentions, and in spite of the blanticipants. Layished much him.

thy's intentions, and in spite of the blandishments lavished upon him-reared his paws oin the lattice and barked furiously.

Cursing his evil luck Jim fied to the other side of the honnery and extinguished his lantern. But hardly had he executed this manoeuvre when he saw that all was lost, for looking towards the house, he beheld Captain Walworth's burly form issue from the door bearing a light and closely followed by Bacon and Miss Nelle.

In a liffy the excited group were staring into the interior of the hen house through the door, which Bacon had unlocked. Two seconds more and in the light of the flaring bandle held aloft by the captain the shrinking back of the prisoner was

die held aloft by the captain the shrinking back of the prisoner was

revealed.

"Great Scott, it's Abernathy!"
gasped Bacon.
At this exclamation the captain

dropped the candle and Nellie Bow-man screamed.

It was midnight in the rooms of Baron and Abernathy. On Jim's countenance the pallor of fright had given place to the flush of anger. When he stood in the hennery specehless 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 h which he had been extricated from his difficulty by his rival, he detected the cruel and crafty inwardness of the apparent kindness and his indignation waxed hot.

"I tell you, Bacon, it was base; it was devilish," said Jim, walking the floor. It was midnight in the rooms of

"I tell you, Bacon, it was hase; it was dovlish," said Jim, waliking the floor.

"Come, Abernathy," replied Bacon, hiding a smile as he bent over his boot. "I admit that the treatment was herole, but the case was desperpte. I had to make up a lie to save you, and I told the first one that earns into my head."

"Well, I wish you'd held your tongue."

"Impossible, Jim. We heard some one monkeying with the window blind. In a minute more Captain Walworth and Miss Nellie would have recalled the circumstance, and if I hadn't stoken as I did, they yould have connected the two things together."

"What if they had?"

"Why, they would have guessed the truth—that you had taken refuge from Bruiser in the hen house while you were sneaking about the place spying oa me. You wouldn't like a high-smitted girl like Nellie

while you were sneaking about the place spying on no. You wouldn't like a high-spirited girl like Nellio Bowman to know that you were guilty of that, would you?"

Abernathy stopped his floorwalking suddenly. So Bacon did not suspect his real errand at the captain's. He hugged this sweet thought to his be om.

"No, Jim" "natified Bacon, "you don't appreciate what a clumsy hole

thought to his be om.

"No, Jim" "switched Bacon, "you don't appreciate what a clumsy hole I pulled you out of. If you did, you would be grateful to me for the rest of your life."

"Well, I sahn't be, for it was the olumslest performance I over saw. Had you contented yourself with saying that I was a somambulist it would have been had enough, but to go and glibly declare that it was brought on by epileptic fits was a gratultous and needless outrage."

"Jim, it is an axiom" in diplomacy that when you are forced to tell a lie, make it a big one. I merely threw in the fits for good measure."

"No, you didn't. You knew That Captain Walworth would never permit his niece to marry an epileptic, and you intended to destroy my olininces ferover."

"You wrong my intentions, Abernathy." relained Bacon, yawalng.

"You wrong my intentions, Aber nathy," rejoined Bacon, yawalne

chances ferever."

"You wrong my intentions, Abernathy," rejoined Bacon, yawning."I saved your honor, and that's the ch'ef thing. As for marrying Nellie Bowman, if I were you I'd own up like a man that the game was lost and say no more about it."

And with these words the young lawyer, well pleased with the ovening's work, went to bed and dreamed of thie happy day when he should lead Nellie Bowman to the altar.

Abernathy remained up to soothe his shattered ner es with a cigar. The last round in Cupid's prize-ring had gone against him and he was hadly winded; but he was not knocked out. It was cheering to remember that the old Brahma hen through the scene of terror had remained true to the instinct of motherhood and that the maddening uproar had only caused her to hover closer over the embryo ducklings that might possibly work Bacon's doom.

Thus encouraged, in "the wee sma' hours ayont thit two" he sought his couch, but not to sleep. The brief remaining space till daylight was spent in planning his future course. If Nellie would but see him the following evening he believed that he might pluck some sweetness from the uses of adversity to benefit his cause. At any rate, he dustermined to present himself at the customary hour, if only to annoy Bacon.

Nellie saw him. Better still, her Bacon.

enstomary hour, it only to annoy Bacon.

Nellio saw him. Better still, her demeanor was characterized by a soft seriousness that shie had nover before shown, and her conversation was entirely free Irom the mocking persifiage which had been both a pleasure and a torment the him. Aware of the shifting fancies of women, Jim delayed not to avail himself of her favorable mood. He did walk in his sleep, he said, but he had only done so since he had known her. He talked in his sleep, too, and he would leave her to surmise what he said. The words spoken in his dreams were but the echo of his hourly thoughts, which were all of her. As for his having epileptic fits, it was utterly false and a malicious slander of Bacon's who wished to prejudice her and her uncle against him, and he wanted

who wished to prejudice her and her uncle against him, and he wanted her to tell Captain Walworth so.
"How horid of Mr. Bacon!" exclaimed Nellie, indignantly. "I wouldn't have believed that he would be so base, and I shall tell him what I think of him at the first operaturity." portunital Jim, began to be alarmed at his access.

success.

"No, Miss Neilie, I have settled with Bacon. All I desire is to right myself with you and the captain."

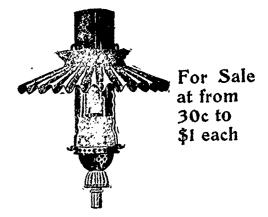
And, fearing to glid the refined gold of diplomacy by saying more, Jim took his leave with a rosebud in his buttonhole.

The next evening was Bacon's, and, unconscious of the mine about to explode beneath him, he made his tollet for the call with unusual care. Abernathy, with well-acted depression, watched the proless. Had Bacon evinced the slightest symptom of compassion for his old chum's misfortune, Jim, who was naturally kind-hearted, might have felt a compunctious qualm. But when he beheld his rival don his evening splendor with the air of a conqueror and tien smirk at himself in the glass, he hardened his heart.

Bacon finally departed and Abernathy settled himself in an armethir to read, but after turning a counte of pages he threw down his book and gave his fancy play. If Aunt Sallie had been correct in her calculations a strange phenomenon

Annt Saline and been correct in accommutations a strange phenomenon must have occurred at Capitain Walwort s some time in the afternoon, and in the light of his assumption Jim sought to ploture the possible consequences. Knowing the characteristics where the characteristics are the characteristics of the characteristics and the characteristics are the characteristics.

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ter of the old seaman and remembering the frame of mind in which he had left Neilie, 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.

Viewing the matter mentally at various angles, Abernathy decided to play a waiting game and let his rival take the initiative. Would Bacon dare to charge him with treachery in the affair of the Wyandotte eggs, handicapped as he was by his own outrageous conduct in regard to the illium rubrum auriferosum? Jim rejoiced that he had kept quiet about the illy, for it would now serve as a trump card up his sleeve.

A hurried step on the stair! The bomb had exploded!

When Bacon burst into the room Abernathy was burled in his book. For quite a minute there was a dead slience. Then Jim put down his volume and yawned. "Charlie, you didn't stay long."

"No; Miss Bowman wasn't feeling very well," Bacon answered, gruffly.

"Nothing serious, I hope?" inquired Abernathy over his shoulder.
"No!" snapped the lately returned.
"And the captain?—he was well, I holpe so."

"Holpe so."

"Dear me, Bacon, if I had been you I would not have come straight home. I'd have stayed and smoked a pipe with Captain Walworth. It always pays to be 'i'd to the old folks. I am sure the old man would have been delighted to talk with you about his fowls. By the way, has the Brahma hen hatchel her Wyandotte chicks yet?"

This was more than flesh and blood could bear. Bacon brought his fist down upon the table. "Abernathy, you've gone too far. This business must end."

"With all my heart."

"Not pleasured by the matter of the lile."

"With pleasure, old boy, if you'll own your vile behavior in the matter of the lile."

"Benegative of the lile."

"Benegative of the lile."

Beacon started. But Jim's last words produced a calming effect, and he dropped into a chair and lit a clear.

a clgar.
"See here, Jim, we have been a pair of fools. The men who fight a duct across a handkerchief are not greater idlots. Still, the girl must have a preference, and to-morrow forencon we will go together, make a clean breat of it and let her take her choice."

"Agreed!" said Abernathy.

At 10 o'clock next morning Cap-tain Walworth was scated in a large rustle chair on the side veranda next

tain Walworth was scated in a largo rustic chair on the side veranda next the drawing-room. He held a book in his hand, but, his mind reverting to the previous evening, he laid the folic on his aness. Then, after a frowning reverie, he gave a snort and resumed his volume.

By and by, screened by a luxuriant honeysuckle vinc, which made his quiet retreat a fragrant bower, the captain saw Bacon and Abernathy enter the gate. The old sallor half rose from his chair to meet them, then thought better of it, sank back and reopened his book. The captain was by nature frank and unsuspicious, but this double visit paid during business hours bore to him a touch of strangeness, and as he sat motionless in his chair, there dawned upon his biuff and ruddy constenance the look of one who smells a mouse.

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 Nellic embarrassment.

As the interview proceeded within and the gradually rising voices of the rivals floated out through the Venetian blinds, the tense excitement was reflected in the old man's countenance and gestures. At first he bowed his head to the window, but only to draw back and stiffen with indignation. Then he waved his arms about as if he were making a stump speech to some invisible audience. At last, pantomime proving jusufficient to relieve him, he began to talk to himself and punctuate his sentences with sulphurous expletives. And without waiting to hear any more the old man rose to his feet and gilded swiftly in his carpet slippers through the side halls, towards his study. As he rolled along his angry mood suddenly changed, and he became so delighted with the punishment he intended to inflict upupon Nellie's woosers that his capacious sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Jack! Jack! Hurry! Nellie needs you," he called through the study

upon Neille's wooers that his capacious sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Jack! Jack! Hurry! Neille needs you," he called through the study door.

A moment later, with a young man in uniform, he entered the drawing-room. At the unwelcome interruption Bacon and Abernathy wheeled round with flushed faces. Ecfore they could recover from their confusion the old man exclaimed:

"Good morning, gentlemen. I have overheard a portion of your conversation, and I take pleasure in presenting to you Ensign John Waterford, of the United States navy, my niceo's betrothed."— Samuel Minturn Peck in the Republic.

WHY THE POPE WEARS NO CROSS The question was recently asked by

some enquiring Protestant visiting Rome, "Why does the Pope not wear a cross like the bishops?" A learned priest and theologian gives the following explanation of this fact. The Pontificate of St. Peter was a long one. It lasted twenty-five years. During that time he sent a great number of missionaries to evangelize the northern countries. Among oth-ers St. Materne, who was sent to Germany. Forty days after his ar-rival Materne died, and one of his Germany. Forty days after his arrival Materno died, and one of his hrethren came to Rome to acquaint 5t. Peter with the fact, and beg him to send someone else to fill the post of the dead missionary. The Prince of Apostles, however, merely said, "Take my crozier, touch the dead man with it, and say that I commanded you to tell him 'to arise and go forth to preach.'" At the order of one whose very shadow curved the infirm, the miracle was accomplished, and Sc. Materne, qu'tting his tomb full of life and vigor, continued his mission and became lishop of Treves. It is in memory of this circumstance that the successors of St. his mission and became instead of Treves. It is in memory of this cir-cumstance that the successors of St. Peter do not carry a pastoral cro-sier or wear a cross except when they happen to visit the diocese of Treves. These statements were handed down to us by Pope Innocent III. and St. Thomas Aquinas.