

I—ah beg of you, dear Juliana, not to refer to this painful subject again and *not* to encourage my daughter in her foolish and unfilial conduct. It will only make an unpleasantness in our peaceful home—an unpleasantness that can in no way further any wishes she or you may have unwisely formed on this subject. I—ah feel sure that a woman of your prudence and good sense must see this clearly."

I was seeing red just then for Andrew's "I—ah's" had put me in a regular Barry temper. But I had sense enough to hold my tongue, although I could have cried out for very rage. I took my revenge by feeding the deacon on salt codfish and scraps for a week. He never knew why, but he suffered. However, I'm bound to say he suffered meekly, with the air of a man who knew women folks take queer spells and have to be humored.

For the following month the deacon's "peaceful home" had a rather uncomfortable atmosphere. Amy cried and moped and fretted, and Dr. Boyd didn't dare come near the place. Just what would have finally happened, if it hadn't have been for the interposition of Providence, nobody knows. I suppose Amy would either have fretted herself to death and gone into consumption like her ma, or she would have run away with Frank and never been forgiven by her pa to the day of her death. And that would have almost killed her too,

for Amy loved her pa—and with good reason, for he had always been an excellent pa to her and never before refused her anything in reason.

Meanwhile the deacon was having troubles of his own. His party wanted to bring him out as a candidate at the next local election, and the deacon wanted to be brought out. But of course the liquor interest was dead again him and he had some personal foes even on the temperance side; and altogether it was doubtful if he would

get the nomination. But he was working hard for it and his chances were at least as good as any other man's until the first Sunday in August came round.

The deacon felt a bit offish that morning when he got up; I could tell so much by his prayer even if I hadn't known he had a bad cold. The deacon's prayers are an infallible index to his state of health. When he is feeling well they are

cheerful, and you can tell he has his own doubts about the doctrine of reprobation; but when he is a little under the weather his prayers are just like the old lady who said, "The Universalists think all the world is going to be saved but we Presbyterians hope for better things."

There was a strong tinge of this in the deacon's prayer that Sunday morning, but that didn't prevent him from eating a big breakfast of ham and eggs and hot muffins, topping off with marmalade and cheese. The deacon



"I KIND OF LIKE THE SMELL," HE SAID.