

Conquest of Rosehill Parish

(Continued from last week)

JULIA hardly knew how the rest of the week passed. One evening she spent at the Hostie's, but she was too nervous and too anxious to appreciate Tom Hostie's evident attentions, while his indifference and unconcernedness only deepened the growing interest.

Happily when Sunday came, it came with a glorious burst of sunshine. Julia did her best with her father's old coat, but without a word to him of the importance of the occasion.

When the service was over, it was Mrs. Coster who went forward to the pulpit steps to thank the Rev. Addison Jordan for his "nobles" and "elevating" discourse. She regretted that a much larger congregation might not have had the good fortune to hear such a "refined" service.

The afternoon brought Tom Hostie with a note from his father which ran—

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—The parish committee instruct me to request you if your engagements permit it, to extend your supply of our pulpit to cover two more Sundays, so few of our congregation having had the opportunity of hearing you.—Jonathan Hostie."

Julia was too agitated even to see the bearer of the note. As soon as he was gone, however, Julia hugged her father, and then had a good cry, hiding herself on the back of his neck.

"Did not I tell you, my dear Julia, did not I say that I had a premonition these good people would become my parishioners? Will you not be happy as a queen in this most lovely spot?"

But Julia only sobbed; and a awful sense of her own weakness came over her. "I don't know. I want to go to bed," and hurriedly stifling her tears with a handkerchief she hastily retired.

The following Sunday, double the usual congregation appeared at the village church. People meeting in the vestibule before service sagely asked each other, "Were you here last Sunday? What, you haven't heard him yet? Well, he's not like any supply we ever had in Rosehill before. He comes from away up in the English aristocracy. Perfect culture, you know, such repose, such breeding. Why, it's an education to listen to him. Dr. Jordan is accustomed to the highest society. The Duchess of Earleade corresponds with him, the celebrated Lady Charlotte Clivedon became a Christian through his influence, and he has even been invited to preach before royalty. It is a distinction to our village to have such a celebrity."

For Julia, watching the people filling up the pews, experienced such conflicting emotions it was no wonder Tom Hostie thought her face the most wonderful study in dissolving views he had ever seen. She had planned an anti-campaign and been successful. The deception she skillfully practised on Mrs. Coster worked more effectively and far more rapidly than she in the least expected, but now the triumph was won, an awful sense of the sinfulness of her own conduct oppressed her heart. True, she had only given her fancy a little play in relating to Mrs. Coster her father's past, but she had done it intentionally, not accidentally, and had been led on to make exaggerations far beyond her first intention.

Even in her distress, however, she could not fail to observe that the service, as it proceeded, was more impressive and more beautiful than anything she had heard before. The eager

faces, the well-filled church, such an unusual sight to the patient minister touched Jordan. In the morning he preached. But the degrading thought pierced her that she was not only shaming and soiling her own soul, but the sacred and holy spirit of her beloved father.

That Sunday proved the most astonishing day in the life of the Rev. Addison Jordan. In the morning he preached to a larger congregation than ever before in his life, and with more joy and emotion than he had ever before experienced. In the afternoon a call had been extended to him by the parish committee, with a verbal guarantee that it would be afterwards confirmed by the whole church. And in the evening, his daughter, to whom he felt absolutely sure this offer would come like balm to a troubled heart, his daughter Julia, with pale, determined face, had solemnly made him promise to decline the call.

The news of the distinguished Dr. Jordan's refusal of the committee's offer of a settlement spread to all the distant ends of the scattered parish, and something like a sensation occurred. The concluding Sunday saw the church really filled, the deacons and committee absolutely excited. The innocent truth of this sudden interest accepted it all with the simplicity of a child. What sublime radiance shone from his spiritualized countenance, as without restraint he poured forth the secrets of his own secure faith.

Entreaties and beseechings were all in vain, however. Julia insisted on returning to Boston and poverty. To her, nothing less than relinquishing the longed-for reward could atone for her own wrong doing. Still in the distress of her troubled heart, she did not yet find peace, even though she was about to face unknown years of drudgery as a penance.

Her attempts to appear cheerful before her father, broken by sudden uncontrollable fits of passionate weeping in his arms, aroused the good man in her words to extreme tenderness, and that again added agony to Julia's self-reproaches. Her father, however, somewhat comforted himself with the delicate conviction that this was only a manifestation of woman's inexplicable nature, and that doubtless Julia's maidenly affections had been disturbed by the undivided attentions of handsome Tom Hostie.

Julia, as unconscious of her father's thoughts as he of hers, was still brooding over her unconfessed shame, when a new turn was given to their affairs. Mrs. Coster's brewer's widow sent her carriage down to the hotel with a nice note to Dr. Jordan begging him as a last mark of his kindness, to send her the titles of all his works, especially those "Originals" that she might order them of her bookseller to place upon her shelves in honor of one for whom she should always "cherish a lasting regard."

When Mr. Jordan referred this extraordinary request to Julia, that impulsive girl returned in the carriage herself, and finding the widow alone threw herself at her feet and poured forth a full confession of the whole wicked deception.

At first Mrs. Coster was bewildered and shocked, but the more she thought of it the less important it seemed. Indeed, she soon began to enjoy the humorous aspect of the situation. "Why, you're a regular little witch," she cried at last, a broad smile lighting her expressive face. "To think that you've set the parish by the ears. I shall laugh till my dying day when I think of it. And yet, my dear, what has come of it? Your father is

a saint. His influence will give new life to our church. Now you trust the rest of this affair to me. I'll settle with the parish. Go. You mustn't think of it! You've just about worried yourself sick. I shall send for your father and have you both up here for just as long as you will stay with me. Now don't object! Be good, my dear, and stay."

And so Julia and Jordan consented to withdraw his letter declining the call and he became after all the happy and most beloved pastor of the church. Julia recovered her good spirits and as she had at first conquered the parish by deception, she now won it all over again by a conquest of love.

The Woman at Home

To clean baby's bottles, put the nipples in a pan of cold water; set pan on the stove and let the water come to a boil. Boil two or three minutes. Then wash in cold water, one teaspoonful of soda in each bottle; fill bottles with boiling water; let stand until cold enough to handle. Shake well and rinse in clear, cold water.

No woman can look her best unless her hair, skin and hands are properly cared for, and to accomplish this the best of combs and brushes, etc., are required. In addition to good quality in these toilet articles, they must be kept in the best condition or the result will be unsatisfactory. A hair brush should be cleaned—that is, washed—once a week in hot water and ammonia.

Linewater is not only frequently prescribed for young babies, but is also often given to older children, the addition of a small quantity to hot or cold milk rendering it lighter and more digestible. The only drawback to its use is the fact that, to be efficacious, the linewater must be fresh, and for this reason only a small amount should be prepared at a time. Lace neckties, collars and capsize collars, are abundantly worn, but with the addition of a fold of velvet or ribbon around the neck and down the front edges. It is indeed, remarkable the change effected by the donning of one of these pretty additions to the waist. They are a garment in themselves.

Care of Kid Gloves

It is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kid gloves almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles, depend very much upon how they are put on the first time.

Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment, when first putting hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry. Never allow a stretch-er to be used for the gloves will not be likely to fit so well for it. All of the expansion should be made by the hands.

If the gloves are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort or beauty. When selecting gloves choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends; then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely.

A glove that sets well will usually wear well, at least will wear better than one that does not. It does not fit well. When the ends of the gloves do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers,

they will chafe out easily. When the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seams of the gloves.

Unfinished

At Uncle Jack's they had a lot Of little things to pet, But everything was sent so quick, It wasn't finished yet.

The Puppies tumbled all around, And couldn't hardly go, And when we found the little chicks Not one of them could crow.



Baby Willie and What He thought about Things at the Farm

The bossy hadn't any horns; The kitten couldn't see, They didn't finish anything, The way it ought to be.

Not even the little baby girl They sent to Auntie Ruth; For Grandma said she truly Didn't have a single tooth.

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