story opens in the West Crest private hotel an English sea coast town when England has been chroeder, a colorless little German woman, claiming wenty years of English naturalization; Pennicuk, young English soldier, and Fritz, a servent in the ouse, are the entire occupants of the hotel. Christooner Brent is looked upon by all the other hotel tle, "Low the white feather came by its significance."

course I understand Molly perfectly, she's my own child, but upon my word there are times when she almost puzzles me."

course I understand Molly perfectly, she's my own child, but upon my word there are times when she almost puzzles me." especially when war talk, which is upperst in all conversation, is conducted in his presence, young English girl, an hysterical enthusiast, reaks in on the hotel party one morning carrying In the presence of almost the entire hotel Molly cringes under the disfavor Brent thus self, his nonenlisting, and his attitude toward Mrs. his white plume shining."

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

## An Explanation.

N most English households life revolves round meal times. The day is marked out into "before lunch" and "after lunch," "before tea" and "after tea" and so no connection with them." on. Mrs. Sanderson was well aware of this and was also aware that next to dinner tea was the sacred hour of the day. It was quite certain that at that time all her boarders would be congregated together to enjoy the really solid meal with which she kept them occupied at that hour. This feast was the only one which Mrs. Sanderson did not grace with her presence, and fraulein had never cock. Its presence indicates a bird of baser and his companion as they stood absorbed "You are very good, sir—thanks awfully," sufficiently fallen into English ways to accustom herself to it either. Therefore it was without any of the restraint engendered by a hostess or by one of a different nationality

clouding over. Percival Penniculk, who, get one this morning?" since the morning, had attained a uniform, was the guest of honor. He sat beside Molly understand." and Miss Myrtle, a position which was not an unmixed blessing. Mr. Pellock, needless

Fritz was bustling round with supplies of my years." bot toast, thin bread and butter, shrimps, and jam. Indeed, he bustled too much about Mr. Pollock for that gentleman's liking. It Nothing would be easier than for you to consentence with a cough, seemed to him today that he could never look ceal them." up without finding Fritz at his elbow.

Brent was sitting on the other side of Mrs. Lee, opposite to Molly, which was the latter's arrangement. She had been trying to be broad minded that afternoon by playing tennis with Mrs. Lee, and she was now continuing the good work, not altogether unbiased by the fact that Pennicuik was beside her. A little low toned conversation with him was listening to this little altercation, con-placing his finger tips together in a judicial replied Brent. "But I should not be surmight make Chris jealous, which she could ducted with such apparent politeness. manner and gazing at her over the top of prised if she turned out to be the type of not help feeling would be a good thing. Molly's face was flushed; she did not know his pincenez. Being a true woman, she never bothered whether to be grateful to Mrs. Lee for divert- "He said he couldn't tell me what they dangerous and ruthless thing in the world. about the effect on Pennicuik at all.

"I must say Mrs. Sanderson does us uncom- she decided on the latter course. you that he is a coward." monly well. This toast would taste like nec- Mr. Pollock pulled himself together. "My "Father!" cried Molly sharply. monly well. This toast would taste like nectar or elysium, or whatever they call it, to dear Mrs. Lee," he began, "there is nobody,

"But it does look queer, you must see for replied Brent, "and though perfectly sane the Germans, I suppose. Poor beggars! I I assure you, nobody who would offer himhave it on the best authority—though I'm self to his country more readily than I we're thinking of, your father and I. It puts only devoted to her own family, who were all not at liberty to disclose from whom—that should if it were only possible. But unfortu- you in such a hateful position and you aren't more or less congenial idiots, and she murthey have finished their last horse already. nately I have great responsibilities of a pri- happy about it, you know you aren't, Molly." dered quite ruthlessly for their benefit. And now they have got to live almost en- vate nature which even if, as you so kindly "O, don't argue, Percy," flashed Molly Translate relations into terms of country, tirely on cats and dogs. A man who isn't a 'imply, I could pass for a younger man than irritably. "Mr. Brent has his own reasons and I think you will find the same phenomenarrow minded bigot can't help feeling sorry I am, would not permit me to-well, to risk for doing what he is doing. I don't know non in Fräulein Schroeder. She's not a type for the poor fellows. For the rank and file, that is. They have been misled by their superiors. Still, they are awful brutes, most of those responsibilities?" presisted Mrs. Lee.

them, and deserve what they get," and Mr. "My dear madam!" began Mr. Pollock, "My dear madam!" began Mr. Pollock, "Kit, you positively make me go cold down "Kit, you positively me go col them, and deserve what they get," and Mr. "My dear madam!" began Mr. Pollock, or he could explain them."

"Kit, you positively make its get," and Mr. "My dear madam!" began Mr. Pollock, or he could explain them." Pollock spread his jam with a liberal hand. genuinely indignant.

either be able to give a reasonable excuse to quietly, but with an almost passionate conlove him because he's himself, and even if his friends or be prepared to sacrifice their viction which must have struck on her own he were entirely in the wrong in everything esteem." He spoke with raised voice and ob- ears, for she suddenly gave a little laugh. you say I'd just go on loving him all the vious intention. "Impertinent young women "Ah, well, we are being very serious over more," and Molly went swiftly along the Mirlam Lee, a widow of thirty-five, the latest arrival at the hotel; Hiss Myrtle, a spinster; Fraulein have no right to force such explanations by nothing at all," she said. "What have you "Dear dear" ejaculated Mr employing emblems of cowardice."

Mr. Pollock grimly.

conversation with Percy as not to hear what down. The coat's much too short. Must and that nothing will get her out of it." was going on, gave a low toned, reproachful have been made for a much smaller chap "Father!" Mr. Pollock only grunted.

"I'd tell you like a shot if I could, Miss feel more businesslike." Myrtle," said Brent politely. "But I haven't "It pokes horribly in the back," said Molly, history, but I have a vague notion that it is little pats to try to make it set right over cuik, I used to hope that you and she---" connected with the Black Prince, who were his chest and shoulders, a proceeding of Percy shook his head. "So did I, but it's

"What utter nonsense, Mr. Brent," re- veranda. plied the Myrtle, who had been a governess "Walk away from me, Percy," commanded veloped somehow. Don't know how to put it. Henry of Navarre for that matter either, let me see the effect."

came across the explanation the other day." well pleased, out of the corner of his eye.

fighting was a fashionable sport. A white and strolled on to the lawn he went after her. feather is never seen in a pedigree game- Mr. Pollock gazed at the backs of Brent

"Most interesting, I'm sure."

On this particular afternoon they were all ceck with the most arrogant strut and loud-standing. assembled on the veranda, for the warmth est crow has generally a white feather in its "Really, that fellow Brent has no sense of ing idly about the lawn.

" A white feather."

to remark, had taken charge of the cake tion Mr. Pollock positively apluttered. "Cer. call it." tables-and had secured Mrs. Lee for his tainly not. Even Miss Kidlington has suf-

"But why should she know what they are? began Mr. Pollock, and then turned off his

lock, but looking far from pleased.

have managed to mislay their birth cer. flantly.

ing attention from Chris or to be angry with Were." "Well," said Mr. Pollock breezily, as he her for baiting Mr. Pollock. Her personal "Exactly," said Mr. Pollock. "I suppose Mercier?"

than me. Still, it's better than nothing. I

in her day. "Black Prince indeed! Or Molly in the best dressmaker's manner, "and But anyway I don't stand an earthly show,

They were both very brave men. It can have the veranda, where a curtain of Virginia insist on it all being off between her and creeper, turned to flame, hung from the edge Brent. This flirtation with Mrs. Lee is the Don't think I'm sticking myself up as an of the roof to the veranda rail. Molly went last straw, and then, well—there is such a authority," put in Mrs. Lee pleasantly, "but after him and gave his coat a few more little thing as catching a person on the rebound, as a matter of fact I think I can tell you. I settling tugs. Mr. Pollock watched them, you know."

in a low toned conversation, with growing he said, "but I don't want Molly made un-"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs Pollock. indignation on his expressive countenance. happy." that the guests at Wave Crest took their tea. sweetly, "even today you will find that the over to where his daughter and Percy were wanted, tact and firmness."

of early autumn still held in spite of the tail. O, by the way, Mr. Pollock, didn't you decency or shame whatever," he announced. "His brazen effrontery about the white Cross questioning me like that, indeed! and party. now look at 'em! Might have known each "Fräulein is still out," replied Brent,

> ficient remnants of good taste left to respect South Africa," said Molly, trying to speak intuition and feeling than by reason. I told casually.

Your years, Mr. Pollock?" cried Mrs. Lee. "Husband! I shouldn't be surprised-"

You flatter me, I'm sure," said Mr. Pol. does seem odd, Brent not doing anything. course, but Fritz gets well paid for what he Surely he could get some kind of a home does, and he is animated chiefly by hatred "No, no; not at all," persisted Miriam. "I billet if he doesn't want to enlist."

with a fine youthful constitution like yours know he has. He told me," said Molly de trained Charles up. But with fraulein it's

tificates in a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm." "Did he tell you what they were or only Every one else had stopped talking and that he had 'em?" demanded Mr. Pollock,

piled jam on his third slice of buttered toast, distrust of Mrs. Lee supplying the balance, even Brent draws the line at admitting to "No, who's she?" asked Miriam. "I don't

"I hear," remarked Miss Myrtle, in her "Don't think me impertinent," said
"O, you don't either of you understand," Brent smiled and continued placidly: thin, reedy voice and with a malicious glance Miriam. "I didn't expect you would be able replied Molly, speaking low but very fast "Fritz, too, is of the criminal type, though goward Mr. Brent, "that Miss Kidlington to tell me. I only just wanted to bring home and with a heightened color in her cheeks. without brains or the religious conviction was most successful with her white feather to you the fact that there are quite a num. "You are just men and you want to judge which justifies fraulein to herself, but you ber of men, besides yourself, who have reevery one by yourselves. I don't judge at have only got to look at his thumbs to under \* "I disappreve entirely of such methods," sponsibilities which they cannot reveal to the all. You reason about things, but I know stand the type at once."

will not hear his country's call he must justify them in staying at home." She spoke don't love him for being this or that, I just

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mr. Pollock, been doing with yourself all this afternoon, "girls are damn funny things, Percy. Of "I have often wondered," piped Miss Myr- Mr. Pennicuik? You are our chief source of course I understand Molly perfectly, she's

"You had better ask Mr. Brent," replied "Now you are making fun of me, Mrs. "I'm afraid one thing's clear enough." Lee," protested Pennicuik. "Though per- said Pennicuik a little drearily, "and that is Molly, who was not so absorbed with her haps it doesn't look so bad when I'm sitting that she's quite hopelessly in love with Brent

"Nonsense, nonsense," replied Mr. Pollock. "What does a girl of her age know about love? I have always been most careful that she should never know about anything. A pretty thing it would be if I can't influence him without disclosing the nature of his real liness. But partly because of his lack of faith the foggiest idea. I never was any good at tugging at it as she spoke and then giving my own daughter now. You know, Penni-

ik proposes to Molly and warns her Brent is not are man to make her happy, his decision being based one in his helmet and said something about which she hoped notice was taken through no go, sir. Molly won't look at any one but a certain eyeglass on the other side of the Brent. She hasn't ever since she met him. And today she seems to have grown or deless now than ever."

"You forget my influence and authority, though I suppose it's he you are thinking of. He obeyed, turning round at the end of my boy," said Mr. Pollock heartily. "I shall

This did not sound at all the way in which "Indeed?" said Mr. Pollock, all politeness. Brent, apparently unperturbed, glanced Percy, who was young enough to be ideal-Yes; it dates from the time when cock through his eyeglass, and when Mirlam rose istic, cared to win Molly, but Mr. Pollock's tone was so intensely confident that he could not help a faint gleam of hope darting into his mind.

He now rose, abandoning Miss Myrtle's con- "You leave it to me, my boy," said Mr. "And," continued Mrs. Lee, still more versation in midair, so to speak, and strode Pollock; "tact and firmness, that's what is

Meanwhile Miriam and Brent were stroll-

"I suppose the others are all in the sitting room," remarked Miriam, glancing toward the French window which stood open at the "Get what?" asked Mr. Pollock. "I don't feather at tea is nearly equaled by Mrs. Lee. farther end of the veranda from the tea

"Me, me!" Between toast and indigna- other for years! An outrageous flirtation, I "busying herself with a sketch book. By the way, Miriam," he went on, "as you know, I you that fraulein always seemed to me the sinister spot in this house. It may seem absurd to you to say it, but I have a curious feeling that she, and not Sanderson or his mother or the excitable Fritz, is the leader "I must say," said Percy hesitatingly, "it here; they are all more or less fanatics, of of the English. It is certainly the object of didn't mean it that way. But heaps of men "I'm sure Chris has very good reasons. I Mrs. Sanderson's life, to which she has more than that. It's her religion, her pas-

"She seems so normal," observed Miriam. "That's because of her iron self-control," religious maniac which is quite the most Do you remember the case of Euphrasia

delve into such curious subjects as you, you know, Kit."

"She was a notorious French murderess," what they are, but I am quite satisfied by of her country, of course. One must not be

boomed Mr. Pollock. "Is a man cannot or world, but which are more than sufficient to them. I love Chris. Yes, I do, so there! I "His thumbs! Kit, you make me feel like

## A Delightful Story of Delightful People by the ful; then she said Most Whimsical of American Authors.

SUPPOSE the Tullingworth-Gordons were furniture beautified his good Americans at heart, but the Tulling- little room over the worth-Gordons were of English extraction, stables. His character and, as somebody once said, the extraction had not been completely successful. He allowed himself

a great deal of the English soil clung to the day from Mr. Tullingroots of the family tree. They lived on Long island, in a very English but there he drew the

way, in a manor house which was as English as they could make it, among surroundings quite respectably English for Americans of the third, or fourth generation.

other American "help"; but they called the save on one occasion Americans by their last names, which Angli- And Sophronia Huckfied them to some extent. They had a serv- ins was the occasion of ants' hall, and a butler's pantry, and a page in that occasion. Smooth and decorous ran the . This query found its way up to the manor buttons, and they were unreasonably proud course of true love for four months on end. house of the Tullingworth-Gordons. It came of the fact that one of their Tory ancestors Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon had been made ac- in some way to the ears of Sophronia. Shortly had been obliged to leave New York for Hall- quainted with the state of affairs; had raged, after dinner time she appeared in the chamber fax in 1784, having only the alternative of a had cooled, and had got to that point where more tropical place of residence. I do not the natural woman arose within her, and she conscious, he was sore, he was heavy of heart know whether they really held that the signbegan to think about laying out a trousseau and head. He looked up as he lay on his bed ers of the Declaration of Independence com- for the bride. Fair was the horizon! cloudless and saw a comely middle aged Englishwo mitted a grave error, but I do know that when the sky. Then came the heavy blow of Fate. sharp of feature, yet somehow pleasant and they had occasion to speak of Queen Victoria When Cupid comes to you at 40 wears he is comforting, standing by his bed. they always referred to her as "her majes- likely to be something wrinkled; more or less "Sophronia!" he exclaimed.

worth-Gorden would say to his wife, "that lieve and play that he is young and fair. It her majesty has presented the poor bricklayer takes imagination to do this, and in imaginawho saved seventeen lives and lost both his tion Sophronia was deficient. Her betrothal arms at the Chillingham-on-Freese disaster was not two months old when she suddenly with an India shawl and a copy of the life of realized that there was something grotesque on you." the prince consort.'

"Her majesty is always so generous!" Mrs. considerate of the common people!"

Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon was a rich man, and he was free to indulge the fancy of his the little town on her domestic errands? Was Wr. Bilson's room was reached by a ladder name? I positively can't!" life and to be as English as his name; and there something in Bilson's manners that told coming up through a hole in the floor. he engaged those two English servants to her that he felt in his inmost heart that he keep up the illusion.

tell-the tale of the loves of Samuel Bilson, butler, and Sophronia Huckins, "which 'Uckins it ever was and so it were al'ays called, and which 'Uckins is good enough for me, like it was good enough for my parents now el goers, though a Church of England woman I am myself."

Sophronia Huckins was lady's maid to Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, and, in a way, autocrat and supreme ruler over the whole house of Tullingworth-Gordon. There were other servants, as I have said, but in their several departments Bilson and Sophronia. were king and queen.

Of course at the first there was some friction between these two potentates. For ten for ten years after that they lived in comfortable amity, relieving their feelings by establishing a reign of terror over the other servanother day. Bilson was careless about the wine; Sophronia took to the wearing of gowns the Tullingworth-Gordon mind that something from which he could not recover. was in the wind and that the conservative

be troubled. Meanwhile Nature, unconscious of the proprieties of the situation, was having her own tong after dinner, when everything had been got no need of a clergyman, thank 'eaven. I believe; and I'll take 'im, Man and no more this sin't a coullery. Mrs. 'Hele way in the little passage back of the butler's put to rights. He was sitting in the butler's And no more this ain't a scullery, Mrs. 'Uck-

"You say"-the housekeeper spoke with a Sophronia entered and delivered her dictum. certain sternness—"as how you have loved She went out and left him—left him with gyman as though he were a wax figure in a together in holy wedlock me for ten long years. But I say as how it the port. She left him with the sherry; she show, "this is to wed you and me, Samuei Billeft him with the claret, with the old, old son, and them" (she indicated the scullery ing in the floor cross the head of a youthful claret, with the coulet your with the witnesses it." me for ten long years. But I say as how it Bilson, to have found it out afore this, when, that had rounded the cape, with the cognac,

found out now," rejoined the butier sturdily; times drank in spite of plain American rye. nussed you must and shall be. Now set up "Mrs.-Mrs.-Bilson!" said Mr. Chizzy, with "what you was, you is to me, and I don't She left him with the structure of a lifetime and be marri'd quiet." noways regret that you ain't what you was in point of heauty, to 'ave young men an' sich him alone, and she left him with a deadly the rafters above him." a-comin' between us as an engaged pair."

nia with profound dignity. "Us," said Mr. Bilson placidly; "or to be

considered as sich." nia coquettishly; "not as yet."

shelves in the passageway. He paused in his high he raised the intexicating flood. eye. "Sophronia 'Uckins," he said, "you're his brow in the midnight air.

I mean to do my dooty now, so will you 'ave It was nearly a year before Bilson could forty this day week; that much I know. ForHe was singing as they brought him back on the kindness to button your clo'es at the neck walk around with comfort. Indeed, eighteen

It went Mr. Bilson's way. Sophronia des pond-where all the pike died, because the this most sacred and solemn ceremony."

AN OLD, OLD STURY murred, and for a space of some few weeks she was doubt-" no "-but in the end she consented. Why should she not?

Bilson had been a saving man. No luxurious was above reproach. worth-Gordon's stock; line. Such as it was, the master of the house had his own wine. every drop, except that They had two English servants and some solitary glass of port-

When Cupid comes to you at forty.

of Bilson.

fat and pursy, a trifle stiff in the joints. You "I see by the Mall tonight," Mr. Tulling- must humor him a little; you must make be- you wasn't to talk."

and absurd about it. How did she get the idea? Was it an echo noways proper. see the shopkeepers, quick to catch all the You wait and you'll see what you'll see. 'Era local gossip, smiling at her as she went about 'e comes." It is the tale of the menials that I have to what he could get and that he held her lucky vest with many buttons. to have been conveniently accessible at that "Ere he is." critical juncture?

departed, and there is 'ope for 'eaven for chap- his vanity will stick out of the depths and before them and smiled vaguely. proclaim that his self-conceit is not yet dead. The Rev. Mr. Chizzy was only 24, and he had he yielded to her? Why had he permitted ber day Sophronia Huckins told Samuel Bil-

it was not the thing for neither of us. If you Tullingworth-Gordon and disapproved of by came late, but it seemed to open a way ou had 'a' seen your way clear five or ten or his bishop, who had not yet appointed a cler- of the horribly irregular business. He paused July; but what brains I 'ave is about me now, new kind of theater. Nevertheless Mr. Chizyears they scratched and sparred and jostled; an' I tell you plain. Samuel Bilson, it can't zy was on hand, living under the wing of the

ants; and then-ah, then!-began the dawn of the Cupid within him had grown old and awk- and his choir boys.

quiet of their domestic service was likely to measles. You don't know when they're comin' Bilson half rose on his elbow in astonishout, and you don't know when they're goin', ment, alarm, and indignation.

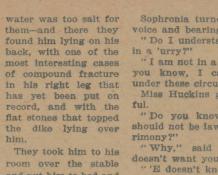
partry, sipping his one glass of port, when ins."

zy a few minutes later, addressing the chore "This," said Sophronia, pointing at the clergirls, "Samuel and Sophronia have consented

claret; with the coniet year, with the wine maids) "them witnesses it." if I do say it myself, there was more occawith the chart/euse, with the sirupy curacoa
and the eau de Dantzie, and with the Scotch
"It's none the wass, Sophronia, for a-bein" whisky that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon somewith the chart/euse, with the sirupy curacoa
and the eau de Dantzie, and with the Scotch
whisky that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon somewisky that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon somewith the chart/euse, with the sirupy curacoa
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and the eau de Dantzie, and with the Scotch
whisky that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon somewith the chart/euse and the sirupy curacoa
and the eau de Dantzie, and the sirupy curacoa
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and the eau de Dantzie, and the sirupy curacoa
and the eau de Dantzie, and the sirupy curacoa
and the eau de Dantzie, and the sirup shattered; with the love of twenty years Mr. Bilson's physical condition forbade him Negro infant act as your parent or friend just mipped in its late bourgeoning bud. She left to leap from the bed, but his voice leaped to now? nepenthe at hand.

his fill. He drank the soft, sub-acid claret; "Sophronia!" Bilson's voice was hollow and book again and finished the ceremony. low chartreuse and the ruddy curacoa. He over.' "I ain't considered us as sich," said Sophre- drank the flery cognac and the smoky Scotch "I 'ave," she assented. whisky. He drank and drank, and as his "And 'ere I am." Mr. Bilson was stacking up dishes on the grief rose higher and higher, high and more "And there you are."

ty's forty. You've kep' your looks wonderful, a shutter in the early morning; but it was not and sit up?" an' you have your teeth, which Providence wholly with drunkenness, for delirium had Mr. Bilson mechanically fastened the neck-sit in the sun and question fate, while Bilson, you mean Bilson now, 'ere in this 'ere were long stretches of marsh, reaching into the sitting posture. the Great South bay, and there he had wan- "Mrs. Huckins," Mr. Chizzy interrupted in cupboard extension, your 'and and your 'art, the Great South bay, and there he had an uncertain way, "I didn't understand—you Bilson; "an' there's an active woman a-goin"



and put him to bed and Sophronia grimly. "If women waited for men sent for the doctor. to find out w'en they wanted wives there'd be The doctor came and more old maids than there is. If you'll be smelled Mr. Bilson's sir, I'll see to 'im breath and gazed upon Mr. Bilson's feverish countenance and said: busted wreck. I can't tie no woman to me for 'Hard drinker, eh? life. It ain't doin' justice to neither." We'll have trouble with

him, probably. Hasn't he got anybody to look after him?"

a-waitin' for you to set it straight. The two chore girls giggled. A warm flush

"Hush!" she said; "the medical man said 'Dearly beloved." Mr. Chizzy began, ad-

"Sophronia-'tain't you!" "P'r'aps it ain't," said Sophronia sourly; question "p'r'aps it's a cow, or a 'orse, or a goat, or "Wilt thou anythin' that is my neighbor's. But the best wedded wife?" I know, it's me, and I've come to 'ave an eye "N-yah!"

Tullingworth-Gordon would sigh; "and so of the gossip of the other servants? Did she "'T's going to be proper, Samuel Bilson.

We cannot know. Perhaps Bilson was to after it. Pale and gaunt, swaying slightly blame. A man may be in love-over head and backward and forward like a stiff cornstalk on and on. No church-no, candle ears in love-and yet the little red feather of in a mild breeze, the Rev. Mr. Chizzy stood ing boys. Only this awful woman, stern as

son that she could not and would not marry expressed it, he was "in training" for the a curé; but, as some of his irreverent friends marish dream. rectorship of St. Bede's the Less, a small this woman to be married to this man?" "It was my intent, Samuel, but I 'ave seen church in the neighborhood, endowed by Mr. That roused Mr. Chizzy from his trance. 'a' been different. But as to sich a thing now, that he had not yet made up his mind wheth-I may 'ave been foolish a-listenin' to you last er St. Bede's the Less was a church or some demanded. Tullingworth-Gordons and trying to make the story of the stable. To Bilson this came like a clap of thunder good Church of England people of the parish out of the clearest and sunniest of skies. If believe that they needed him and his candles

ward he was unaware of it. To his dull and Behind Mr. Chizzy came two limp little heavily British apprehension it was the same girls, hangers-on of the Tullingworth-Gordon ins?" Cupid that he had known in earlier years, household by grace of Mrs. Tullingworthunbefitting a maid of 40 years. It broke upon The defection of his betrothed was a blow Gordon's charity. In New England they mouth an' say, 'I do,' out loud, or I come would have been called chore girls. The Tul- down there immejit!" "Them women," he said, "is worse'n the lingworth-Gordons called them scullery maids.

> "Sophronia 'Uckins," he demanded, "what kindness to go on, sir, we won't detain you The blow fell upon him late one evening, do this 'ere mean? I ain't a-dyin', and I ain't any longer than we can 'eip. I'm give away,

"Witnesses wot?" Mr. Bilson inquired, in a recognized him as the stable boy, a jockey of

"Marri'd!" he shouted. "I'll die fust!"

water was too salt for Sophronia turned on him with scorn in her

found him lying on his "Do I understand, sir, as you find yourself

most interesting cases "I am not in a hurry-O, no. But-dear me, of compound fracture you know, I can't perform the ceremony

in his right leg that under these circumstances." Miss Huckins grew more profoundly scorn-

flat stones that topped "Do you know any himpediment w'y we the dike lying over should not be lawfully joined together in mat-

"Why," said the perturbed cleric, "he 'E doesn't know what 'e wants," returned

set the leg. He also good enough to take your book in your 'and, Bilson made one last faint prote 'Twouldn't be right, Sophronia." he wailed. "I ain't wot I was; I'm a wuthless and a

> 'If you're what you say you are," said Sophronia imperturbably, "and you know better than I do, you should be glad to take wot you can get. If I'm suited, don't you com-

"Mrs. Huckins," the young clergyman broke in, feebly asserting himself, "this is utterly 'I know it is," said Sophronia, "and we're

mounted to Mr. Chizzy's pale face. He hesitated a second, then nervously opened his book and began the service. Sophronia stood by the bedside, clasping Buson's hand in a grasp which no writhing could loosen.

dressing the two chore girls; and with a trembling voice he hurried on to the important Wilt thou have this woman to be thy

Bilson had begun to say "no," but Sophro-'Sophronia!" gasped the sufferer; "'tain't nia's firm hand had tightened on his with so powerful a pressure that his negative remonstrance ended in a positive yell.

"Ah, really," broke in Mr. Chizzy, "I cannot proceed, M-M-Miss-ah, what's your

" Irs. Bilson," returned the unmoved So-Through this hole came a peculiarly shaped pl mia. "Are you intending for to part had got to the point where he had to take felt hat; then a pale, youthful face; then a 'usband and wife at this point, sir? Excuse me, but we're a-waitin' of your convenience. "To 'ave and to 'old," said Sophronia. Mr. Chizzy was a deep red in the face. His palior had given place to a flush quite as The head came up, and a long, thin body ghastly in its way. The blood was waltzing in giddy circles through his brain as he read

Perhaps it was Bilson; perhaps it was some might have passed for 19; but he was so high himself to be dragged hither? Why was he other cause. It matters not. One dull Novem- a churchman that the mold of several cen- meekly dong her bidding? Mr. Chizzy felt as turies was on him. He was a priest without though he were acting in some ghastly, night-"Then shall the minister say: 'Who giveth

eath, commanding him and Bilson? Why

maybe fifteen years ago I don't say it wouldn't gyman. The bishop had been heard to say and tried to fix an uncertain eye on Sophroniz "Have you a father or a friend here?" he

"Jim!" said Sophronia loudly

"Ma'am?" came a voice from the lower

" Ma'am?"

Say, 'I do '-an' say it directly "Say-say? What do you want, Miss Huck-"Jim!" said Sophronia sternly, "open your

"I do," came from the floor below. 'Ere's the ring," said Sophronia promptly 'I, M., take thee, N.'-if you'll have the

'Forasmuch as," began the Rev. Mr. Chiz-

Negro perhaps 14 years of age. Mr. Chizzy

"What do you want me to say I done do?" a tremuleus indignation in his voice; "did this

"E give me away," replied the unabashed

"Oo's an engaged pair" demanded Sophro- He fell upon those bottles, and for once in "Die you will," said Sophronia calmly but Mr. Chizzy looked at her, at Bilson, at Jim, his quiet, steady, conservative life he drank sternly, "if marri'd you ain't, and that soon." and at the chore girls. Then he opened his he drank the nutty sherry; he drank the yel- deeply reproachful; "you 'ave throwed me The Tullingworth-Gordens were angry when

they heard of the marriage. They missed the two mainstays of their domestic system. But -well, Bilson was growing old, and Sophronia was growing tyrannical. Perhaps it was bet-"Sophronia, you 'ave not treated me right." ter as it was. And, after all, they had always shelves in the passageway. He paused in the passageway. He passageway. He paused in the passageway. He passageway. He passageway. He passageway. He passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passageway has a passageway have been also and the passageway has a passagewa

months later he did not care to do more than give you. But forty's forty. If you mean hold of him. Down to the south of the house band of his nightshirt and raised himself to Bilson tried to quiet a noisy baby within the "'Ere I am, laid up, as I should be," said

to love, honor, an' obey, so 'elp you. Now, stepped over the edge of a little dike that did not tell me—there does not appear to have around with a baby and a-nussin' of him. I surrounded Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon's pike been the usual preliminary arrangement for things was as they should be in the course nachur we'd 'ave exchanged jobs, we would."