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#N*HIS*STEPS

"What Would Jesus Do?"

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER IX.

will follow thee whithersoever thou Master, I

The Saturday matinee at the Audito its carriage before any one else. The Auditorium attendant was shouting out the number of different carriages, and drivers, who had shivered long in the raw east wind, and then let go to of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and finally went whirling off up the avenue.

"Now, then, 624!" shouted the Augilt letters on the panel of the door.

on the curb.

"Come, Felicia! What are you waitthe voice from the carriage.

coachman was speeding the horses rapidly up one of the boulevards.

thing or other. Felicia," said the older pocket. girl as the carriage whirled on past the lighted.

"Am I? What have I done that is looking up suddenly and turning her head toward her sister.

"Oh, giving those violets to that boy! He looked as if he needed a good hot supper more than a bunch of violets.

doing such queer things, Felicia." "Would it be queer to invite a boy like that to come to the house and get a hot supper?" Felicia asked the ques- elegant cushions. tion softly and almost as if she were

would be what Mme. Blanc calls outre are completed. -decidedly. Therefore you will please not invite him or others like him to hot suppers because I suggested it. Oh. dear! I'm awfully tired.'

She yawned, and Felicia silently looked out of the window in the door. "The concert was stupid, and the violinist was simply a bore. I don't see how you could sit so still through it all," Rose exclaimed, a little impa-

tiently. "I liked the music," answered Felicia quietly.

"You like anything. I never saw : girl with so little critical taste.'

not answer. Rose yawned again and then hummed a fragment of a popular song. Then she exclaimed abruptly:

exciting tonight." " 'The Shadows of Chicago!' " mur-

mured Felicia. " 'The Shadows of Chicago!' 'The

Shadows of London, 'the play, the great drama with its wonderful scenery, the sensation of New York for two months. You know we have a box with the Delanos tonight."

Felicia turned her face toward her sister. Her great brown eyes were very expressive and not altogether free from a sparkle of luminous heat.

'And yet we never weep over the real thing on the actual stage of life. What are the shadows of London on the stage to the shadows of London or Chicago as they really exist? Why don't Nazareth Avenue church? we get excited over the facts as they

are? "Because the actual people are dirty and disagreeable and it's too much bother, I suppose," replied Rose carelessly. "Felicia, you never can reform the world. What's the use? We're not to blame for the poverty and misery There have always been rich and poor, and there always will be. We ought to

be thankful we're rich.' "Suppose Christ had gone on that principle." replied Felicia, with unusual persistence. "Do you remember Dr. Bruce's sermon on that verse a few Sundays ago, 'For ye know the grace to make an attempt to extend the idea of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty great changes in the churches and in

might become rich?" " "I remember it well enough." said Rose, with some petulance. "And didn't Dr. Bruce go on to say that there was no blame attached to people who had wealth if they are kind and give to Sterling had her meals served in her the needs of the poor? And I am sure room. Mr. Sterling was preoccupied. the doctor himself is pretty comfortably He ate very little and excused himself ing noisily out, laughing and gossiping. settled. He never gives up his luxuries just because some people in the city go hungry. What good would it do if he he would be down town late on some did? I tell you, Felicia, there will al- special business.

you have upset the whole family. People can't live at that concert pitch all the time. You see if Rachel doesn't give it up soon. It's a great pity she doesn't come to Chicago and sing in carriage came. Mrs. Sterling was wortorium in Chicago was just over, and the Auditorium concerts. I heard today ried about her husband. She talked inthe usual crowd was struggling to get she had received an offer. I'm going to cessantly and was irritated by every rewrite and urge her to come. I'm just

dying to hear her sing." Felicia looked out of the window and the carriage doors were slamming as was silent. The carriage rolled on past licia offered to stay with her for the the horses were driven rapidly to the two blocks of magnificent private resicurb, held there impatient by the dences and turned into a wide drive- good deal of positive sharpness. way under a covered passage, and the sisters hurried into the house. It was plunge for a few minutes into the river an elegant mansion of graystone, fur- that feeling, only sometimes she was nished like a palace, every corner of it more unhappy than at other times. Her warm with the luxury of paintings, sculpture, art and refinement.

The owner of it all, Mr. Charles R. ditorium attendant. "Six hundred and Sterling, stood before an open grate fire twenty-four!" he repeated as there smoking a cigar. He had made his dashed up to the curb a splendid span money in grain speculation and railof black horses attached to a carriage road ventures and was reputed to be having the monogram "C. R. S." in worth something over two millions. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Winslow Two girls stepped out of the crowd of Raymond. She had been an invalid and she made no attempt to draw her toward the carriage. The older one had for several years. The two girls, Rose entered and taken her seat, and the at- and Felicia, were the only children. tendant was still holding the door open Rose was 21 years old, fair, vivacious, for the younger, who stood hesitating educated in a fashionable college, just mentum that was increasing the coming entering society and already somewhat | on of her great crisis. cynical and indifferent, a very hard ing for? I shall freeze to death!" called young lady to please, her father said full of startling situations, realistic sometimes playfully, sometimes sternly. The girl outside of the carriage hast- Felicia was 19, with a tropical beauty ily unpinned a bunch of English violets somewhat like her cousin, Rachel Winsfrom her dress and handed them to a low, with warm, generous impulses small boy who was standing shivering just waking into Christian feeling, caon the edge of the sidewalk, almost pable of all sorts of expression, a puzzle under the horses' feet. He tock them to her father, a source of irritation to through the dim light, imposing, its with a look of astonishment and a her mother and with a great, unsur-"Thank ye, lady!" and instantly buried veyed territory of thought and action ings surrounding it The figure of a a very grimy face in the bunch of per- in herself of which she was more than child came upon the bridge and stood fume. The girl stepped into the car- dimly conscious. There was that in there for a moment, peering about as riage, the door shut with the incisive Felicia that would easily endure any bang peculiar to well made carriages of condition in life if only the liberty to this sort, and in a few moments the act fully on her conscientious convictions were granted her.

"Here's a letter for you. Felicia, You are always doing some queer said Mr. Sterling, taking it out of his

Felicia sat down and instantly opened great residences already brilliantly the letter, saying as she did so. "It's

from Rachel "Well, what's the latest news from queer now, Rose?" asked the other, Raymond?" asked Mr. Sterling, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking at Felicia, as he often did, with half shut eyes, as if he were studying her.

"What does Rachel say about hercouch almost buried under half a dozen

"She is still singing at the Rectangle. Since the tent meetings closed she sings "Queer isn't just the word, of in an old hall until the new buildings course," replied Rose indifferently. "It her friend Virginia Page is putting up

"I must write Rachel to come to Chicago and visit us. She ought not to throw away her voice in that railroad town upon all those people who don't

appreciate her." Mr. Sterling lighted a new cigar, and

Rose exclaimed: "Rachel is awfully queer, I think. She might set Chicago wild with her voice if she sang in the Auditorium, and there she goes on, throwing her voice away on people who don't know

what they are hearing." "Rachel won't come here unless she can do it and keep her pledge at the Felicia colored slightly, but would same time." said Felicia after a pause.

"What pledge?" Mr. Sterling asked the question and then added hastily: 'Oh, I know! Yes; a very peculiar "I'm sick of almost everything. I thing that. Powers used to be a friend hope the 'Shadows of London' will be of mine. We learned telegraphy in the same office; made a great sensation when he resigned and handed over that evidence to the interstate commerce commission, and he's back at his telegraphy again. There have been queen doings in Raymond during the pyear. I wonder what Dr. Bruce this of it, on the whole. I must have a tal.

with him about it. "He preaches tomorrow," said Felicia. "Perhaps he will tell us something

about it. There was silence for a minute. Then Felicia said abruptly, as if she had gone on with a spoken thought to some invisible hearer, "And what if he should propose the same pledge to the

"Who? What are you talking about?" asked her father, a little sharply.

"About Dr. Bruce. I say what if he should propose to our church what Mr. Maxwell proposed to his and ask for volunteers who would pledge themselves to do everything after asking the ques-

tion, 'What would Jesus do?' "There's no danger of it," said Rose, rising suddenly from the couch as the tea bell rang.

"It's a very impracticable movement to my mind." said Mr. Sterling sharply. "I understand from Rachel's letter that the church in Raymond is going of the pledge to the other churches. If | in spite of her unconscious attempts to | they succeed, they will certainly make people's lives," said Felicia.

"Oh, well, let's have some tea first room. Her father and Felicia followed, and the meal proceeded in silence. Mrs. night, he remarked as he went out that simply good diversion, as it was put on Avenue church All over the house men church You see if that isn't so There prize your fellowship more than any ter the steak in his mouth got. He

"Don't you think father looks very can do. Ever since Rachel has written much disturbed lately?" asked Felicia ing that had actually left her in her his address, which this morning pre them." added Mrs. Delano as she went about the queer doings in Raymond a little while after he had gone out.

silence she said: "Are you going to the play tonight, Felicia? Mrs. Delano will be here at half past 7. I think you ought to go. She will feel hurt if you home and were in the drawing room.

"I'll go. I don't care about it. I can see shadows enough without going to the play.

"That's a doleful remark for a girl 19 years old to make." replied Rose, 'but then you're queer in your ideas anyhow, Felicia. If you're going up to see mother, tell her I'll run in after the play if she is still awake.

Felicia went up to see her mother and remain with her until the Delano mark Felicia made. She would not listen to Felicia's attempts to read even a part of Rachel's letter, and when Feevening she refused the offer with a

So Felicia started off to the play not very happy, but she was familiar with feeling expressed itself tonight by a withdrawal into herself. When the company was seated in the box and the curtain was up. Felicia was back of the others and remained for the evening by herself. Mrs. Delano as chaperon stood Felicia well enough to know that she was "queer." as Rose so often said, out of the corner, and so Felicia really experienced that night by herself one of the feelings that added to the mo-

The play was an English melodrama scenery and unexpected climaxes. There was one scene in the third act that impressed even Rose Sterling

It was midnight on Blackfriars

bridge. The Thames flowed dark and forbidding below St Paul's rose dome seeming to float above the build if looking for some one Several persons were crossing the bridge, but in one of the recesses about midway of the river woman stood, leaning out over the parapet with a strained agony of face and figure that told plainly of her intentions. Just as she was stealthily mounting the parapet to throw herself into the river the child caught sight of her, ran forward, with a shrill cry more animal than human, and, seizing the woman's dress dragged back upon it with all her little strength Then there came suddenly upon the scene two other characters who had already figured in "Rachel says Dr. Bruce has been the play, a tall, handsome, athletic genstudying in Raymond for two Sundays tleman dressed in the fashion, attended It's a wonder you didn't invite him and has seemed very much interested by a slim figured lad, who was as rehome with us. I shouldn't have been in Mr. Maxwell's pledge in the First fined in dress and appearance as the little girl clinging to her mother mournfully hideous in her rags and reself?" asked Rose, who was lying on a pulsive poverty These two, the gentleman and the lad. prevented the attempted suicide, and after a tableau on the bridge where the audience learned that the man and woman were brother and sister the scene was transferred to the interior of one of the slum tenements in the east side of London Here the scene painter and carpenter had done their utmost to produce an exact copy of a famous court and alley well known to the poor creatures who make up a part of the outcast London humanity The rags, the crowding, the vileness, the broken furniture, the horrible animal existence forced upon creatures made in God's image, were so skillfully shown in this scene that more than one elegant woman in the theater. seated, like Rose Sterling, in a sumptuous box, surrounded with silk hangings and velvet covered railing, caught nearness of this piece of painted canvas It was almost too realistic, and yet it had a horrible fascination for Felicia alone

> went far beyond the dialogue on the From the tenement scene the play shifted to the interior of a nobleman's palace, and almost a sigh of relief went up all over the house at the sight of the accustomed luxury of the upper classes The contrast was startling It was brought about by a clever piece of staging that allowed only a few minutes to elapse between the slum and the palace scenes The dialogue continued, the actors came and went in their various roles, but upon Felicia the play made but one distinct impression In reality the scenes on the bridge and in the slum were only incidents in the story of the play, but Felicia found herself had never philosophized about the causes of human misery She was not time she had felt the contrast thrust into her feeling between the upper and the lower conditions of human life. It had been growing upon her until it had Avenue people seldom heard and never made her what Rose called "queer" and the other people in her circle of wealthy acquaintances called "very unusual." It was simply the human problem in its extremes of riches and poverty, its careless persons in the church felt it refinement and its vileness, which was, struggle against the facts, burning into her life the impression that would in the end transform her into either a woman of rare love and self sacrifice said Rose, walking into the dining for the world or a miserable enigma to

herself and all who knew her "Come. Felicia! Aren't you going home?' said Rose The play was over. the curtain down, and people were go-

the stage so effectively seat oblivious of the play's ending. She | ceded his sermon, there was an answer | out with Rose.

anything unusual," replied Rose. After thought herself into a condition that left her alone in the midst of a crowd. "Well. what did you think of it?"

asked Rose when the sisters had reached Rose really had considerable respect for Felicia's judgment of a play

"I thought it was a pretty picture of "I mean the acting." said Rose, an-

noyed "The bridge scene was well acted. especially the woman's part I thought the man overdid the sentiment a little.'

"Did you? I enjoyed that And wasn't the scene between the two cousins funny when they first learned that they were related? But the slum scene was horrible I think they ought not to show such things in a play They are too painful

"They must be painful in real life. too. replied Felicia. "Yes. but we don't have to look at the real thing It's bad enough at the

theater. where we pay for it.' Rose went into the drawing room and began to eat from a plate of fruit and cakes on the sideboard.

"Are you going up to see mother?" asked Felicia after awhile. She had remained in front of the drawing room "No." replied Rose from the other

room: "I won't trouble her tonight. If you go in, tell her I am too tired to be ing on their own desire to walk closer So Felicia turned into her mother's room. As she went up the great stair-

was burning there, and the servant who always waited on Mrs. Sterling was beckoning Felicia to come in "Tell Clara to go out." exclaimed Mrs. Sterling as Felicia came up to the

bed and kneeled by it. Felicia was surprised, but she did as her mother bade her and then inquired how she was feeling.

"Felicia." said her mother. "can you pray? The question was so unlike any her mother had ever asked before that Felicia was startled, but she answered:

"Why, yes. mother. What makes you ask such a question?" "Felicia. I am frightened. Your father-I have had such strange fears about him all day. Something is wrong

with him. I want you to pray.' "Now? Here, mother?"

"Yes. Pray, Felicia." Felicia reached out her hand and took her mother's. It was trembling. Mrs. Sterling had never shown much tenderness for her younger daughter, and her strange demand now was the first real sign of any confidence in Felicia's suffering. loss, hardship, separation

character. The girl still kneeled, holding her mother's trembling hand, and prayed. It was doubtful if she had ever prayed aloud before. She must have said in her prayer the words that her mother | Jesus would do simply promise to walk needed, for when it was silent in the room the invalid was weeping softly. in his steps, as he gave us commandment."

and her nervous tension was over. Felicia staid some time. was assured that her mother would not need her any longer, she rose to go.

"Good night, mother. You must let Clara call me if you feel bad in the night.

"I feel better now." Then as Felicia was moving away Mrs. Sterling said. 'Won't you kiss me. Felicia?" Felicia went back and bent over her

mother. The kiss was almost as strange to her as the prayer had been. When Felicia went out of the room, her cheeks were wet with tears. She had not cried since she was a little girl.

Sunday morning at the Sterling mansion was generally very quiet. The girls usually went to church at 11 o'clock service. Mr. Sterling was not a member, but a heavy contributor, and he generally went to church in the morning. This time he did not come down to breakfast and finally sent word by a with enough in it for people to live on herself shrinking back a little, as if servant that he did not feel well enough all through a lifetime. contamination were possible from the to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove up to the door of the Nazareth Avenue church and entered the family pew

When Dr. Bruce walked out of the as she sat there alone, buried back in a cushioned seat absorbed in thoughts that room at the rear of the platform and went up to the pulpit to open the Bible. as his custom was, those who knew him best did not detect anything unusual in his manner or his expression He proceeded with the service as usual He was calm, and his voice was steady and firm His prayer was the first intimation the people had of anything new or strange in the service. It is safe to say that the Nazareth Avenue church had not heard Dr. Bruce offer such a prayer during the 12 years he had been pastor there. How would a minister be likely to pray who had come out of a revolution in Christian feeling that had completely changed his definition of what was meant by following Jesus? No one in Nazareth Avenue church had living those scenes over and over. She any idea that the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., the dignified, cultured, refined doctor of divinity, had within a few old enough She had not the tempera- days been crying like a little child, on ment that philosophizes But she felt his knees, asking for strength and courintensely, and this was not the first age and Christlikeness to speak his Sunday message, and yet the prayer was an unconscious, involuntary disclosure of the soul's experience such as Nazareth

before from that pulpit In the hush that succeeded the prayer a distinct wave of spiritual power moved over the congregation The most Felicia. whose sensitive religious nature responded swiftly to every touch of emotion, quivered under the passing of that supernatural power, and when she lifted her head and looked up at the minister there was a look in her eyes that announced her intense, eager anticipation of the scene that was to fol-

And she was not alone in her attitude There was something in the

'Oh. I don't know! I hadn't noticed was never absentminded, but often ing response in the church that came back to him as he spoke and thrilled him with the hope of a spiritual baptism such as he had never during all his ministry experienced.

"I am just back from a visit to Raymond." Dr Bruce began. "and I want to tell you something of my impressions of the movement there.

He paused, and his look went over his people with yearning for them and at the same time with a great uncertainty at his heart How many of his rich, fashionable, refined, luxury loving members would understand the nature of the appeal he was soon to make to them? He was altogether in the dark as to that Nevertheless he had been through his desert and had come out of it ready to suffer He went on now after that brief panse and told the story of his stay in Raymond The people already knew something of that experiment in the First church The whole country had watched the progress of the pledge as it had become history in so many lives. Henry Maxwell had at last decided that the time had come to seek the fellowship of other churches throughout the country. The new discipleship in Raymond had proved to be so valuable in its results that Henry Maxwell wished the church in general to share with the disciples in Raymond. Already there had begun a volunteer movement in many of the churches throughout the country, actin the steps of Jesus. The Christian Endeavor societies had with enthusiasm in many churches taken the pledge to case and down the upper hall the light do as Jesus would do, and the result was already marked in a deeper spiritual life and a power in church influence that was like a new birth for the members.

All this Dr. Bruce told his people evidently led the way to his announcement, which now followed. Felicia had listened to every word with strained attention She sat there by the side of Rose, in contrast like fire beside snow, although even Rose was as alert and excited as she could be

"Dear friends." he said, and for the first time since his prayer the emotion of the occasion was revealed in his voice and gesture. "I am going to ask same pledge that Raymond church has taken I know what this will mean to you and me. It will mean the complete change of very many habits. It will mean possibly social loss. It will mean very probably in many cases loss of mean what following Jesus meant in the first century, and then it meant from every thing un-Christian. But what does following Jesus mean? The test of discipleship is the same now as then. Those of you who volunteer in the Nazareth Avenue church to do as

Again Rev. Calvin Bruce, pastor of Nazareth Avenue church, paused, and now the result of his announcement was plainly visible in the stir that went over the congregation. He added in a quiet voice that all who volunteered to make the pledge to do as Jesus would do were asked to remain after the

morning service. Instantly he proceeded with his sermon. His text was from Matthew viii. 19. "Master, I will follow thee whither-

soever thou goest." It was a sermon that touched the deep springs of conduct. It was a revelation to the people of the definition their pastor had been learning. It took them back to the first century of Christianity. Above all, it stirred them below the conventional thought of years as to the meaning and purpose of church membership. It was such a sermon as a man can preach once in a lifetime and

The service closed in a hush that was slowly broken. People rose here and there a few at a time. There was a reluctance in the movements of the peo-

ple that was very striking. Rose, however, walked straight out the pew, and as she reached the aisle she turned her head and beckoned to Felicia. By that time the congregation was rising all over the church.

Felicia instantly answered her sis

ter's look. "I'm going to stay." she said, and Rose had heard her speak in the same manner on other occasions and knew that Felicia's resolve could not be changed. Nevertheless she went back into the pew two or three steps and faced her.

"Felicia," she whispered, and there was a flush of anger on her cheeks. 'this is folly. What can you do? You will bring disgrace upon the family What will father say? Come.

Felicia looked at her, but did not answer at once. Her lips were moving with a petition that came from a depth of feeling that measured a new life for ner. She shook her head.

"No: I am going to stay. I shall take the pledge. I am ready to obey it You do not know why I am doing this. Rose gave her one look and then

turned and went out of the pew and down the aisle. She did not even stop to talk with her acquaintances. Mrs Delano was going out of the church just as Rose stepped into the vestibule "So you are not going to join the doctor's volunteer company?" Mrs. Delano asked in a queer tone that made

Rose redden "No. Are you? It is simply asburd have always regarded the Raymond novement as fanatical. You know Cousin Rachel keeps us posted about it.

"Yes: I understand it is resulting in great deal of hardship in many cases For my part, I believe Dr. Bruce has prayer and the result of it that stirred simply provoked a disturbance here It and women leaned forward, and when are scores of people in the church who Felicia rose and went out with the Dr Bruce began to speak of his visit to are so situated that they can't take such rest quietly and with the absorbed feel- Raymond in the opening sentences of a pledge and keep it I am one of

When Rose reached home, her father on his face After a pause he spoke was standing in his usual attitude be- again fore the open fireplace, smoking a cigar "Where is Felicia?" he asked as Rose

"She staid to an after meeting," replied Rose shortly She threw off her prophet to predict some remarkable wraps and was going up stairs when

Mr. Sterling called after her:

mouth and twirled it nervously between his fingers.

"I didn't expect that of Dr Bruce Did any of the members stay?" "I don't know. I didn't," replied Rose, and she went up stairs, leaving

her father standing in the drawing After a few minutes he went to the window and stood there looking out at the people driving on the boulevard. His cigar had gone out, but he still fingered it nervously. Then he turned from the window and walked up and down the room. A servant stepped across the hall and announced dinner, and he told her to wait for Felicia. Rose came down stairs and went into the library, and still Mr. Sterling paced

the drawing room restlessly. He had finally wearied of the walking the first time there flashed into Bruce's apparently and, throwing himself into mind a suspicion of the truth. What if a chair, was brooding over something deeply when Felicia came in.

He rose and faced her. Felicia was evidently very much moved by the meeting from which she had just come. At the same time she did not wish to talk too much about it. Just as she entered the drawing room Rose came in from the library.

"How many staid?" she asked. Rose was curious. At the same she was skepsimply and with a personal interest that tical of the whole movement in Ray "About a hundred," replied Felicia

gravely. Mr. Sterling looked surprised. Felicia was going out of the room. He called to her. "Do you really mean to keep the

pledge?" he asked. Felicia colored. Over her face and neck the warm blood flowed as she answered, "You would not ask such a that Nazareth Avenue church take the question, father, if you had been present at the meeting." She lingered a moment in the room, then asked to be excused from dinner for awhile and

went up to see her mother. No one ever knew what that interview between Felicia and her mother money It will mean suffering. It will was. It is certain that she must have told her mother something of the spiritual power that had awed every person present in the company of disciples from Nazareth Avenue church who faced Dr. Bruce in that meeting after the morning service. It is also certain that Felicia had never known such an experience and never would have thought of sharing it with her mother if it had not been for the prayer the evening before. friends of yours. experience at this time. When she as always. He looked his friend in the finally joined her father and Rose at them much about the meeting. There of death, but also the whole way of huwas a reluctance to speak of it, as one man sin and sorrow, please God.' might hesitate to attempt a description of a wonderful sunset to a person who at the unexpected news Calvin Bruce never talked about anything but the understood what the bishop had promweather. When that Sunday in the Sterling mansion was drawing to a close and the soft, warm lights through out the dwelling were glowing through

the great windows, in a corner of her room where the light was obscure Felicia kneeled, and when she raised her face and turned it toward the light it was the face of a woman who had already defined for herself the greatest issues of earthly life. That same evening, after the Sunday evening service, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of Nazareth Avenue church, was

talking over the events of the day with his wife. They were of one heart and mind in the matter and faced their new future with all the faith and courage of new disciples. Neither was deceived as to the probable results of the pledge to themselves or to the church.

They had been talking but a little while when the bell rang, and Dr. Come in!"

There came into the hall a commanding figure. The bishop was of extraor- ment being signed." diary height and breadth of shoulder, but of such good proportions that there was no thought of ungainly or even of and went for Miss ----, who was at made on strangers was first that of the Associated Press. To her he told great health and then of great affection. He came into the parlor and greeted ted done. Mrs. Bruce, who after a few moments

two men together. The bishop sat in a deep easy chair before the open fire. There was just enough dampness in the early spring of the year to make an open fire pleasant. "Calvin, you have taken a very seri-

ous step today." he finally said, lifting his large dark eyes to his old college classmate's face. "I heard of it this afternoon. I could not resist the desire to see you about it tonight. "I'm glad you came." Dr. Bruce sat

near the bishop and laid a hand on his

shoulder. "You understand what this

means, Edward?" "I think I do-yes; I am sure." The bishop spoke very slowly and thoughtfully. He sat with his hands clasped together. Over his face, marked with lines of consecration and service and the love of men, a shadow crept, a shadow not caused by the firelight

friend. walked together in Christian fellow-

ship. many and many a disciple in Nazareth | will result in splitting Nazareth Avenue | ceal or subdue. "Thank God for it. I | The more he twisted his face the hotmeant, though it has always been more than I deserve.

The bishop looked affectionately at claimed: his friend, but the shadow still rested

"The new discipleship means a crisis for you in your work. If you keep this pledge to do all things as Jesus would do, as I know you will, it requires no changes in your parish." The bishop looked wistfully at Bruce and then con-"An after meeting? What do you tinued "In fact, I do not see how a perfect upheaval of Christianity as we "Dr. Bruce asked the church to take now know it can be prevented if the the Raymond pledge."

Mr. Sterling took his cigar out of his the Raymond pledge and live it out." ministry and churches generally take He paused as if he were waiting for his friend to say something, to ask some question, but Bruce did not know of the fire that was burning in the bishop's heart over the very question that Maxwell and himself had fought out

"Now. in my church, for instance." continued the bishop, "it would be rather a difficult matter, I fear, to find very many people who would take a rledge like that and live up to it Martyrdom is a lost art with us. Our Christianity loves its ease and comfort too well to take up anything so rough and heavy as a cross, and yet what does following Jesus mean? What is it to walk in his steps?"

The bishop was soliloquizing now. and it is doubtful if he thought for the moment of his friend's presence. For the bishop should throw the weight of his great influence on the side of the Raymond movement! He had the following of the most aristocratic, wealthy, fashionable people not only in Chicago, but in several large cities. What if the bishop should join this new discipleship!

The thought was about to be followed by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached out his hand and, with the familiarity of lifelong friendship, had placed it on the bishop's shoulder and was about to ask him a very important question when they were both startled by the violent ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bruce had gone to the door and was talking with some one in the hall. There was a loud exclamation, and then, as the bishop rose and Dr. Bruce was stepping toward the curtain that hung before the entrance to the parlor, Mrs. Bruce pushed it aside. Her face was white.

and she was trembling. "Oh, Calvin! Such terrible news! Mr. Sterling—oh. I cannot tell it! What a fearful blow to those two girls!"

"What is it?" Dr. Bruce advanced with the bishop into the hall and confronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the doctor lived nearest of

any friends of the family. "Mr. Sterling shot himself, sir, a few minutes ago! He killed himself in his bedroom! Mrs. Sterling"-"I will go right over. Edward"-Dr. Bruce turned to the bishop-"will you go with me? The Sterlings are old

Another fact is also known of Felicia's The bishop was very pale, but calm. face and answered: "Aye, Calvin. I the table, she seemed unable to tell will go with you, not only to this house

> And even in that moment of horror ised to do.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Never Confirmed.

A WOMAN'S VETO. Why a Certain Naval Appointment Was

An incident which occurred during the first Cleveland administration illustrates the good feeling existing between the newspaper men and the chief of the bureau of paval construction. A certain correspondent, who was on particularly intimate terms with the chief, called at his office and was received with unusual cordiality. Calling the correspondent by his first name, the chief said: "Look here,

place in this department, after being fought through two congresses, has prevailed, has been signed by Secretary Whitney and only waits the signature Bruce, going to the door, exclaimed as of the president. You, of all men in he opened it "It is you, Edward! Washington, can find out what action the president will take, and I think you know a way to prevent the docu-The correspondent replied, "I think I know a way." He left the building

Blank, Mr. --- 's appointment to a

unusual size. The impression the bishop that time doing Washington society for the story and explained what he wan-Miss - obtained an audience with was called out of the room, leaving the Mrs. Cleveland and told what she came for. Mrs. Cleveland went to the

president's desk and singled out a paper with the remark, "there, I guess that is the one you mean." She then turned a corner of the document down and left it. In the course of his work the president came to the paper and then, in a

surprised tone, said to Secretary Lamont, "Dan, do you know anything about this appointment?" Mr. Lamont did not know anything

about it. "Well," said the president, "Frances has evidently turned this down for a purpose. I guess it's all right." And

he official signature was not attached. A Mississippi farmer, while in Memphis recently, entered a wellknown cafe and ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tabasco sauce was on the Again he lifted his eyes toward his old table, and, mistaking it for catsup, he spread it quite lavishly on the steak, "Calvin, we have always understood and settled down to enjoy the meal. each other. Ever since our paths led us He cut off a big piece, sopped it around in different ways in church life we have in the tabasco, and stuck it into his mouth. Then he began to feel as if his tongue was on fire. He twisted "It is true." replied Dr. Bruce, with and turned and soon had the eyes of an emotion he made no attempt to con- every one in the cafe fastened on him. man's I have always known what it could stand it no longer and reaching up his hand he jerked out the burning

bite, threw it on the floor and ex-"Now, confound you, blaze !"