

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The coming of Michael Sunlocks startled him out of his sleep of a quarter of a century and his whole household was put into a wild turmoil. In the midst of it, when he was at his wit's end to know what to do for his prisoner-guest, a woman, a stranger to Grimsey, carrying a child in her arms, presented herself at his door. She was young and comely, poorly but not meanly clad, and she offered herself to the priest as his servant. Her story was simple, touching and plausible. She had lately lost her husband, an Icelandic, though she herself was a foreigner, as her speech might tell. And hearing that Husavik the priest of Grimsey was a lone old gentleman without kith or kin or belongings, she had bethought herself to come and say that she would be glad to take service from him for the sake of the home he might offer her.

It was Greeba, and simple old Sir Sifstus fell an easy prey to her woman's wit. He wiped his rheumy eyes while she told her story, and straightway sent her into the kitchen. Only one condition he made with her, and that was that she was to bear herself in his house as Icelandic women bear themselves in the houses of Icelandic masters. No more than that and no less. She was to keep her own apartments and never allow herself to be seen or heard by a guest that was henceforth to live with him. That good man was blind and would trouble her but little, for he had seen sorrow, poor soul, and was very silent.

Greeba consented to this with all earnestness, for it fell straight in the way of her own designs. But with a true woman's innocent duplicity she showed modesty and said, "He shall never know that I'm in your house, sir, unless you tell him so yourself."

Thus did Greeba place herself under the same roof with Michael Sunlocks and baffle discovery by the cunning of love. Two purposes were to be served by her artifice. First, she was to be constantly by the side of her husband, to nurse him and tend him, to succor him, and to watch over him. Next, she was to be near him for her own sake, and for love's sake, to win him back to her some day by means more dear than those that had won him for her at the first. She had decided not to reveal herself to him in the meantime, for he had lost faith in her affection. He had charged her with marrying him for pride's sake, but he should see that she had married him for himself alone. The heart of his love was dead, but day by day, unknown, unseen, unheard, she would breathe upon it until the fire in its ashes lived again. Such was the design with which Greeba took the place of a menial in the house where her husband lived as a prisoner, and little did she count the cost of it.

Six months passed, and she kept her promise to the priest to live as an Icelandic servant in the house of an Icelandic master. She was never seen and never heard, and what personal service was called for was done by the snappish old man servant. But she filled the old house, once so muggy and dark, with all the cheer and comfort of life. She knew that Michael Sunlocks felt the change, for one day she heard him say to the priest as he lifted his blind face and seemed to look around, "One would think that this place must be full of sunshine."

"Why, and so it is," said the priest, "and that's my good housekeeper's doing."

"I have heard her step," said Michael Sunlocks. "Who is she?"

"A poor young woman that has lately lost her husband," said the priest.

"Young, you say?" said Sunlocks.

"Why, yes; young as I go," said the priest.

"Poor soul!" said Sunlocks.

It cost Greeba many a pang not to fling herself at her husband's feet at hearing that word so sadly spoken. But she remembered her promise and was silent. Not long afterwards she heard Michael Sunlocks ask the priest if he had never thought of marriage. And the priest answered yes, that he was to have married at Reykjavik about the time he was sent to Grimsey, but the lady had looked shy at his banishment and declined to share it.

"So I have never looked at a woman again," said the priest.

"And I daresay you have your tender thoughts of her, though so badly treated," said Sunlocks.

"Well, yes," said the priest; "yes."

"You were chaplain at Reykjavik, but looking to be priest or dean, and perhaps bishop some day?" said Sunlocks.

"Well, maybe so; such dreams come in one's youth," said the priest.

"And when you were sent to Grimsey there was nothing before you but a cure of less than a hundred souls?" said Sunlocks.

"That is so," said the priest.

"The old story," said Sunlocks, and he drew a deep breath, the breath that Greeba drew, for it seemed to be the last gasp of her heart.

A year passed, and never once had Greeba spoken that her husband might hear her. But if she did not speak, she listened always, and the silence of her tongue seemed to make her ears the more keen. Thus she found a way to meet all his wishes, and before he had asked he was answered. If the day was cold he found gloves to his hand; if he thought to wash there was water beside him; if he wished to write the pen lay near his fingers. Meantime he never heard more than a light footfall and the rustle of a dress about him, but as these sounds awoke painful memories he listened and said nothing.

The summer had come and gone in which he could walk out with the priest's arm, or lie by the hour within sound of a stream, and the winter had fallen in with its short days and long nights. And once, when the snow lay thick on the ground, Greeba heard him say how cheerfully he might cheat time of many a weary hour of days

like that if only he had a fiddle to beguile them. At that she remembered that it was not of money that had placed her where she was, and before the spring of that year a little church organ came from Reykjavik, addressed to the priest, as a present from someone whose name was unknown to him.

"Some guardian angel seems to hover around us," said Michael Sunlocks, "to give us everything that we can wish for."

The joy in his blind face brought smiles into the face of Greeba, but her heart was heavy for all that. To live within hourly sight of love, yet never to share it, was to sit at a feast and eat nothing. To hear his voice, yet never to answer it, to see his face, yet never to touch it with the lips that hungered to kiss it, was an ordeal more terrible than any woman's heart could bear. Should she not speak? Might she not reveal herself? Not yet, not yet! But how long, oh, how long!

In the heat of her impatience she could not quite restrain herself, and though she dare not speak, she sang. It was on the Sunday after the organ came, when all the people at Grimsey were at church, in their strong odor of fish and sea fowl, to hear the strange new music. Michael Sunlocks played it, and when the people sang Greeba also joined them. Her voice was low at first, but she soon lost herself, and then it rose above the other voices. Suddenly the organ stopped, and she was startled to see the blind face of her husband turning in her direction.

Later the same day she heard Sunlocks say to the priest, "Who was the lady who sang?"

"Why, that was my good housekeeper," said the priest.

"And did you say that she had lost her husband?" said Sunlocks.

"Yes, poor thing, and she is a foreigner, too," said the priest.

"Did you say a foreigner?" said Sunlocks.

"Yes, and she has a child with her also," said the priest.

"A child?" said Sunlocks. And then after a pause he added, with more indifference, "Poor girl! poor girl!"

Hearing this, Greeba fluttered on the verge of discovering herself. "If only I could be sure," she thought, but she could not, and the more closely for the chance that had so nearly revealed her she hid herself henceforward in the solitude of an Icelandic servant.

Two years passed and then Greeba had to share her secret with another. That other was her own child. The little man was nearly three years old by this time, walking a little and talking a great deal, and not to be withheld by any care from going over every corner of the house. He found Michael Sunlocks sitting alone in his darkness, and the two struck up a fast friendship. They talked in any fashion and played on the floor for hours. With a wild thrill of the heart, Greeba saw those twain together, and it cost her all she had of patience and self-command not to break in upon them with a shower of rapturous kisses. But she held back her heart like a dog on the leash and listened, while her eyes rained tears and her lips smiled to the words that passed between them.

"And what's your name, my sweet one?" said Sunlocks in English.

"Michael," lisped the little man.

"So? And an Englishman, too. That's brave."

"O'ts the name of your 'little boy'?"

"Ah, I've got none, sweetheart."

"Oh."

"But if I had one perhaps his name would be Michael also."

"Oh."

The little eyes looked up into the blind face, and the little lips began to fall. Then, by a sudden impulse, the little legs clambered up to the knee of Sunlocks and the little head nestled close against his breast.

"I'll be your 'little boy'."

"So you shall, my sweet one, and you shall come again and sit with me and sing to me, for I am very lonely sometimes, and your dear voice will cheer me."

But the little man had forgotten his trouble by this time and scrambled back to the floor. There he sat on his haunches like a frog and cried, "Look! look! look!" as he held up a white pebble in his dumpy hand.

"I cannot look, little one, for I am blind."

"O'ts blind?"

"Having eyes that cannot see, sweetheart."

"Oh."

"But your eyes can see, and if you are to be my little boy, my little Michael, your eyes shall see for my eyes also, and you shall come to me every day and tell me when the sun is shining, and the sky is blue, and then we will go out together and listen for the birds that will be singing."

"Dat's nice," said the little fellow, looking down at the pebble in his palm, and just then the priest came into the house out of the snow.

"How comes it that this sweet little man and I have never met before?" said Sunlocks.

"You might live ten years in an Icelandic house and never see the children of its servants," said the priest.

"I've heard his silvery voice, though," said Sunlocks. "What is the color of his eyes?"

"Blue," said the priest.

"Then his hair—this long, curly hair—"

"It must be of the color of the sun," said Sunlocks.

"Flaxen," said the priest.

"Run along to your mother, sweetheart, run," said Sunlocks, and dropping back in his seat, he murmured, "How easily he might have been my son, indeed."

Kneeling on both knees, her hot face turned down and her parted lips quivering, Greeba had listened to all this with the old delicious trembling at both sides her heart. And going back to her own room, she caught sight of herself in the glass and saw that her eyes were dancing like diamonds and all her cheeks a rosy red. Life and a gleam of sunshine seemed to have shot into her face in an instant, and while

she looked there came over her a creeping thrill of delight, for she knew that she was beautiful. And because he loved beauty, whose love was everything to her, she cried for joy, and picked up her boy, where he stood tugging at her gown, and kissed him rapturously.

The little man, with proper manly indifference to such endearments, wriggled back to the ground, and then Greeba remembered, with a flash that fell on her brain like a sword, that her husband was blind now, and all the beauty of the world was nothing to him. Smitten by this thought, she stood a moment, while the sunshine died out of her eyes and the rosy red out of her cheeks. But presently it came to her to ask herself if Sunlocks was blind forever, and if nothing could be done for him. This brought back, with rangs of remorse for such long forgetfulness, the memory of some man, an apothecary in Husavik, who the credit of curing many a blindness after accidents in the northern mines where free men worked for wages. So thinking of this apothecary throughout that day and the next, she found at last a crooked way to send money to him, out of the store that still remained to her, and to ask him to come to Grimsey.

(To Be Continued.)

Unappreciated Flowers.

The New York Times tells a story about a distinguished gentleman of that city who came home from a public dinner the other night and woke up his wife by exclaiming: "Got boo'ful bouquet for you, darling; right off the governor's table—boo'ful, boo'ful flowers." "Well, put them in some water on the table and get to bed, dear," said his sleepy wife. Next morning, when his wife examined her husband's "boo'ful" floral offering she was shocked by the discovery that it was a big bunch of artificial flowers, and they looked very much if they had been rudely snatched from some girl's hat.

Society Woman Runs a Laundry.

About a year ago Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn, a society woman of Brooklyn, lost her fortune in speculation. Nearly all of her swell friends manifested such strong disposition to drop her acquaintance that Mrs. Schermerhorn took the initiative by dropping theirs, and being a woman of sense began to look around for some means of self-support. She hit upon the idea of operating a laundry and opened such an establishment in Southampton, L. I., where the faithful among her former friends are helping to make the venture a success.

Wine at \$200 a Drop.

In the famous cellars of the Hotel de Ville at Bremen there are dozens of cases of holy wine which have been preserved for 250 years. A merchant figures out that if the cost of maintaining the cellars, payment of rent, interest upon the original value of the wine and other incidental charges are considered, a bottle of this choice Madeira has cost no less than \$2,000,000, each glassful \$270,000, and a single drop could not be sold without loss under \$200.

A Blow at His Pride.

Two Spaniards who had been absent from Cuba for several years recently sailed up the harbor of Havana and walked through its renovated streets. "Does it not give you pain," one traveler was overheard inquiring, "to see the stars and stripes waving over Morro castle?" "No," replied the other, looking earnestly at him. "What pains me to the quick is to see that the Americans have in two years done more for this island than the Spaniards did in almost 400 years."

Ignorant Sophomores.

The professor of English at Williams college reports that he put test questions to forty sophomores of that institution to ascertain the extent and character of their reading. He found that ten could not mention six plays of Shakespeare, that thirty-four could not tell who Falstaff was, that thirty-five could not name a single poem of Wordsworth or Browning's and that fourteen could not tell who wrote "In Memoriam."

Vermont Used to Bar Circuses.

Not until twenty years ago were circuses allowed to exhibit in Vermont, but the circuses used to skirt three sides of the state closely, and it was most gratifying to the proprietors to see the way in which the men, women and children of the Green mountains used to troop across the border into New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to enjoy the feats forbidden them at home.

The Torturing Feed Bag.

One of the animal tortures of the day is the feed bag that is pulled over a horse's nose, as if it were a muzzle, and supported by a rope or strap over his head, asserts an observing writer. When the breathing holes become clogged with oats or corn on a hot and humid day the victim's suffering must be terrible. Besides, it is poor economy as a horse wastes nearly as much as he eats by the act of tossing the bag up to get a mouthful.

Oom Paul's Smoking and Drinking.

Paul Kruger smokes almost incessantly and for many years drank amazing quantities of beer daily, but only on one occasion did he ever taste alcohol. That was at Bloemfontein after the signing of an alliance with the Orange Free State. On that occasion Oom Paul took off a bumper of champagne, and he liked it so well that he has never tasted it since.

Wedding Garment for Hire.

There are three or four shops in Philadelphia where costumes for weddings and funerals may be hired at a reasonable rate. The renting of masquerade costumes and of men's evening clothes is a business as old almost as pawn brokering, but this renting of wedding and funeral clothes is said to be something new.

Began in a Gravel Pit.

Congressman Charles B. Landis, the Indiana orator, is another self-made statesman. These are his own words: "I pitched hay as a lad, worked in a gravel pit in my youth, and attended college only when I reached manhood."

Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

The Strike.

A strike is on between organized labor and the steel company, and it seems to involve the right of labor to organize for its own protection. President Shafter, who represents the men, is confident of success, while the officers of the Steel trust as yet show no sign of weakening. Mr. Shafter says that the men will not resort to force and that there will be no destruction of property. As long as this promise is kept, public sympathy will be with the laboring men.

The right of labor to organize ought not to be questioned, and yet the growth of trusts is directly opposed to the interests of the laboring men, and, as every trust is a menace to the labor organizations, it is strange that any laboring man votes with the trusts. When the head of a great corporation controls all the factories which employ skilled labor in any particular line, he is very likely to dictate terms. Capital does not need food or clothing. If it remains idle for a month or a year its owner simply loses his income for the period of its idleness, but with the laboring man it is different. His hunger cannot be suspended; his need for clothing and shelter knows no cessation; the children must be cared for, and with all of the nation's boasted prosperity the average wage earner is not able to live long without work. Heretofore, the laborer has found his protection in the fact that the employer could not close down his factory for a great length of time without loss of trade and loss of employees. In case of a strike his business was in danger of being absorbed by other firms, and his employees were apt to be scattered. When, however, the monopoly of an industry is complete the employee cannot seek work of a rival firm because there is no rival firm, and he cannot engage in other business without losing the advantage of his skill and experience. It is to be hoped that the laboring men will win in the present conflict, but if they were as unanimous on election day as they are when a strike is ordered they could remedy their grievances without a strike or loss of employment.

The steel trust may prove a blessing in disguise if it convinces the wage earners of the country that "a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable."

No Middle Ground.

If anyone thinks that plutocracy can be placated by an abandonment of silver, let him read the New York Sun. That paper has earned the right to be considered the chief exponent of the money worshipping element in American politics. Instead of thanking the Ohio democrats for ignoring the money question it warns them that anti-trust legislation would be more dangerous to the country than free silver. It says:

"We demand the suppression of all trusts. There is a monstrous proposition. Were there any way of carrying it into effect, industrial disaster more widespread and ruinous than has ever fallen upon the country would be the result. There would be a commercial cataclysm. The amount of capital and of labor dependent upon these combinations is so vast that to crush them would be to bring on unparalleled economic calamity compared with which the free coinage of silver would have been a fly bite."

So, we are to have a panic and all sorts of calamity if we destroy the trusts? Well, this is discouraging. But it only shows that there is running through all the republican policies, the same vicious principle and every policy is defended by the same brutal argument: "Accept our policies; submit to our demands, or we bring on a panic!" Some think that they can make peace with the money trust and then fight the other trusts, but it is a vain hope. There is no middle ground. The democratic party must be with the people entirely or against them entirely. The moment it begins to compromise it loses more than it can possibly gain.

A Pertinent Criticism.

The San Juan, Porto Rico, News, commenting on the supreme court decision in the insular cases, says:

"We are and are not part of the United States. We are and are not a foreign country. We are and are not citizens of the United States. We are and are not to have our money back. The tariff is and is not void. The constitution does and does not extend and its limitations do and do not apply. Upon these points the justices disagree, five in favor and four against. Are we or are we not, or are we not?"

This about covers the case but the editor of the News should remember that there is a "perhaps" before the freedom of the press in "our possessions" now.

After Secretary Wilson has keeked the sugar trust into smithereens by providing enough raw sugar to keep all the refineries going will he kindly provide a way of smashing the oil trust, which has a cinch on all of the raw material in its line.

Political conditions become corrupt because vice is continuous in its operation while virtue is often spasmodic. The many who simply want good government arouse themselves occasionally to secure some necessary reform but the few who make money out of legislation are always alert and active.

Let the democrats of Ohio vote the ticket and then begin the next day after election to organize the congressional districts so that it will not be possible for a corporation democrat to secure a nomination.

Principles, Not Men.

Mr. McLean makes a mistake when he assumes that he can overthrow the Kansas City platform by attacking Mr. Bryan. He was so exultant over the triumph which he achieved in the recent Ohio convention that his paper, the Enquirer, contained the following editorial item:

"Since the adoption of the Ohio platform perhaps Marse Henry Watterson will not regard it as necessary to persevere in a controversy with William Jennings Bryan."

It has been an open secret for some time that Mr. McLean did not like Mr. Bryan, but the public is not so much interested in knowing Mr. McLean's opinion of Mr. Bryan as it is in knowing his views on public questions. Mr. McLean aspires to represent Ohio in the United States senate and as a senator holding office for six years he would vote on several important questions. His platform denounces trusts but the remedies proposed are not sufficient; he ought to endorse the remedies set forth in the Kansas City platform or suggest others equally good.

His platform denounces imperialism; he ought to endorse the remedy proposed by the Kansas City platform or suggest some other remedy equally as good. His platform does not state his views on government by injunction, arbitration and the blacklist; Mr. McLean ought to make his position clear on these points.

Mr. McLean will have to vote on various phases of the money question. Whether congress will have to deal with the proposition to open the mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will depend upon conditions. No one is able to speak with certainty upon the subject, but the republicans are pushing the following:

BILL.

To maintain the legal tender silver dollar at parity with gold.

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled That the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized to coin the silver bullion in the treasury, purchased under the act of July 14th, 1890, into standard denominations of subsidiary silver coin as he may deem necessary to meet public requirements, and thereafter, as public necessities may demand, to re-coin silver dollars into subsidiary coin, and as much of any act as fixes a limit to the aggregate of subsidiary silver coin outstanding, and so much of any act as directs the coinage of any portion of the bullion purchased under the act of July 14th, 1890, into standard silver dollars, is hereby repealed.

The secretary of the treasury is hereby directed to maintain at all times at parity with gold the legal tender silver dollars remaining outstanding; and to that end he is hereby directed to exchange gold for legal tender silver dollars when presented to the treasury in the sum of five dollars or any multiple thereof, and all provisions of law for the use and maintenance of the reserve fund in the treasury relating to United States notes are, in the discretion of the secretary of the treasury, hereby made applicable to the exchange of legal tender silver dollars.

Mr. McLean resides at the national capital and knows what is going on; why was his platform silent about this question? It is easy to "sit down on" Mr. Bryan—he is only important as he aids in accomplishing reforms—but to "sit down on" democratic principles and a national platform is a more serious matter. Before Mr. McLean puts on the senatorial toga he is likely to discover that the voters of the democratic party are a great deal more interested in principles than they are in individuals.

The Commoner is under obligations to the Minneapolis Times for its long range defence of Mr. Bryan. The editor of the Commoner does not claim to speak for anyone except himself, but he has faith in the righteousness of the Kansas City platform and there are so many people who believe with him that he has no fear of becoming lonesome. If any democrat is tempted to purchase the favor of financiers by a surrender of democratic principles, let him read the obituary notices of a number of prominent democrats who ended their political existence between 1893 and 1896.

The Commoner in its last issue, speaking of the Ohio convention, credited General Finley with the resolution reaffirming the Kansas City platform. This was an error; the resolution was introduced by W. L. Finley, editor of the Kenton Press, and not by General Finley. Apologies are hereby extended to both gentlemen.

Constant Reader—No, the republican party does not assume the responsibility for the drought; it claims credit for everything good but blames Providence for everything bad.

The stability of the country's boasted prosperity is well measured by the panic aroused at the thought of a total crop failure.

Nothing is cheaper than a good book

While the Ohio democrats have by their timidity weakened themselves on national issues they are strong on state issues. It will be interesting to hear what the republicans have to say against the Johnson planks in regard to equal taxation and a popular vote on franchises.

The injury accomplished by our policy of imperialism is widespread. The people of South America have been inspired to free government by our example and the nearer they approach free government the more material has been their progress.

PRIMITIVE CHINESE MONEY.

Era When a Workman Was Paid With a Hatchet.

The little brass cash, the Chinese coins, the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the bronze axe of remote Celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct, if somewhat broken, succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In early times, before the coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day. At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making tin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventh century B. C.—Cornhill Magazine.

NICKELS ARE DESPISED.

Street Vendors Who Sell Nothing Less Than a Dime's Worth.

There are many stories in this city where a nickel is not a welcome medium of exchange, because nothing so cheap is sold, but it is hard to believe that there is a street stand which would not welcome a five-cent purchase. If any one is curious in this regard let him go to one of the fruit stands in Cortlandt street, near the Pennsylvania railroad ferry, and try to make such a purchase, says the New York Tribune. "Let me have five cents' worth of cherries," said a man the other day, pointing to a loose pile of the little red fruit. "As much as all that!" exclaimed the street merchant, and not for a single minute did he cease dishing a bunch of bananas. The intending purchaser waited a moment, then crossed the street and repeated his request to another stand. "Well, you're a cheap one!" exclaimed the vendor. "You want to spend a whole nickel do you?" He did not stop sorting oranges. The man who longed for cherries tried a third stand. "We can't sell you less than a dime's worth of anything at these stands," replied the man in charge. "You'll find an Italian up the street who will take the lead money. The 'cheap' man decided he didn't want cherries after all, and, going into a cigar store, bought a whole bunch of cigarettes with the money.

Cheap Meals in London.

"Speaking of cheap restaurants," said a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to London, to a Washington Star writer, "reminds me of a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London, where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for half a penny, or one cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips, and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a half penny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of twelve and two the poor and hungry from all parts of the east side of the city flock to the dining room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny toy men, costermongers, and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner."

Buttons for the Church.

There is far more in the oft-repeated statement that old buttons if useful for no other purpose may serve as an offering to the Lord. It is recorded as a fact that a clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her neighbors called in to have a friendly chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half filled with buttons. The lady could not help remarking that there seemed a very good supply of buttons. Thereupon she began to turn them over and suddenly exclaimed: "Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere." "Indeed," said the clergyman's wife. "I am surprised to hear it. As all these buttons were found in the collection bag I thought I might as well put them to some use." Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose and said she must be going.

A Pious Hope.

Judge Rice of Novena is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in Indiana. When made superintendent of the Sunday school he at once set about to reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow-workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent—little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."