



AT SUNSET.

Across the golden west
A magic cloudland lies,
And day is surely blest
That in such glory dies!

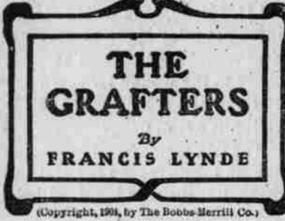
Now crimson, purple, gold,
But for a moment's time,
What changing forms unfold
Phantasmic and sublime!

A mountain, temple, lake,
A giant, bird or fish,
Strange glowing fancies wake
And stir man's vagrant wish.

For flaming, fading far,
Their radiant splendors teach
When comes the evening star
How hope may still upreach.

Beyond the gleaming west,
Beyond the cloud and star,
The spirit hath its quest,
And fadeless visions are.

—Charles W. Stevenson in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.



CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"I knew you'd make difficulties when it came to the paying part of it, and since I didn't know, myself, I wired Mr. Ormsby again. Here is what he says," and she untwisted a second telegram and read it to him. "Fee should not be less than five per cent. of bonded indebtedness; four-fifth in stock at par; one-fifth cash; no cure, no pay." "Three million five hundred thousand dollars!" gasped Kent. "It's only nominally that much," she laughed. "The stock part of it is merely your guaranty of good faith: it is worth next to nothing now, and it will be many a long day before it goes to par, even if you are successful in saving its life. So your magnificent fee shrinks to \$700,000, less your expenses."

"But heavens and earth! that's awful!" said Kent. "Not when you consider it as a surgeon's risk. You happen to be the one man who has the idea, and if it isn't carried out, the patient is going to die to-morrow night, permanently. You are the specialist in this case, and specialists come high. Now you may go and attend to the preliminary details, if you like."

He found his hat and stood up. She stood with him; but when he took her hand she made him sit down again. "You have at least three degrees of fever!" she exclaimed; "or is it only the \$2,500,000 shock? What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing, I assure you. I haven't been sleeping very well for a few nights. But that is only natural." "And I said you must have a cool head! Will you do exactly as I tell you?"

"If you don't make it too hard." "Take the car down-town—don't walk—and after you have made Mr. Loring send his message to Boston, you go straight to Dr. Biddle. Tell him what is the matter with you, and that you need to sleep the clock around."

"But the time!" he protested. "I shall need every hour between now and to-morrow night!" "One clear-headed hour is worth a dozen muddled ones. You do as I say."

"I hate drugs," he said, rising again. "So do I; but there is a time for everything under the sun. It is a crying necessity that you go into this fight perfectly fit and with all your wits about you. If you don't, somebody—several somebodies—will land in the penitentiary. Will you mind me?"

"Yes," he promised; and this time he got away.

CHAPTER XXV. ON THE HIGH PLAINS.

Much to Elinor's relief, and quite as much, perhaps, to Penelope's, Mrs. Brentwood tired of Brezeland Inn in less than a fortnight and began to talk of returning to the capital.

Pressed to give a reason for her dissatisfaction, the younger sister might have been at a loss to account for it in words; but Elinor's desire to cut the outing short was based upon pride and militant shame. After many trap- settings she had succeeded in making her mother confess that the stay at Brezeland was at Ormsby's expense; and not all of Mrs. Brentwood's stung justifications could remove the sting of the nettle of obligation.

"There is no reason in the world why you should make so much of it: I am your mother, and I ought to know," was Mrs. Brentwood's dictum. "You wouldn't have any scruples if we were his guests on the Amphitrite or in his country house on Long Island."

"That would be different," Elinor contended. "We are not his guests here; we are his pensioners."

"Nonsense!" frowned the mother. "Isn't it beginning to occur to you that beggars shouldn't be choosers? And, besides, so far as you are concerned, you are only anticipating a little."

It was an expeditiously injudicious, not to say brutal way of putting it; and the blue-gray eyes flashed fire. "Can't you see that you are daily making a marriage between us more and more impossible?" was the bitter rejoinder. Elinor's metier was cool

composure under fire, but she was not always able to compass it.

Mrs. Brentwood fanned herself vigorously. She had been aching to live it out with this self-willed young woman who was playing fast and loose with attainable millions, and the hour had struck.

"What made you break it off with Brookes Ormsby?" she snapped; adding: "I don't wonder you were ashamed to tell me about it."

"I did not break it off; and I was not ashamed," Elinor had regained her self-control, and the angry light in the far-seeing eyes was giving place to the cool gray blankness which she cultivated.

"That is what Brookes told me, but I didn't believe him," said the mother. "It's all wrong, anyway, and I more than half believe that David Kent is at the bottom of it."

Elinor left her chair and went to the window, which looked down on the sanatorium, the ornate parterre, and the crescent driveway. These family bickerings were very trying to her, and the longing to escape them was sometimes strong enough to override cool reason and her innate sense of the fitness of things.

But into the turmoil of thoughts half indignant, half self-compassionate, came reproach and a great wave of tenderness filial. She saw, as with the sudden gift of retrospection, her mother's long battle with inadequacy, and how it had aged her; saw, too, that the battle had been fought unselfishly, since she knew her mother's declaration that she could contentedly "go back to nothing" was no mere petulant boast. It was for her daughters that she had grown thin and haggard and irritable under the persistent reverses of fortune; it was for them that she was sinking the Grimkie independence in the match-making mother.

The tears in Elinor's eyes were not altogether of self-pity when she put

her back to the window. Ormsby was coming up the curved driveway in his automobile, and she had seen him dimly through the rising mist of emotion.

"Have you set your heart upon this thing, mother?—but I know you have. And I—I have tried as I could to be just and reasonable; to you and Penelope, and to Brookes Ormsby. He is nobleness itself: it is a shame to give him the shadow when he so richly deserves the substance."

She spoke rapidly, almost incoherently; and the mother-love in the woman who was careful and troubled about the things that perish put the match-maker to the wall. It was almost terrifying to see Elinor, the strong-hearted, the self-contained, breaking down like other mothers' daughters. So it was the mother who held out her arms, and the daughter ran to go down on her knees at the chair-side, burying her face in the lap of comforting.

"There, there, Ellie, child; don't cry. It's terrible to hear you sob like that," she protested, her own voice shaking in sympathy. "I have been thinking only of you and your future, and fearing weakly that you couldn't bear the hard things. But we'll bear them together—we three; and I'll never say another word about Brookes Ormsby and what might have been."

"O mother! you are making it harder than ever now," was the tearful rejoinder. "—there is no reason why I should be so obstinate. I haven't even the one poor excuse you are making for me down deep in your heart."

"David Kent?" said the mother. The bowed head nodded a wordless assent.

There was a tap at the door and a servant came to say that Mr. Brookes Ormsby was waiting in his auto-car. Was Miss Brentwood nearly ready?

Elinor said, "In a minute," and when the door closed, she made a confidante of her mother for the first time since her childhood days.

"I know what you have suspected ever since that summer in New Hampshire, and it is true," she confessed. "I do love him—as much as I care to without knowing whether he cares for me. Must I—may I—say yes to Brookes Ormsby without telling him the whole truth?"

"Oh, my dear! You couldn't do that!" was the quick reply. "You mean that I am not strong enough? But I am; and Mr. Ormsby is manly enough and generous enough to meet me half-way. Is there any other honest thing to do, mother?"

Mrs. Hepzibah shook her head deliberately and determinedly, though she knew she was shaking the Ormsbys by millions into the abyss of the unattainable.

"No; it is his just due. But I can't help being sorry for him, Ellie. What will you do if he says it doesn't make any difference?"

The blue-gray eyes were downcast. "I don't know. Having asked so much, and accepted so much from him—it shall be as he says, mother."

The afternoon had been all that a summer afternoon on the brown highlands can be, and the powerful touring car had swept them from mile to mile over the dun hills like an earth-skimming dragon whose wing-beat was the muffled, explosive thud of the motor.

Through most of the miles Elinor had given herself up to silent enjoyment of the rapture of swift motion, and Ormsby had respected her mood, as he always did. But when they were on the high hills beyond the mining-camp of Meglip, and he had thrown the engines out of gear to brake the car gently down the long inclines, there was room for speech.

"This is our last spin together on the high plains, I suppose," he said. "Your mother has fixed upon to-morrow for our return to town, hasn't she?"

Elinor confirmed it half-absently. She had been keyed up to face the inevitable in this drive with Ormsby, and she was afraid now that he was going to break her resolution by a dip into the commonplaces.

"Are you glad or sorry?" he asked. Her reply was evasive.

"I have enjoyed the thin, clean air and the freedom of the wide horizons. Who could help it?"

"But you have not been entirely happy?"

It was on her lips to say some conventional thing about the constant jarring note in all human happiness, but she changed it to a simple "No."

"May I try if I can give the reason?" She made a reluctant little gesture of assent; some such signal of acquiescence as Marie Antoinette may have given the waiting headsman.

"You have been afraid every day lest I should begin a second time to press you for an answer, haven't you?" She could not thrust and parry with him. They were past all that.

"Yes," she admitted briefly. "You break my heart, Elinor," he said, after a long pause. "But,"—with a sudden tightening of the lips—"I'm not going to break yours."

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She understood him, and her eyes filled quickly with the swift shock of gratitude.

"If you had made a study of woman-kind through ten lifetimes instead of a part of one, you could not know when and where to strike truer and deeper," she said; and then softly: "Why can't you make me love you, Brookes?"

He took his foot from the brake-pedal, and for ten seconds the released car shot down the slope unhindered. Then he checked the speed and answered her.

"A little while ago I would have said I didn't know; but now I do know. It is because you love David Kent; you loved him before I had my chance."

She did not deny the principal fact, but she gave him his opportunity to set it aside if he could—and would.

"Call it foolish, romantic sentiment, if you like. Is there no way to shame me out of it?"

He shook his head slowly. "You don't mean that?"

"But if I say that I do; if I insist that I am willing to be shamed out of it."

His smile was that of a brother who remembers tardily to be loving-kind.

"I shall leave that task for some one who cares less for you and for your true happiness than I do, or ever shall. And it will be a mighty thankless service that that 'some one' will render you."

"But I ought to be whipped and sent to bed," she protested, almost tearfully. "Do you know what I have done?—how I have—"

She could not quite put it in words, even for him, and he helped her generously, as before.

"I know what Kent hasn't done; which is more to the point. But he will do it fast enough if you will give him half a chance."

"No," she said definitely. "I say yes. One thing, and one thing only, has kept him from telling you any time since last autumn: that is a sort of a fabled loyalty to me. I saw how matters stood when he came aboard of our train at Gaston—I'm asking you to believe that I didn't know it before—and I saw then that my only hope was to make a handfast friend of him. And I did it."

"I believe you can do anything you try to do," she said warmly.

This time his smile was a mere grimace.

"You will have to make one exception, after this; and so shall I. And since it is the first of any consequence in all my mounting years, it grinds. I can't throw another man out of the window and take his place."

"If you were anything but what you are, you would have thrown him out of the window another way," she rejoined.

"That would have been a sago's trick; not a white man's," he asserted. "I suppose I might have got in his way and played the dog in the manger generally, and you would have stuck to your word and married me, but I am not looking for that kind of a winning. I don't mind confessing that I played my last card when I released you from our engagement. I said to myself: If that doesn't break down the barriers, nothing will."

is going to succeed all' around, Elinor; and I am going to help him—for his sake, as well as yours."

"No," she dissented. "He is going to fall; and I am to blame for it."

He looked at her side-wise. "So you were at the bottom of that, were you? I thought as much, and tried to make him admit it, but he wouldn't. What was your reason?"

"I gave it to him: I can't give it to you."

"I guess not," he laughed. "I wasn't born on the right side of the Berkshire hills to appreciate it. But really, you mustn't interfere. As I say, we are going to make something of David; and a little conscience—of the right old Pilgrim Fathers brand—goes a long way in politics."

"But you promised me you were not going to spoil him—only it doesn't matter; you can't."

Ormsby chuckled openly, and when she questioned "What?" he said: "I was just wondering what he is in to now; if you could guess, for instance, that his backers have put up a cool hundred thousand to be used as he sees fit?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed; and there was dismay and sharp disappointment in her voice. "You don't mean that he is going to bribe these men?"

"No," he said, relenting. "As a matter of fact, I don't know precisely what he is doing with the money, but I guess it is finding its way into legitimate channels. I'll make him give me an itemized expense account for your benefit when it's all over, if you like."

"It would be kinder to tell me more about it now," she pleaded.

"No; I'll let him have that pleasure, after the fact—if we can get him pardoned out before you go back east."

She asked no more questions, being unwilling to tempt him to break confidence with Kent. But she was thinking of all the desperate things a determined man with temperamental unbalancing might do when the touring car rolled noiselessly down the final hill into the single street of Meglip.

There was but one vehicle in the street at the moment: a freighter's ore-wagon drawn by a team of mules, meekest and most shambling-prosodic of their tribe. The motor-car was running on the spent velocity of the descent, and Ormsby thought to edge past without stopping. But at the critical instant the mules gave way to terror, snatched the heavy wagon into the opposite plank walk, and tried to climb a near-by telephone pole.

Ormsby put his foot on the brake and something snapped under the car.

"What was that?" Elinor asked; and Ormsby got down to investigate.

"It is our brake connection," he announced, after a brief inspection. "And we are five good miles from Hudgins and his repair kit."

[To Be Continued.]

IT WAS VERY AWKWARD.

"Major" Was Not a Military Title in This Case, but the Man's Name.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation, relates London Tit-Bits.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just learned to-day, to my horror, that 'Major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly, I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan. "Only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last six months!"

Matter of Information.

The railroad official, George H. Daniels, tells a good story on one of the brakemen of his line. A very fussy, nervous old woman approached him on the platform before leaving New York and asked him if his train stopped at Poughkeepsie. He assured her that it did. It was a local train, making a score or more of stops on its way up the river. At each of these way stations the old lady sought out the brakeman and repeated her anxious query. About a score of times the brakeman had given the stereotyped answer:

"Yes, mum, it does."

At last the anxious traveler got on the brakeman's nerves. At about the twenty-first query he replied:

"Well, mum, nothing is certain in this life. All I can say is that if this train doesn't stop at Poughkeepsie there'll be the very dickens to pay!"—N. Y. Herald.

ACCUSED OF HERESY

BISHOP GRAFTON ATTACKED BY A MILWAUKEE MINISTER.

Wisconsin Episcopal Prelate Charged with Recommending Prayers to the Saints—Passages Objected To.

Milwaukee.—Bishop Charles Chapman Grafton, head of the Episcopal church in the diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., who is charged with heresy by Rev. William Austin Smith, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Milwaukee, is one of the foremost high churchmen in this country. In a letter to the Living Church, Rev. Mr. Smith writes:

"One reads with amazement the letter of Bishop Grafton, entitled 'Prayer Duris; Trial' (the heresy trial of Dr. Crapsy), in the Living Church. It is not his panic stricken temper, its wall against broad churchmen which confound. It is the polytheistic litany which he borrows from 1544 to put upon the lips of twentieth century churchmen."

"If Bishop Grafton will permit the choice, many of us prefer, if we must utter a pagan prayer, one of those beautiful petitions of Socrates addressed to 'Pan and all the other gods.' This whine of the bishop to 'St. Mary, all the holy patriarchs, prophets, apostles, confessors and virgins,' balks pathetically in comparison. The Greek pagan had the merit of dignity and spiritual poise."

"It is almost amusing, were it not tragic, to see an American bishop tumbling into heresy while casting missiles at heretics and storming heaven in behalf of the faith once delivered."

Here are some extracts from the prayers to which Rev. Mr. Smith objects:

"Oh blessed Lord, look in mercy on this poor and distracted portion of thy

mystical body. We are unworthy of any favor, but are rather deserving of thy punishments. Yet, for the honor of thy God and blessed mother, defend her, assaulted by insulting heresies. While we deserve naught at thy hands, yet thou wilt surely defend her honor who bore the and whose holy and immaculate virginity is denied. Do not let her blasphemers triumph. Oh, Lord, bring to naught the conceits of the profane and carnally minded, and preserve thy church in the faith once and for all time delivered; for thy mercy's sake."

"O, Saint Mary, mother of God our Lord Jesus Christ, pray for us."

"All holy angels and archangels and all holy orders of blessed spirits, pray for us."

"All holy patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins, and all the blessed company of heaven, pray for us."

Bishop Grafton was born in Boston. He began his religious work in England as an evangelist. He returned to the United States in 1872 and remained in Boston, where he was pastor of the Church of the Advent, until 1888, when he was elevated to the episcopacy. He has taken the vow of celibacy. He believes in the Real Presence. He celebrates mass in a manner very near to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church and in his own diocese wears the mitre and other canonicals of a Roman bishop. He is possessed of a unique personality and his teachings and plans have been the subject of much discussion all over the country. He cherishes the hope of the unity of evangelical churches along high church lines so nearly approaching Roman Catholicism that it would be difficult to differentiate between the Roman and Episcopal churches.

Bishop Grafton is now about 65 years old. He is rather feeble physically. He is wealthy in his own right and has built up one of the finest cathedrals in America. There are six priests directly under Bishop Grafton. They address the bishop as "my lord." A cathedral school has been established and a school for choir boys.

Bishop Grafton does not think there is danger of the high and low churches separating. "Our observances of high society," he says, "simply show the catholicity and comprehensiveness of the Episcopal church. There is an agreement on essentials between high and low churchmen and toleration on matters of opinion, instead of disturbing elements. We are divided like the waves, but like the sea, one."

Historic Relics Given Away.

The Empress Eugenie has just given to the Swiss canton of Thurgau the castle of Arsenberg, where Napoleon III. passed several years of his youth. Queen Hortense, on the fall of the first empire, fled to Switzerland, and in 1817 purchased the castle, which is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Constance. In the castle are the Empress Josephine's harp, Queen Hortense's harpsichord and a camp bedstead of Napoleon III.

BOY WILL RULE ISLAND.

M. E. Shearer of Indianapolis, Aged 26, Appointed Governor of Midway in the Pacific Ocean.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Lieut. Maurice E. Shearer, of this city, is soon to be governor of one of the island possessions of the United States. It is not a large possession, and not densely populated, but it is rather important as it contains the United States midway cable station between Honolulu and the Philippines. The place is known as Midway island.

Shearer, who is only 26 years old, is a second lieutenant in the marine corps, having worked his way up to



MAURICE E. SHEARER. (Young Lieutenant Appointed Governor of Midway Island.)

that position since 1901, when he enlisted as a private. He was a Shortridge high school pupil when war was declared between this country and Spain, and although he was ready to graduate from the school, he quit and became a member of battery A, of this city.

After his service with the battery, Maurice Shearer went to Ohio and there served as manager for a contracting company. The martial spirit had seized on him, however, and one day his father received a letter to the effect that Maurice had enlisted as a private in the marine corps, at Buffalo, in the hope of working up to a commission. In the examination through which he obtained his commission as second lieutenant, he stood fourth in a large class, and he stood equally high in an examination he has recently taken at the end of a postgraduate course at Annapolis.

A few days ago he was ordered to report at Washington and was there informed that he was to have charge of Midway island. He was placed in charge of a detail consisting of 35 marines and several officers, and left San Francisco for Honolulu, where, with his detail, he will spend a month. He will then go to Midway island, five days' sail from Honolulu, and take possession.

LARGEST MORGUE ON EARTH

The Columbarium at San Francisco Not Unlike a Church in Appearance—A Costly Structure.

San Francisco.—The Byzantine church looking structure in the accompanying picture might be a temple in Russia or the orient, but it is



THE HANDSOME MORGUE.

not merely San Francisco's famous crematory and the largest in the world until the earthquake and fire came and turned the city into a vast crematory and morgue.

It is said that San Francisco was the only city in the world enforcing cremation on all its inhabitants, consequently the extension of benevolence was stopped, and the great black cross on the heights and visible from ships at sea marked the last of the great burial places of former days. The crematory, built at great expense, was called the Columbarium and was fitted up with luxurious nooks and corners for the dead. There were thousands of niches along the walls, as in a picture gallery, and the urns for the ashes were placed above and below "the line," according to your choice of position and length of purse.

An Educated Elephant.

When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India he received a novel paper knife as a return gift of an ivory paper cutter given to him in England. The viceroy introduced a fine young elephant into the room. A pile of newspapers lay at Lord Dufferin's side; the animal went up to them, cut them neatly with his tusks, which had been purposely sharpened, and laid them in a neat heap on the floor, ready for perusal.

To Measure Day or Night.

To ascertain roughly the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.