

ANGELA.

By OLINTON ROSS.

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The scandal mongers of the wheel are confined mostly to those who cannot or do not wish to make mental faces at other women who rode, but as soon as they themselves were spinning along with a freedom they never had fancied they straightway wondered at all these allegations. And how indeed does a brick run under the sky and between the fields drive away cobwebby notions in the old days a center might do it, but a horse is a luxury, and, mean if you can afford it, it is ever getting out of condition and to be fit must have a modicum of constant exercise. But now all go spinning, the horseman as well as the one-time long distance walkers, the strollers and those who strive to regain this old world from the curse.

Among these latter no one is better equipped for the ancient fight than the pastor of St. Matthew in the Park, the Rev. Lemuel Springer. With body and mind attuned to a fine healthfulness at 30, he believes strongly and preaches and acts his belief, and in these days, when clergymen sometimes forget that their duty is but to heal the heart's wounds and to preach the word of simple honesty and clean living, it is a delight to sit of a morning in a pew of St. Matthew in the Park and listen to the direct and human religion of the athletic, young pastor, groomed by the hand of Hanover street, London, V. Seeling Lemuel, he paused.

"Have you passed a young lady, sir?" "What sort of a young lady, sir?" "Lemuel, among the lie direct."

"Who?" "No matter. We must hide. I don't believe he could have seen me," she answered demurely. And dimly, she dragged her wheel after her into the bushes.

"You stay there," she called. "If he asks if you have seen me, you must say you haven't. And she disappeared."

"That would be a lie, wouldn't it?" "I have no patience with a man who can't lie when it's necessary," came back the answer. And all was still, save for the rural noises of the sunny May day. But at that moment a turn came a wheelman. He was young, and well groomed by the hand of Hanover street, London, V. Seeling Lemuel, he paused.

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brought him to such sudden complaint. What if any of his parishioners should see him as he was now, tearing madly up and down hill with this undeniably very pretty young woman and running madly from him? Who the deuce was "him"—only, of course, Lemuel didn't say "who the deuce."

"Oh, oh!" she cried suddenly. "Ah! What's the matter?" said he slowly. "If he should appear and attempt to speak to me, you must knock him down."

"That would be rather unclerical, wouldn't it?" said Lemuel. "You must," said she. "Oh, if I must," said he, looking at her and knowing he certainly would. The road for a half mile further with, at the point, a bit of wood and thicket. As you near the wood you have the stretch of the road to the left, and now as they came into that view Lemuel's countenance cried out:

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received a somewhat tartly worded communication from the diocesan, and also was in her saddle and smiling back at him and vanishing over the slope, leaving him rubbing his eyes.

At first he thought he would follow, but then in Greenwich he likely would meet some one who knew him, and he could not afford to appear ridiculous, particularly after such an escapade.

Yet, as he wheeled, he regretted his resolution, and he envied Tom, and he couldn't think of his sermon, and he really was that simply to clarify his mind that he might make his next discourse a fitting one.

And back at his desk it was the same, and his sermon was singularly poor that next Sabbath morning.

And he strove with himself and tried to put her out of his mind and to think of low scandals it all would seem to any of his parishioners who should hear of it. Yet he yielded so far as to find himself looking about furiously for Angela. He even, with some self-deception, wheeled several times over the same roads.

But when he understood how impulsive was carrying him he lashed himself mentally as a hermit of old did his flesh, and he wrote a mighty sermon, which quite astonished his congregation, and after he had delivered it he was compelled out of consistency to give up his one indulgence, surviving from a great career as a college athlete.

And he plunged deeper into his work, and "God's poor" and suffering never had more attention in that parish.

But he couldn't give up dinners and roasts altogether, as a certain amount on these functions is plainly a clergyman's duty. And at one of these he saw Angela and was presented, and under her eyes he forgot himself, as heaven knows, clergymen are as the rest of us.

"Angela," he began, "I have been looking for you."

"Have you?" she said.

"And Tom?" he asked fearfully.

"Oh, he's married," she said.

"To whom?" he didn't catch your name. Was it Mrs. —?"

"No, it isn't. It was—the other girl."

"I hope you have followed my advice," he said after a moment.

"Not to—I told you I never did."

"I wish—I really wish you would make me the exception," said Rev. Lemuel.

And the parish gossip—save, to be sure, certain dowagers and prim old ladies—declared that Angela, the rector's lady, shows the rule—of an outrageous lively young woman turning aside, if her fancy and faith may be caught and held, all of which, of course, is fitting the curtain fall on a comedy.

A Russian superstition. A rumor got about in a village in Russia, not far from the German frontier, that the corpse of a woman who had recently been buried had turned in the coffin. Everybody in the village not only believed the rumor, but ascribed the prevailing drought as the cause.

William, who was in the village, decided that the husband of the woman should have the coffin opened and the body replaced in its original position.

The husband, however, promptly refused, and nothing could persuade him to yield to the unanimous wish of his fellow villagers, whereupon the latter took the matter in their own hands and went to the churchyard to dig up and open the coffin. To their great surprise the body lay in its original position.

Their astonishment was not lessened when the legal authorities appeared on the scene and opened an inquiry, with a view of imposing punishment for the desecration of the grave.

The whole neighborhood was possessed with the idea that newly buried persons were to blame for the prevalence of the dry weather, and a modest request from a woman who stated that the cooper's trade, to which he had been apprenticed, was distasteful to him and asked to be accepted as an apprentice millionaire, promising diligence and all application in learning "the business."

Ben, Ingerson, of Hutton, Ind., says he had not spoken above a whisper for months, and one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar restored his voice.

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"Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar tongs," laughed papa.

"Why, so I must have," said Christine delightedly. "cause the man kept saying, 'What a sweet girl you are!'"

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