

The Bourbon News.

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The Rector of St. Martin's

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

ST. MARTIN'S was a mission church. It was in a section of the city where the poor gasped for breath above the baked pavements in summer and barely escaped freezing to death in winter when the coal barons pushed up the price of heat. John Knight was the rector of St. Martin's. The little mission had been established by contributions from members of the fashionable Church of St. Jude. St. Jude's was rather "low" in point of ritual, and was more than extremely exclusive in point of congregation. "What need is there to rub elbows with people who live in flats and boarding houses when we can provide for their needs in a thoroughly Christian way by the establishment of a church where they will feel more at home?" asked the vestry and the wardens of St. Jude.

Rev. John Knight was 27 years old. He was a big fellow, an athlete and a graduate of Harvard, where the unitarian atmosphere failed to affect his stalwart churchmanship. St. Martin's was his first charge. Owing to the dependence of the little parish upon the Church of St. Jude the rector of the mission was thrown more or less in contact with the congregation of the greater parish. John Knight was rather "churchly." His altar was a thing of beauty. There were always flowers on it in two great brazen vases, flanked by two great candlesticks with a cross midway.

When the parishioners of St. Jude heard of the candles they declared that Rev. John Knight was drifting



SAVED A LITTLE GIRL FROM DROWNING.

rapidly to Rome, but John Knight was doing nothing of the kind. He knew his parishioners and he knew that an appeal to the eye would make easier the appeal to the heart. Now John Knight was sincere. In the absence of the rector of St. Jude the priest of the little mission filled the pulpit. The St. Jude people had kicked at his candles, but they didn't kick at his sermons. Young women who never before had thought of doing a stroke of missionary work volunteered for work in the slums about St. Martin's. With this aid John Knight labored to extend his district and to carry the Gospel of the Christ that it might sweeten the homes of the many.

There was one woman in St. Jude's parish who held aloof from the work at the mission of St. Martin's. She was the one woman whom above all others John Knight would have liked to see at work among the lowly. He had met Katherine Forbes when she had visited her brother at Harvard. Katherine Forbes was peerless. Everybody said so, and it must be true. John Knight believed it. Katherine Forbes was a bit disdainful, but there was something in her face which showed that the disdain was largely affected.

It is better told quickly. John Knight was in love with Katherine Forbes. He was no recluse. He went into society to the extent that a clergyman may when his parish duties do not demand him. He saw Katherine Forbes flattered and courted. He knew her well and knew that he was not without favor in her eyes. But what woman brought up in luxury and with absolutely burning social ambitions would ever marry the rector of a missionary church with a pittance of \$1,000 a year in his own right with an added \$400 from his parishioners aided by the missionary board?

Then there was George Banks. He was of a family as old as that of John Knight. He was big, good looking and worth \$2,000,000. Knight had the size and the good looks, but the balance went down in Banks' favor with the weight of the millions. Banks was in love with Katherine Forbes. Everybody in St. Jude's knew it and talked about it and said the marriage would be a fine thing, and that Rev. John Knight ought to read the marriage service

because even though "he is so awful high" he does read beautifully.

One day Katherine Forbes heard that John Knight, rector, had jumped into the river and saved a little girl from drowning. She heard also from time to time of his constant visits to the sick and the poor and of the work of uplifting he was doing. This made her think. She went to the rector of the mission and said: "Mr. Knight, I want to pitch in with the rest of the girls and work."

"I am going to attend your services, too, though you are so 'dreadfully high' as the woman's auxiliary of St. Jude's says. I can stand the vestments and the candles and the altar cloths easily, but," and Katherine Forbes smiled, "I'll have to draw the line at confession. I don't believe I could confess to you, Mr. Knight," and the girl laughed again. "I'm afraid you would give a heavy penance for a peccadillo. No, I'll never make a confession to you."

"I don't think you'll ever find any confessional boxes in St. Martin's, Miss Forbes," said the rector. Well, time went on and John Knight fell more and more in love with this matchless woman, who went about among his poor and lost her haughtiness in her very pity for their condition. One night he told her, and then came the struggle of the girl's life. She knew that she was dangerously near to the point of loving this man, but then there was poverty ahead and the trials and the "straight-lacedness" of the life of a clergyman's wife. And then she thought of George Banks, big and handsome and with his \$2,000,000. But the thought brought no such warmth to her heart as did the presence of this man who was giving his life to "the least of these."

Katherine Forbes evaded an answer. "Don't ask me now," she said, "but I fear it will never be. I don't know my own heart. Believe me, I am sorry."

John Knight knew of the attentions of George Banks to Katherine Forbes, and now he felt intuitively that this woman's heart did not yet know its own choice.

Three nights later Katherine Forbes went to a reception. She had thought to meet the rector there, and admitted to herself her disappointment when he did not come. George Banks was

there, however, but despite this Katherine Forbes' eyes were almost constantly fixed on the door. It was long after midnight when she reached home. She met her maid at the foot of the front steps. "Where have you been, Mary, at this hour?" exclaimed Katherine.

"Oh, miss, it's dreadful. I've been down to Mrs. Johnson's. Jimmie was run over by a carriage that was being drove terrible fast, and he's hurt bad. You know the family goes to St. Martin's, and Mr. Knight heard of the accident and went right down there. Jimmie supports the whole family, and they're awful poor. The rector he gets a doctor and pays him and buys the medicine and gets a nurse and gives Mrs. Johnson enough money to last a month. He's a saint, that man."

"Jimmie whose carriage it was that run over him. The man gets out of the carriage and swears at Jimmie for being in the way, and tells the policeman that it's the boy's fault and he can't use his carriage to be taken home. Call the 'petrol' he says and drives away. I heard Mr. Knight ask Jimmie who the man was, and, miss, do you believe it, Jimmie says: 'Mr. Banks.' I heard him, but no one else did. Then the rector leaned over Jimmie with a queer look in his face and says: 'Jimmie, you must never tell, and then he gets up and he walks up and down the room and mutters to himself: 'She must never know.' I suppose he was talking about Mrs. Johnson, though why he didn't want her to know who run over Jimmie I can't see for the life of me."

A light shot into Katherine Forbes' eyes. "He thought to save me pain," she said to herself, and then her heart felt warm.

Rev. John Knight was in his little study the next morning at St. Martin's. His face was clouded, but it cleared suddenly when the Swedish sexton announced "Mees Forbes."

He turned and there was the girl in the doorway. There was a deep color in her cheeks, but there was a light of something in her eyes. "Mr. Knight," she said, "I told you once that I would never go to confession to you. Three nights ago you asked me if I could ever—well, this morning I have come to confession. Don't think me unwomanly, but I couldn't help it." The study door was open, but as far as is known the Swedish sexton kept his own counsel about the scene that followed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Cloths That Will Be in Favor for Street Gowns During the Autumn Season.

Venetian, kid-finished and satin-faced cloths, cheviot and fine camel's hair are to be used for autumn tailor gowns for shopping, promenade and traveling wear, says the New York Post.

Everything points to a generous use of velvet this year, the costumes, new "dress" coats, cloaks, fichu capes and fancy jackets opening up unlimited possibilities for a fabric always rich and becoming. Plain and fancy velvets, box robes of cashmere, and other handsome light wools with velvet borders, velvet in white and pale Dresden tints for evening wear, and fruity weaves for blouses, dress trimmings, fur-trimmed costumes, have been brought out, with still more brilliant colorings, for French millinery for both day and evening wear.

French jackets of light-weight covert cloth are made with double-breasted, semibloose fronts, and finished with three graduated shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

The tailor-finished shirt waists of soft light wool or doeskin French flannel, although not so dainty and airy in effect as the summer styles, have their own special attractions. At all the importing houses the new autumn models are already exhibiting in delicate pastel shades, and also in various shades of red, green, amethyst, blue, gray, cream color and black. They are taut and shapely in style, and will prove most useful during the entire season as independent waists to wear with different skirts of silk or wool, or as a finish for open-fronted jackets of various kinds and colors. Some of the waists have the popular slot-seam decoration, others show ruffled tucks or silk-embroidered bands, and again, there are designs in soutache, or rows of narrow velvet ribbon or gimp, that give the waist the effect of being made of a striped fabric.

For durable autumn traveling suits that will serve for general utility wear all winter are soft, firm English stuffs, closely woven in fine basket effects in invisible green, dark marine blue, brown and black. These fabrics are about 46 inches wide, and cost \$1.25 a yard. Other patterns, in tri-colors, are among the prettiest of the fancy wool materials in rose color checked with reseda, in violet with stem green, pale fawn brown with iris blue, red with Quaker gray, etc. In silk and wool these small checks are expensive, but they are very wide. New Scotch tweeds combine two or three fashionable colors with white. Dappled chevrons show several shades of a single color, with ecru or light gray, green being very prominent among these.

Lace will retain its position as a trimming, and all lace toilets will be quite as much in fashion as ever this winter. The combination of light and heavy laces will continue, and also the mixture of black and white nets and laces. Pale golden green will be used as a foundation for both black, white and ecru lace gowns, and also under gray mousseline de soie encrusted with ecru lace bands and applique ornaments.

BANKS' SHOOTING BOOTS.

He Fooled His Wife on the Price, But the Result of His Deception Made Him Hysterical.

Banks knew very well that he could not afford to pay \$20 for a pair of shooting boots, but he reasoned with himself, after the sophistical manner of those who know the joys of extravagance, that his twice-a-year trip to his Long Island club for two days of duck shooting was really the only luxury he allowed himself and his economies in other directions deserved reward, relates the New York Mail and Express.

So Banks bought the boots, and told his wife a nice little story about a friend who had struck a bargain in boots and he had let him have a pair "for practically nothing." The boots were not worth much anyhow, he carelessly explained, and congratulated himself on having safely and sagaciously handled a delicate situation.

When Banks came back from his next shooting trip he was tired and sleepy, and threw his new boots, all muddy as they were, into a closet, to be cleaned when he should have more energy.

"And what do you think happened to those boots?" he said two days later to a group of sympathetic friends on 'change. "A junk peddler came around the next day and my wife sold him my \$20 boots for 50 cents. She knew they were of no special value, as I had said so, and thought she'd done well to get 50 cents for them."

"And what did you say?" asked one man, betwixt pity and amusement.

"Say? What could I say? I became hysterical."

AJUTA POTATOES.

Cut up a half dozen medium-sized potatoes on the potato slicer and place in a pudding pan. Pour over them enough fresh milk to cover well; add pepper and salt to taste, and drop small lumps of butter all over the surface of the milk. Place in a moderate oven and bake two hours. Every 20 minutes stir the potatoes up from the bottom of the pan so as to turn under the crust which forms on top. Twenty minutes before serving allow the crust to form and do not disturb again.—Good Housekeeping.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The shah of Persia owns the biggest diamond, the sultan of Turkey the biggest ruby and the pope will shortly possess the biggest topaz in the world.

King Edward of England once learned the printer's trade. Alfred Borekel, a librarian at Mayence, has compiled a list of 30 members of the European royal families who learned to print.

Dr. W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, firmly believes that success comes to—or at least is deserved by—those who are "early to bed and early to rise." For years it has been his custom to retire about the time the chickens seek their roost and he is always up by three o'clock. Most of his best work is done between that hour and the time when his clerks arrive at the bureau.

Albert Bruce-Joy, who is 60 years of age, is one of the most active of English sculptors. He has given Bowher Gladstone, Birmingham her Bright, Westminster Abbey its Matthew Arnold, Stratford-on-Avon her Mary Anderson and has set up numerous other statues in England and in America. Born in Dublin, he became a pupil of Foley and studied three years in Rome, since when he has traveled much in America. He is one of the sturdiest of vegetarians.

Judge John Stewart, of Chambersburg, Pa., considers that those who steal bicycles should be classed with horse thieves, because persons too poor to buy horses use the silent steed instead. Two bicycle thieves were convicted in his court last week and he sentenced each of them to 18 months in the penitentiary. One of them said impudently: "Thank you," whereupon his honor remarked: "As you are so well pleased I shall increase your term by six months."

Mr. Balfour sleeps at least 12 hours a day—sometimes longer—says a writer in the King, and though he does not prepare his speeches word for word, like Sir William Harcourt, or dictate them to a shorthand writer, like Disraeli, he does what he calls "think them out while in bed," and notes the principal headings on a sheet of folded foolscap, which he holds in his right hand while speaking, and slaps against his left when he wants to emphasize a point. He seldom pauses to find a word, but when he requires time to think of the next argument he sips from a glass of water.

BEANS AND BEANS.

To Know Them, the Savant Must Be Familiar with Some Eighty Varieties.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up out of the ground as if they had been planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know that they were beans unless they immediately told them. In early accounts of American discovery beans are mentioned as found among the native tribes. In 1492 Columbus found beans in Cuba. According to De Vegas the Indians of Peru had several kinds of beans. In Bancroft's "Native Races" the beans of Mexico are mentioned, says Meehan's Magazine.

De Candolle assigns the Lima bean to Brazil, where it has been found growing wild. Seeds have been found in the mummy graves of Peru. In southern Florida the Lima bean seed, white blotched or speckled with red, is found growing spontaneously in abandoned Indian plantations.

It has not been found wild in Asia, nor has it any Indian or Sanserit name. It reached England in 1779. In central Africa but two seeds are ever found in a pod. It is not probable that the common kidney bean (Phaseolus vulgaris) existed in the old world before the discovery of America. The evidence for the antiquity of the bean in America is both circumstantial and direct, and the varieties were numerous. In 1609 Hudson, exploring the river that bears his name, found beans. In 1640 Parkinson says: "The varieties from Africa, Brazil, West and East Indies, Virginia, etc., are endless to recite, or useless, only to behold and contemplate the wonderful works of the Creator."

In the report of the Missouri Botanical garden of 1901 H. C. Irish gives an exhaustive paper upon "Garden Beans Cultivated as Esculents." He gives ten pages of pictured beans, reminding one of 80 varieties a boy in Vermont collected and carried to the fair many years ago.

In the United States beans are soaked in water, then boiled and baked. In olden times the Vermont beans were soaked in cold water over night, then boiled all the forenoon and baked all the afternoon in a brick oven, generally in the company of brown bread and Indian pudding; also a bit of salt pork was added before being baked, the rind evenly slashed.

Gas Wouldn't Light.

Knowing that electricity had been used in lighting the house, the man who was putting in the gas range asked the mistress of the house if she would know how to use it.

"Certainly," she replied. And to show how much she knew she forthwith turned on the gas. It made a noise, but no light appeared. She turned it off, then on again, but still there was not a sign of a blaze.

"That's curious," she said at last. "Something's the matter. You must have set it up wrong."

"I guess it's because you forgot to use a match, madam," suggested the man.—N. Y. Herald.

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