

THE BRIEF DEBUT OF TILDY.

How an Apology Ended a Restaurant Romance.

By O. HENRY. Copyright, 1910, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

If you do not know Bogie's chop-house and family restaurant it is your loss, for if you are one of the fortunate ones who dine expensively you should be interested to know how the other half consumes provisions. And if you belong to the half to whom waiters' checks are things of moment you should know Bogie's, for there you get your money's worth—in quantity at least.

Bogie's is situated in that highway of bourgeoisie, that boulevard of Brown Jones and Robinson, Eighth avenue. There are two rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a canteen stand containing cruet of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may expect nothing. At the cashier's desk sits Bogie, cold, sordid, slow, smoldering, and takes your money. Behind a mountain of toothpicks he makes your change, files your check and ejects at you, like a toad, a word about the weather. Beyond a corroboration of his meteorological statement you would better

not venture. You are not Bogie's friend; you are a fed transient customer, and you and he may not meet again until the blowing of Gabriel's diuener horn. So take your change and go—to the devil if you like. There you have Bogie's sentiments.

The needs of Bogie's customers were supplied by two waitresses and a roofer. One of the waitresses was named Aileen. She was tall, beautiful, lively, gracious and learned in persiflage. Her other name? There was no more necessity for another name at Bogie's than there was for finger bowls.

The name of the other waitress was Tildy. Why do you suggest Matilda? Please listen this time—Tildy. Tildy was dumpy, plain faced and too anxious to please to please. Repeat the last clause to yourself once or twice and make the acquaintance of the duplicate infinite.

The voice at Bogie's was invisible. It came from the kitchen and did not shine in the way of originality. It was a heathen voice and contented itself with vain repetitions of exclamations emitted by the waitress concerning food.

Will it tire you to be told again that Aileen was beautiful? Had she done a few hundred dollars' worth of clothes and joined the Easter parade and had you seen her you would have hastened to say so yourself.

The customers at Bogie's were her slaves. Six tables full she could wait upon at once. They who were in a hurry restrained their impatience for the joy of merely gazing upon her swiftly moving, graceful figure. They who had finished eating ate more that they might continue in the light of her smiles. Every man there—and they were mostly men—tried to make his impression upon her.

Aileen could successfully exchange repartee against a dozen at once. And every smile that she sent forth lodged, like pellets from a scatter gun, in as many hearts, and all this while she would be performing astounding feats with orders of pork and beans, pot roasts, ham and sausage and the wheat and any quantity of things on the iron and in the pan and straight up and on the side. With all this feasting and dining and merry exchange of wit Bogie's came mightily near being a salon, with Aileen for its Mme. Recamier.

ride on the traction company's repair wagon, going to give her a poultice as soon as his brother got the hauling contract in the Ninth. And the man who always ate sparferbs and spinach and said he was a stockbroker asked her to go to "Parsifal" with him.

"I don't know where this place is," said Aileen while talking it over with Tildy, "but the wedding ring's got to be on before I put a stitch into a traveling dress. Ain't that right? Well, I guess."

But Tildy! In steaming, chattering, cabbage scented Bogie's there was almost a heart tragedy. Tildy, with the blunt nose, the hay colored hair, the freckled skin, the bag o' meal figure, had never had an admirer. Not a man followed her with his eyes when she went to and fro in the restaurant save now and then when men glared with the beast hunger for food. None of them bantered her gayly to coquettish interchanges of wit. None of them loudly jollied her with remarks as they did Aileen, accusing her, when the eggs were slow in coming, of late hours in the company of envied swains. No one had ever given her a tarantule sting or invited her upon a voyage to mysterious, distant "Parsifal."

Tildy was a good waitress, and the men tolerated her. They who sat at her tables spoke to her briefly with quotations from the bill, of fare and then raised their voices in honeyed and otherwise flavored accents eloquently addressed to the fair Aileen. They writhed in their chairs to gaze around at the smiling form of Tildy, that Aileen's outburst, in the season and make ambrosia of their bacon and eggs.

And Tildy was content to be the unwooded drudge if Aileen could receive the flattery and the homage. The blunt nose was loyal to the short Grecian. She was Aileen's friend, and she was glad to see her rule hearts and sweep the attention of men from smiling, popping and lemon meringue. But down below her freckles and hay colored hair the unhandiness of us dream of a prince or a princess, not vicariously, but coming to us alone.

There was a morning when Aileen tripped in to work with a slightly bruised eye, and Tildy's solicitude was almost enough to heal any optic.

"Fresh guy," explained Aileen, "last night as I was going home at twenty-third and Sixth, sashayed up, so he did, and made a break. I turned him down cold, and he made a squeak, but followed me down to Eighteenth and tried his hot air again. Gee, but I slapped him a good one side of the face. Then he give me that eye. Does it look real awful, Tildy? I should hate that Mr. Nicholson should see it when he comes in for his tea and toast at 10."

Tildy listened to the adventure with breathless admiration. No man had ever tried to follow her. She was safe abroad at any hour of the twenty-four. What bliss it must have been to have had a man follow one and black one's eye for love!

Among the customers at Bogie's was a young man named Seeders, who worked in the laundry office. Mr. Seeders was thin and had light hair, and appeared to have been recently rough dried and starched. He was too diffident to aspire to Aileen's notice, so he usually sat at one of Tildy's tables, where he devoted himself to silence and boiled wheatfish.

One day when Mr. Seeders came in to dinner he had been drinking beer. There were only two or three customers in the restaurant. When Mr. Seeders had finished his wheatfish he got

her lips desirable. The sudden and snappy Seeders had, as it were, performed for her a miraculous piece of one day laundry work. He had taken the sick-knife of her uncomeliness, had washed, dried, starched and ironed it and returned it to her sheer embowered lawn—the robe of Venus herself.

The freckles on Tildy's cheeks merged into a rosy tush. Now both Ciro and Psyche peeped from her brightened eyes. Not even Aileen herself had been publicly embraced and kissed in the restaurant.

Tildy could not keep the delightful secret. When trade was slack she went and stood at Bogie's desk. Her eyes were shining. She tried not to let her words sound proud and boastful.

"A gentleman insulted me today," she said. "He hugged me around the waist and kissed me."

"That so?" said Bogie, cracking open his business armor. "After this week you get a dollar a week more."

At the next regular meal when Tildy set food before customers with whom she had acquaintance she said to each of them modestly, as one whose merit needed no boasting.

"A gentleman insulted me today in the restaurant. He put his arm around my waist and kissed me."

The diners accepted the revelation in various ways, some incredulously, some with congratulations. Others turned upon her the stream of badinage that had hitherto been directed at Aileen alone.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the third day Mr. Seeders came in. There were no customers at the tables. At the back end of the restaurant Tildy was refilling the mustard pots and Aileen was quartering pies. Mr. Seeders walked back to where they stood.

Two Innocents

By DOROTHEA HALE

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"Pa," said Mrs. Hathaway, "I think Howard Crook and Effie would make a good match."

"If you wish them to mate don't let them know it. Nothing keeps young people apart like trying to bring them together."

"I've no hope of their getting together. They're both so bashful they don't dare look at each other."

"Let 'em alone, and if they have a natural attraction for each other they will make it up in time. Better still, tell them that not on any account shall they fall in love, that there is a special reason why they must not marry."

"Nonsense! They're too bashful to get together anyway. I don't care to put anything else between 'em to keep 'em apart."

But Mrs. Hathaway noticed that the young people needed some spice to move them toward each other, and she concluded to try her husband's plan. She called her daughter to her one day and told her that she was not to take any interest in Howard, since on no account could she marry him. She would have said the same to Howard, but it is not a very pleasant thing to say to a young man that he must not think of marrying one's daughter, especially when that young man has shown no predilection for her.

Mrs. Hathaway had given Effie this bit of information she told her husband what she had done. At the time he was shaving.

"Pa," she said, "I've warned Effie."

"About what?"

"Not to fall in love with Howard."

"How did she take it?"

"She acted kind of funny."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She caught her breath."

"That would indicate that she has already cast covetous eyes upon him."

"You mean that the poor child is so young and innocent that the very mention of her falling in love puts her in a flutter. You must remember that Effie's only sixteen, and Howard is but nineteen—two children. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for talking about marrying to either of them."

"You mean you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I've had nothing to do with it."

"You know just as well as I that when Howard comes of age he'll have \$100,000."

"Well, my dear, I hope you'll get him for her. I'm going downtown."

A few days later conversation on the subject was reopened by Mrs. Hathaway. Mr. Hathaway was reading his evening paper.

"Pa," she said, "those two children make me tired."

"What's the matter now?"

"Oh, yesterday I told them they might take Bob and the box wagon and go for a drive together. Effie said she didn't like driving, and Howard said he had a baseball match on hand. You needn't tell me that two young things like them would decline an offer to be together for a whole afternoon if they weren't indifferent to each other."

"I thought you said it was bashfulness."

"Well, I don't know but it is. When I told them they might go Effie turned red and Howard looked kind of queer. I mean they looked as if they wanted to, but didn't dare."

"Well, my dear, if you can't manage them, I can't."

And Mr. Hathaway went upstairs to bed.

His bashfulness or whatever it was seemed to increase instead of diminish. The "children" didn't seem to get together at all. If Mrs. Hathaway went into the room where they were she would find Howard reading a book at one end of the room, while Effie would be cutting out pictures at the other end. Then she would wonder if the child would ever grow to be a woman. If Howard was ever at the house, if he and Effie would sit sum on either side of the table, never venturing a remark except to one of the older people. On one occasion Howard said something and Effie corrected him. Howard averred that he was right about it. Effie offered to bet him. She was thinking what to bet him when her father, winking at her mother, said:

"Bet him a kiss, Effie."

Effie looked to the roots of her hair and Howard looked as if he were going to bolt.

"There," said Mrs. Hathaway to her husband, "you've spoiled everything. Those two children will never be easy in each other's company again."

The next time Mrs. Hathaway had anything to say to her husband on this subject—it was but three days later—her tone was changed.

"Pa," she said, "I must have some money."

"How much do you want, my dear?"

"I think about \$500 will do, though really I ought to have more."

"What is it to go for?"

"Why, you see, Effie hasn't had anything new for a long while and she hasn't a respectable costume to her name."

"It isn't for a trousseau, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"You don't mean those two children are engaged?"

"No, no, no!"

"I mean, what do you mean?"

"I mean they've been married ever since I first spoke to you about them." Phew!

Carlyle and His Home.

When the great writer Carlyle was engaged to Miss Welsh the latter induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them and share the advantage of an established house and income.

But Carlyle answered Mrs. Welsh's proposal by saying that two households could not live as if they were one and that he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was "all his own," adding that the moment he was master of a house the first use he would make of it would be to slam the door against nosy intruders.

Repelling Fire With a Drum. A fire of a strange nature appeared in Wales in 1693. According to the most intelligent account concerning it now in existence, it came up from the sea near Harlech. At several places near that place and all over Merionethshire it did much damage, burning hay, houses, barns, etc. A person writing of it says: "The grass over which it moves kills all manner of cattle that feed upon it. But what is most remarkable is that any great noise, such as the beating of a drum or sounding a horn, effectually repels it from any house."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. By CARL SARGENT CHACE. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

If there's one thing I'd rather do than all the other things I'm mindin' my own business. If there's one thing my Mandy'd rather do it's mind some body else's business. I allus tote her that the principal troubles we get into in this world is pokin' our noses into other people's affairs.

When Rogers and his wife come to occupy the form adjoining ourn I tote Mandy to let 'em alone. Mebbe she could 'a' done it if it hadn't bin that we could hear 'em quarrelin' clear across the fields a quarter of a mile away. That started Mandy. She was continually a-listenin' an' a-watchin' and a-spyin' to see if she couldn't find out some'n.

It was about the middle of summer when Mandy's mother that lived in the adjoinin' county tuk sick. She kep' a-sendin' for Mandy, but Mandy wouldn't go without me. I got in the airly crops and was gittin' ready for the later ones. Then one day a letter come sayin' Mandy's mother was a-dyin'.

"That set in' to my Mandy head to go, and I had to go with her. One mornin' airly I put the gray mare in the buggy to drive Mandy over to say goodby to her mother. We hadn't slep' more'n half the night from hearin' the quarrelin' goin' on between the Rogerses. Just as we got on to the road, Mandy, who couldn't keep her eyes off our neighbor's house, saw Rogers go out in his house carryin' a limp figure of a woman in his arms.

"Law sakes!" says Mandy. "He's killed her."

"Supposin' he has," says I. "Tain't none of our business." And, whippin' up the gray mare, I druv along in a hurry so's Mandy couldn't see any more of it.

Waal, Mandy's mother was a consarned long time dyin'. Mandy wouldn't stay there without me, she wouldn't come home without me and she wouldn't let me come home without her. Consequence was we was gone a long while. After Mandy's mother died, knowin' the crops was sufferin', I got home as soon as possible. As we was a drivin' along Mandy says, says she, "Wonder if they've discovered the murder, and I says, says I, "Jest you keep your mouth shut."

I was mighty busy after that and didn't think about nothin' but gittin' in my corn, but Mandy she went round to find out what was known about the murder. All she could find out was that Mrs. Rogers had gone away. She asked where Mrs. Rogers had gone, but no one knowed anything 'bout it.

Fearin' she'd git us into trouble, I tried to stop her questionin', but it wasn't no use. She jest talked and talked till the wimmen suspicioned some'n, then they turned in and did a lot of questionin' on their side.

I stopped her jest in time to prevent her tellin' the whole story; but, consid'erin' she'd talked so much and nobody knowed where Mrs. Rogers had gone, people began to suspect that there was some'n in it.

First thing I knowed Rogers was arrested for murderin' his wife. He couldn't tell where she was, 'cos he said he didn't know. They weren't livin' happy together, and after a bigger quarrel 'n any they'd had before she'd left him. But everybody knowed that, and Mandy, who was about to be married, somehow the idee hed got abroad that he'd murdered her after one o' their fights, and the authorities was determined to find out about it.

When the case was ready for trial sure enough a constable left a paper book at the house, summonin' me and Mandy as witnesses.

"There you be," I says to her. "If you'd 'a' kep' yer tongue in yer head you wouldn't 'a' been pestered to tell about some'n as didn't concern you."

"I'm perfectly willin'," she answered, "to tell what I know—it's my duty. That's what you want to shirk, Elsie; you don't appear to reckon you've got any responsibility in the govern'm' o' yer country."

"A man," says I, "as can't govern his wife's tongue isn't fit to bother his head about his share of governin' millions of men jest in time to prevent her tellin' the whole story; but, consid'erin' she'd talked so much and nobody knowed where Mrs. Rogers had gone, people began to suspect that there was some'n in it."

The murdered woman walked in. "Judge," she says, "I seen in a paper that my husband was a-goin' to be tried for killin' me. I jest come back to say that if there had 'a' been any killin' I'd 'a' done it myself."

On the Edge of a Precipice

A Woman Is Saved From a False Step.

By MARGARET BARR. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

No one could understand why it was that Helen Ayer, the wife of an excellent man and the mother of a lovely boy six years old, fell under the influence of Schuyler Quigley, with nothing except swagger and cheek to recommend him. When Quigley first began to pay attention to Mrs. Ayer her husband did not appear to notice it. The truth is he saw that his wife was drifting away from him and he dared not oppose her, fearing that by his very opposition he might bring about a catastrophe. If he permitted the matter to work itself out perhaps the wife and mother would in time tire of her new fancy and realize the danger to herself, her husband and her son.

But Quigley was so aggressive, so persistent, that Helen never got away from a certain dominating force there was about him long enough to recover herself. Finally Ayer decided to take action. Since they all belonged to the same set he had frequent opportunity to meet the man who was undermining his home. Their first meeting was at the house of a mutual friend, where a number of men were accustomed to play poker. Ayer's object was to begin a series of attempts to force a quarrel upon Quigley, concealing the true cause. The better to cover his motive at the poker party he met Quigley cordially. But during the game he suddenly arose from the table, declaring that he would not play with a cheat, making it plain that Quigley was the man referred to.

Quigley, who was perfectly innocent of the charge, retorted. High words followed, and Ayer struck him. Quigley was prevented from returning the blow by the others, who protested against the men fighting under the host's roof about a matter of cheating at cards, thereby bringing a scandal upon the house and the party.

This left Quigley not only under a disgraceful charge, but as having received a blow from Ayer that he had not returned. Under the regime of half a century or more ago, he would have been obliged to challenge Ayer or be cut by his friends. Living in the twentieth century, he was not obliged to do anything. He let the matter drop. He did not call at Ayer's house any more, but he met Mrs. Ayer when she went out on the street and at the houses of mutual friends. All he said to her about his trouble with her husband was that Ayer had accused him of cheating at cards and that every member of the party present had exonerated him of the charge.

And so it was that Russell Ayer by trying to get rid of the man who was really his wife's worst enemy, and at the same time protect her good name, only made himself appear to her a very unjust and ignoble person. She thought that she was taking care of her reputation by never being with Quigley, except when others were present. But she found it difficult to live with one man as his wife and have a love affair—though devoid of criminality with another.

Ayer followed up his first attack on Quigley by telling a number of Quigley's friends that he (Ayer) had struck him and Quigley had not had the manliness to resent the blow.

The situation was not pleasing to any one of the three persons involved. Quigley represented to Mrs. Ayer that he was refraining from resenting her husband's insults on her account and begged her to vindicate him by securing a divorce and marrying him. She was distressed, feeling that this was due Quigley, but dreading to take a step that would separate her from her husband and her child.

One day Ayer met Quigley on the street. Each was walking with a friend. As they passed Ayer said loud enough for Quigley and his companion to hear:

"There goes a coward I am trying to make fight."

This was too much for Quigley, who turned and said, "Well, we'll have it out now."

"Very well," replied Ayer, "draw." Taking a revolver from his pocket he raised it, cocking it at the same time. But since Quigley was unarmed there was no fight.

"You can't escape me with a bloody nose," said Ayer. "It's life or death between us."

And he walked on. Quigley began to feel that he could no longer brook these insults. Some of his friends were telling him that Ayer was determined in the matter and it might better be settled sooner than later. They advised him to challenge Ayer and have it over with. All supposed that the origin of the matter was at the card table. Indeed, few if any knew that Ayer was trying to force his enemy to withdraw his influence from Mrs. Ayer. Quigley acted for awhile, but took no action. But finally noticing a difference in the cordiality with which his friends greeted him he gave in and sent Ayer a challenge.

Ayer accepted, naming revolvers at ten paces, every chamber to be emptied before the firing ceased. This staggered Quigley, for it meant death probably to both of the parties. He sent a message to Ayer asking

what he could do to avert the issue. Ayer replied in a sealed note telling him that he must neither speak nor write to Mrs. Ayer again. Quigley replied that Mrs. Ayer had applied for a divorce and had consented to marry him as soon as it was obtained. To this Ayer replied that on his part the affair would be dropped. But he did not do this till he had looked into the court records and found that his wife had the day before applied for a separation.

When Ayer went home that evening he found his wife gone. His little boy asked him what was the matter with mamma. She had cried and kissed him all the morning, then had gone out and hadn't come back. Wouldn't papa go and bring her back?

But day after day, week after week, month after month, passed and mamma did not return. She was residing in a city where divorce is made easy. The child was obliged to content himself with his nurse during the day, but whenever his father was not at his office he supplied so far as possible the place of the mother. Quigley still lived in the city, but there was not as much swagger in him as formerly. Somehow no one seemed to think he had come out of his affair with Ayer with credit, and his friends were dropping off.

While it was known to the Ayers' intimate friends that Helen was suing for a divorce, it was not known that she was doing so in order to marry Quigley. Divorces usually make it appear that great wrongs are committed by one or both parties. We are horrified at tales of cruelty, desertion, all kinds of inhumanities. While reading of them we would suppose that after such suffering neither party will ever again consent to wear the chains of wedlock. But once the bond is broken up pops a man or a woman hitherto unknown to the proceedings, and the divorce is scarcely granted before the wedding bells are ringing.

Helen Ayer had secured her divorce, had returned, and it was supposed by her friends, except an intimate few, that she would remain after the charges against Ayer her lawyer had drawn up for her—an unmarried woman. While this was the supposition, a marriage license was being taken out permitting Helen Ayer and Schuyler Quigley to wed. They were to be privately married at 5 o'clock in the evening and take a 7 o'clock train for their wedding trip.

During the afternoon the bride to be was seized with an irresistible desire to see her boy once more before taking the irrevocable step. She knew that her husband was usually at his office at the time and she would not meet him. Thinking caution to the winds, she called a carriage, alighted near her former home, entered and ran upstairs to find her son.

She came upon a melancholy sight. Her boy was lying on a bed, pale and wan, while his father was bending over him.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you send for me?" she wailed. And without waiting for a reply she bent over passionately, circling the child with her arms and hugged him to her breast. Then, fingering his hat and coat aside, she knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child. "How glad I am that you have come back!" Then, raising his arms, he placed them about her shoulders. "And you're never, never going away again, are you?"

And the woman for whom a groom was waiting said:

"Never, so help me heaven!" Russell Ayer was walking away when his wife seized his hand and held him. She attempted to speak to him, but no fiding words turned again to the boy. Then Russell knelt beside her and, resting his hand on her waist, the two turned the ebbing life back into their child by their united presence.

An hour later Schuyler Quigley, as he was about to enter a carriage to take him to a church where he was to meet his bride, was started by a message. Tearing off the cover with misgivings and impatience, he read:

One of those singular and unaccountable infatuations under which a woman will leave home, husband and children, wrecking them, and most of all herself, had come to a sudden end, as it were, on the brink of the precipitous cliff which she was about to plunge. Her husband could manage the man who was enticing her, but he could not manage her. What neither of these men could do was accomplished by a sick child.

After the boy came out of danger Russell Ayer told his wife of his attempts to save her. He gave the reason for his accusing Quigley of cheating at cards, the blow, the subsequent insults, the forcing his enemy into an evening challenge. Then when he had finished by telling her that he had dropped the matter on learning of her intended separation she shuddered.

"My God! How could I have done it?"

Chance For a Third. The editor had been unusually patient, but it was the third visit he had received within a week from the long haired young man.

"You might at least give me some suggestions about the two principal poems, 'Dying Love' and 'Autumn Fire'." If you cannot accept them in their present form," persisted the visitor.

"The only suggestion that occurs to me," said the editor wearily, "is that you might throw the first one in the second and let me know what happens."—Youth's Companion.

Enemies of Bad Health. Bad health hates a man who is friendly with his enemies—hard work, plain food and pure air. More men die from worry than from overwork; more men stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains. If the human animal reposed less confidence in his stomach and more in his legs the streets would be full of healthy men walking down to business. Remember that a man always rides to his grave; he never walks there.—Old Grogan; Graham.

An Evangelist

By OLIVE EDNA MAY. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Elijah," said Mrs. Dunkers, "thurs an evangelist goin' to preach for us nex' Sunday. I wish you'd go 'n' hear him. You don't know how mis'able it makes me to be in the fold and have my husband out of it."

"What's an evangelist?"

"An evangelist is one of them ministers the Lord sends onct in a while to stir up the feelin's o' them as can't be tuced by ordinary means."

"Yes, you be, Elijah. I'm sorry to say it. I hope you'll go and hear this holy man and mebbe he'll tech your heart."

Mahulda Dunkers sighed and walked away. Her efforts to bring her husband under the influences that guided her always proved abortive. He was a matter of fact man, while she was emotional. By some he was called a scoffer, though no one ever heard him speak disrespectfully of religion. He disliked cant and those disposed to cant called him a scoffer because he was not of their ilk. The couple lived in the far west where extremes were in vogue. This had made the wife an extremist in matters of religion. If the husband was an extremist it was in the manifest presence of the devil who seemed to guide both the good and the bad in Nuggetville.

Sunday morning came and a few minutes before service time a man in clerical garb was seen descending the trail. He walked with a firm step and carried a prayer book in his hand. The Reverend Mr. Sainly was unknown to a single person in Nuggetville. He had sent word that he would preach there on that Sunday mornin' and hoped that he would move every un-Christian man, woman and child in the camp to repentance.

Elijah Dunkers saw the evangelist coming and watched him descend the canyon. "What makes ye scowl so, Elijah?" asked his wife. "It seems that everything holy has a contrary effect on ye. Can't you look at a man of God with-out showin' the impety there is in ye? It isn't you that's scowlin' at this servant of the Lord; it's the devil that's got a bolt on yer heart."

"Jes' you got to meetin', Mahulda. What ye got to put in the hat?"

"I got four ounces o' dirt."

"Ye got to give four ounces o' dirt to that!"

"Forbear, Elijah! Forbear! Don't speak impiously of the Lord's anointment."

Elijah turned away. His wife made one more effort to induce him to accompany her to the grove that was one of "God's first temples," but he paid no attention to her.

The evangelist found the people of Nuggetville assembling and taking seats on the boards ranged in front of a stump to which a piece of scantling supporting an inclined bit of timber for a book rest was fastened. Mounting the stump he said:

"My friends, I wish before beginning the service