

THE MUTINY AT RENWOOD.

By Emma M. Wade. It cost \$10,000 a year, more or less, to live at the Renwood. But it was worth it.

The Renwood was the most aristocratic apartment house in the city. There may have been other buildings whose stairways were made of finer marble, whose plate glass was a trifle heavier and whose telephone wires got crossed less frequently, but they were not occupied by people with such large incomes and such irreproachable records as was the Renwood. It was a great feat for one's cap to have the name of living there.

There was nothing like it for gaining social distinction. Families that had frequently found the way to wealth and were still on the lookout for the road that led into society's exalted sphere had been known to resort to every plan that could be devised by inventive minds for reaching the desired harbor without avail; but as soon as they took rooms at the Renwood all prejudice was swept away and they sailed triumphantly on to their goal.

If a woman gave a tea and the society columns of the newspapers contained paragraphs descriptive of the "assemblage of wit and beauty at the home of Mrs. Mark, who is residing at the Renwood this winter," that good woman's regulation as well as her social standing was straightway established. When something was being done, she would say: "Send it to the Renwood," the clerks would at once take what they were dealing with a person who scintillated as one of the most sparkling lights in that upper world of which they caught faint glimpses over the counter now and then and they humbled themselves accordingly. It was considered a great honor to correspond with any one who was domiciled at the Renwood, and Renwood women frequently received notes which they were compelled to answer through common courtesy. The recipients of these replies, however brief and formal they might be, always took particular pains to show them and to remark, casually: "I have received a letter from my friend Mrs. Blank, who lives at the Renwood," and everybody in the fourth and fifth circles of our great complex social system, seemed to take on an air of exclusiveness from the little transaction and felt themselves raised several degrees in the estimation of the world.

But it required a great deal of wile to pull to secure accommodation at the Renwood. People who were not invited here had to put in their application months beforehand, just as would-be incumbents of appointive government offices and lucrative positions in corporations file their petitions and await their turn. The Renwood contained but twenty-five apartments, and as people seldom moved and the list of applications was lengthy it seemed a fortunate conclusion that were there a good many applicants, one who would pass through time and eternity without finding shelter beneath the Renwood's roof. Another thing that admission difficult to any except recognized social flights was the rigid examination through which each new tenant was required to pass. Men who had come through civil and military examinations with an average of 92 per cent, and still been rejected, which had taken degrees at West Point, Annapolis and Yale fell down on the questions put to them by the proprietor at Renwood. Age, pedigree, occupation and amount of wealth possessed were sworn to before a notary public, and those interesting family histories were passed in a folio-sized, morocco-bound notebook which was kept on a special table in the reception hall, and where other residents of the Renwood might refer to it at any time and see just whom they were associating with.

It would be difficult to determine who was responsible for the ultra-exclusiveness of the Renwood. It certainly was not the proprietor. He was a plain, unassuming man, whose tastes were inclined decidedly toward simplicity rather than ostentation, and when he bought the site of the Renwood and put up his fine building he had no intention of making it other than a first-class apartment house, which should rank with others of its kind. He proposed to conduct his business in a modest, quiet way, and when he found the house was becoming a regular Mecca for the swell, and the shock of the surprise very nearly incapacitated him for business. The first member of the fashionable clans to come to him was Mrs. Clyde Moore. After that the Renwood simply seemed to grow into favor without any special effort from any one. Mrs. Moore unconsciously served as a magnet, which attracted numerous satellites to circle round her, and before Mrs. Merrick was aware of what was taking place his fortune was made.

The unexpected social maelstrom in which he found himself helplessly floating around was very bewildering. The Renwood—like many another thing which had acquired an unearned celebrity without any adequate cause, so far as he could see, and it took him some time to learn to accept the situation philosophically. There were a good many times when he longed for a brief period during which he could assume once more the careless habits of former days, but his business acumen bade him cater to Fashion, who had taken him firmly within her grasp, and he stood valiantly at his post, managing his property and collecting his wonderful rentals.

Up to last November there had been no change made in the place for a good many months. Then the family that had occupied apartment No. 19 for the past two years went to Denver and gave somebody else a chance. The lucky one who was first on the list was a woman, who came through the examination with but one mark to her discredit; she was a widow. Somehow, the Renwood had always discriminated against widows. The other women in the house, especially Mrs. Hannibal Wade, who had gradually grown to be regarded as a leader, and who had helped to raise the latest catechism, objected to receive the latest widow, Mr. Merrick. Mrs. Wade said to the proprietor one day, when she was inflicting one of her confidential talks upon him, "never take widows in the house. The most of them have worried one man into the grave or the divorce court, and their sole object in living is to entrap other victims. I am afraid I shall have to beg you to warn now, Mr. Merrick, that if you ever take a widow into the Renwood I shall be forced to leave you."

The friendly advice and admonition ought to have been sufficient cause for the instant dismissal of the case of the widow, Mrs. Raynor, but she averaged such an extraordinary percentage on other points that the general landlord could not surrender the hardhead to refuse admission.

Mrs. Wade changed to be away at the time and Mrs. Raynor had been occupying apartment No. 19 for more than a week when she came home. One of Mrs. Hannibal Wade's strong points was a display of fine indignation whenever occasion demanded it and she was in her element when she examined the records in the morocco-bound book and learned that what had been done in her absence. She went to the proprietor about it at once. "I see," she said, "that you have broken the rule which was tacitly agreed upon some time ago between you and your patrons, and here let me tell you that I am greatly surprised at such a breach of faith on your part. Can you give me an explanation, Mr. Merrick, that will justify such a course?"

"Well, Mrs. Wade," returned the proprietor, phlegmatically, "I am sorry if I have offended you, but I fall to see how I have violated any agreement. The Mrs. Wade has been several months here, and I promised to let her know as soon as there was a vacancy. I assure you, Mrs. Wade, that even you can take no exception to her. She is good-looking, but not so handsome as yourself, of

course"—he added, diplomatically. "She is 45 years old and unincumbered. She belongs to an excellent family and is rich enough to start a national bank of her own if she cared to do so. I wish you would call on her, Mrs. Wade. I am sure acquaintance would banish prejudice."

But Mrs. Hannibal Wade's righteous wrath was not to be appeased by any excuses which the landlord, the landlord could produce in his own defense.

"No," she returned, "I do not care to know her. She may be all right, but she is not to be trusted and ought not to have been permitted to come here. However, it is not too late to remedy the evil. Surely, Mr. Merrick, you can eject her from the house on some pretext or other at the end of the month. If you don't, I am afraid you will have trouble."

As a general thing, the latest arrivals at the Renwood were accorded a royal welcome. Teas, dinners and receptions were given in their honor, and they were installed in their new quarters with great eclat. But no such hospitality marked the coming of Mrs. Raynor. To be sure, the great events of the Renwood's society calendar came and went as usual, but the handsome widow was religiously excluded from them all.

"She means mischief," said Mrs. Hannibal. "She will bring discredit upon our house. It is our duty to issue a bull of social excommunication. Perhaps that will bring Mr. Merrick to his senses."

The general animosity manifested toward Mrs. Raynor, became more active as the end of the first month drew near. This intense bitterness was greatly aggravated by the outspoken admiration of the men, who were strongly disposed to champion the cause of the woman who had apparently done nothing to merit such severe condemnation, and it was undoubtedly an indiscreet remonstrance which Mr. Hannibal Wade, urged against the injustice of the case that prompted his wife to seek another interview with Mr. Merrick.

"That Mrs. Raynor has now been here a month," she said, "and I trust you have hit upon some plan whereby we may get rid of her."

"No," said Merrick, slowly. "I can't say that I have."

"I hope you understand the case, Mr. Merrick," she said, severely. "There is mutiny at Renwood. You have rented an apartment to a woman who has no social standing and who smiles at and flirts with our husbands, sons and brothers, who, I am sorry to say, seem to be highly gratified by such proceedings. Mr. Merrick, I, with the other influential families now here, have made Renwood what it is. I am proud of it—I am proud of living at Renwood. I should hate to go elsewhere. But shall I leave it at once if Mrs. Raynor does not?"

"As I understand it," said Mr. Merrick, cautiously, "you object to Mrs. Raynor simply because she is a widow."

"Certainly. As I have said before, she has no natural protector. She has nothing to do but make trouble for other people. I consider her dangerous."

"Well," said Mr. Merrick, dejectedly, "I'll see what can be done about it."

A few minutes after Mrs. Hannibal Wade had left the room, Mrs. Raynor came in. The widow's handsome blond face was flushed, the bit of handkerchief she carried in her hand was limp and damp as if with tears.

"Mr. Merrick," she said, "I have come to complain to you about the way I am treated here. What have I done that I should be so ostracized? I never heard of anything like it. I have long wanted to live at the Renwood, Mr. Merrick, because of the unusual advantages your patrons enjoy, but if this thing is to continue I must go away. It is breaking my heart."

She raised the web of a handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Merrick swore for a moment in silence.

"Madam," said he, at length. "I'll stand by you, if every family moves out to-day and I have to put rent'ers in every window. I won't see a woman imposed upon in this way. They object to you, Mrs. Raynor, because you are a widow."

"Because I am a widow?" repeated Mrs. Raynor, applying the white web to her eyes again. "Good gracious, I can't believe that."

"Of course not," returned the proprietor, sympathetically. "That is, you haven't helped it, although I wouldn't be afraid to wager you could have done so a score of times."

Lovers of Pastry should see to it that the pastry they eat is made from Pillsbury's Best. No matter how deft the hand that moulds puff paste, if the flour is not the best, the result is a soggy, dismal failure, indigestible and unwholesome.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT. THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON. February 14, 1897. Acts V. 17-32.

Under best of conditions a jail is of necessity a lugubrious place; but the wretchedness of an Oriental jail is superlative. It is usually under ground, destitute of light or air, and reeking with odor and excrement. Into some such vile place, and into the company of its vile denizens, the apostles are rudely thrust. They bewail their cruel fate, however. He who had forewarned them of it, had also given them assurance, "I am with you alway." Jesus' presence made their dungeon radiant and redemptive. As for their fellow-captives, they saw in them the very persons for whom their good tidings were designed. So a night that ordinarily would have been hideous, passed quickly in prayer, praise, and exhortation. Toward morning the angelic jail-delivery occurs, first in a series of such events. But the beneficiaries of it are not to go into hiding like ordinary fugitives. On the contrary, they are to go immediately to the most conspicuous place in the city, and to put themselves still more in evidence by publicly addressing the people. Novel command, that, for escaping prisoners!

THE SANHEDRIN MEETS IN SPECIAL SESSION. A quietus is now to be put to this plebeian movement, so threatening to the ecclesiastical establishment. But the parties marked for destruction are found, not cowering in the jail, but preaching in the temple. There is no clandestine flight of conscious guilt. They are obeying God rather than the powers, which, though originally ordained of him, had now forfeited their charter by their flagrant disloyalty to his letter and spirit. The whole apostolic college stands now upon that isolated floor within the crimson crescent of divans, where the wealth, learning, power and aristocracy of the Hebrew commonwealth is encamped. A pitiable plight for these peasants! But listen! It is the emerald court itself that raises a deprecating cry. The Sanhedrin sues for its life. Peter is again "the mouth of the apostles," as he reiterates the fearful charge with which he had made that marble hall ring only a few days before. In moral sublimity that scene has never been surpassed.

MOON FROM THE COMMENTARIES. Rose up; woke up to the situation; some Greek word that is used of the Insurrections of Theudas and Judas. Cambridge Bible. Sect of Sadducees: As the resurrection of Jesus was the central fact to which the preaching of the apostles continually referred, the most violent opposition which they encountered naturally proceeded from the sect of Sadducees. Peter is again "the mouth of the apostles." The angel: Revised Version, in public ward. Words of the spirit: Life with a capital L. The spiritual life: a life such as the world never knew before. Whedon. Early in the morning: Revised Version, about daybreak. They feared the people: The numerous blessings which the apostles had conferred by the healing of the sick, their disinterested love toward each other as displayed in the community of goods, and their recent deliverance out of prison, all combined to impress the multitude in their favor. Common prison: Revised Version, were much perplexed concerning the. If no prison walls could hold these men, if some power was on their side which in this strange way confounded all their plans and expectations, they might find they had in hand a more serious undertaking than they had thought. They did not know what to think of the apostles; whether they had saved themselves by magic, or whether they were delivered by a real miracle, and they were at a loss to tell what the issue of these things would be. Clark.

THE JUDGES TAKE THE PLACE OF CULPRITS, and complain of being accused. Simeon: Lindsay. Filled Jerusalem with your doctrine: Noble testimony to the success of their preaching. J. F. and B. Repentance had no technical theological meaning in those days. Peter declares that Israel's duty is to turn about so as to have its sins forgiven. The other frescoes in this justly famous stanza of Heliados represent in an allegorical manner the triumphs of the Teacher's Quiver.

1. On a wall in the Vatican palace is the fresco of Peter's deliverance from prison. It is nearly four centuries since Raphael finished it; but it is still as brilliant and realistic. The triple light—of moon and torch and angel's person—is one of the most surprising effects ever produced. The scene represents, of course, a later incident in Peter's life. But if one can imagine him accompanied by the eleven apostles, this famous chiroscuro may well portray the present angelic jail-delivery.

THE OTHER FREScoes in this justly famous stanza of Heliados represent in an allegorical manner the triumphs of the Teacher's Quiver.

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OHIO RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY. Table in effect July 12, 1896. Daily, Daily except Sunday, Eastern Time. South Bound. 1 2 3 4 5 7

WHEELING & ELM GROVE RAILROAD. On and after Saturday, February 2, 1896, trains will run as follows, city time: Leave Wheeling, Leave Elm Grove, Trn Time, Wheeling Time, Elm Grove Time.

WHEELING BRIDGE & TERMINAL RY. C. O. BREWSTER, Receiver. Time Table No. 12, to take effect 12:01 a. m. Sunday, November 22, 1895, except Saturday, and 12:30 a. m. Sunday only, 12:30 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

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