

IN CHURCH.

"What worship ye?" the preacher said; "The rest I did not hear." But round the room I looked instead, At this and that so reverent head, All saint-like and austere. "What do you worship now?" I thought, And fancy straight the question caught, And strange sights did appear.

All veils were dropped, and clear to view All hearts were open thrown; A shame it were to whisper you What then I saw; if all were true There were all unknown; Such sights as none have seen before, But all at once I looked no more— A la, I saw my own!

—Bradford Terry in the Sunday School Times.

A MYTHICAL MONSTER.

About four years ago I became the husband of a very charming girl in one of our eastern seaboard cities. In my marriage with Mabel Lane all the conventionalities were fulfilled. She was a few years my junior—modest, domestic—and this, I sincerely believe her first attachment. Even our complexions presented the proper extremes, she being a perfect blonde and I dark brunet. I loved her sincerely. I was in comfortable circumstances, and on our wedding-day I saw no reason why our married life should not be bathed in perennial sunshine.

Such would probably have been the case had it not been for an unfortunate defect in my disposition. I may as well state here that before our marriage I had devoted myself pretty largely to that agricultural pursuit known as sowing wild oats. I cannot say that I was vicious, but I loved the company of good fellows. Late hours had a peculiar fascination for me, and the pop of a champagne cork fired me as the report of a cannon is said to thrill a war-horse. These things, which were never counted more than 'wildness' in a single man, I suddenly found became heinous vices and utter depravity in a married one. Like many another I had difficulty in adjusting myself to the changed condition of affairs, and there the trouble began.

So it was that after spending all my evenings faithfully at home for a month I began to drift back into the old routine and pleaded an increase of business to Mabel as an excuse for later hours. I did this gradually. Now and then qualms of conscience would con-

quer force of habit, and I would be-

domestic and devoted for several

days at a time. Then I would backslide and come home at 1. It was not that my affection for my wife diminished. On the contrary, it increased. I was never so happy as when in her company, but I think it must have been a strain of old Bohemia in my veins that drew me with a subtle force back to the boys.

All this, though, was as nothing compared to the actual downfall that began one night in earnest. I recall it shudderingly, hesitatingly. As I entered our gate an unusual light warned me that Mabel waited for me, and I shut my lips tight with annoyance and contrition as I look at my watch and saw it was after 12. I found her in tears. "O, Frank!" she sobbed, "I am very unhappy!"

"Not unhappy with me, are you, Mable?" I asked.

"No, no," she said, "but unhappy because I am without you so much. I am sure it can not be business that keeps you out at these awful hours. O, Frank, tell me, what was it kept you so late?"

"Well, Mabel," I answered, feeling it useless to resort to the old story, "the fact is I met a friend of mine who is something of a bore, and he held me in conversation for a couple of hours."

"Who was he?"

"Bancroft," I said despondently, using the first name that came into my mind, "a fellow named George Bancroft."

"What does he do?"

I felt that I was in for it and told her he was the accountant at Reed's tea-store. There were a few more tears, but her suspicions were lulled and peace was declared. I went to sleep, I blushed to say it, with a sort of guilty satisfaction that I had done a smart thing. Little did I dream of the precipice on which I was treading.

A few nights afterwards, when I was late again, Mabel met me with the inquiry: "I suppose you were out with that Bancroft?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, catching at the straw, "Bancroft is a pretty good fellow after all, Mabel. He has a scheme on foot for some real-estate investments, and we were talking it over."

"What, has he money?" she said in surprise. "Then he must be a saving disposition. Perhaps he is a better man than I thought. Tell me something about him Frank. Where does he live?"

"He has a room at—20 Staunton place. No. 12, I believe." I choose Staunton place upon the inspiration of the moment because it was a long distance from where we lived and consisted of only two short blocks, so I was quite sure Mabel would never find or penetrate them.

To my great relief she did not pursue her investigations further, but threw me into consternation at the table next day by looking at me wistfully and saying:

"Frank, I am quite curious about your friend, Mr. Bancroft. Does he look like you?"

"No," he is shorter and of light complexion."

"Does he wear a beard?"

"Yes, a full beard, cropped close."

"What color are his eyes?"

Some fool friend prompted me to say he was cross-eyed, and that one organ was blue and one gray.

"How very singular," said Mabel with growing interest. "I should like to see him. Tell me about his real estate scheme."

I felt that if I hesitated I was lost, and laying down my knife and fork, I entered into a detailed account of a series of fictitious investments contemplated by Bancroft and myself. I did not originally intend to go so deep, but her questions drew me out, and each successive step was necessary for preservation. As I walked out of the front gate I felt like a convicted felon.

However, the mythical Bancroft was

a convenient personage, and I concluded that, now that I had invented him and put my foot in it, so to speak, I might as well use him to all possible advantage. Consequently Bancroft was pleased night after night with success, although the continued questioning of my wife involved me in a tissue of falsehood so monstrous that I was afraid to contemplate it.

About this time I became alarmed lest she should visit his supposed place of business to read him a lecture upon his habits, and told her he had left Reed's and gone to an up-town store. This necessitated going into all the details as to why he left, which I gave shamelessly. My conscience was in such a condition by that time that I was less troubled over my fabrication of complicated lies than I was that I should cross myself in some of them.

How intricate, how manifold and multiplied they were can be imagined when I say that at the end of two years Mabel was still unsuspicious.

She had however, conceived a violent dislike, growing into an utter abhorrence, of the man. This was engendered by a peculiar turn which the fiction happened to take. One night the first pencilings of dawn were showing in the skies when I returned home. I had not intended to stay so late. I realized with a sudden and humiliating force that I was a brute to leave a young girl alone, unprotected, anxious and afraid through the long night. I felt ashamed, mortified, and above all alarmed for I was well aware a scene awaited me. With beating heart I entered the house. Mabel was in bed, and turned her head slightly without looking at me or speaking. I felt intuitively that she was crying. At that instant, any plan, any lie, no matter how black, that would have relieved the poor girl's distress would have seemed noble to me. So it was with no pang of conscience that I sank into a chair and exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "O, Mabel, if you had seen what I have seen you would be sick at heart."

"What was it, Frank?" she asked with instant curiosity, sitting up in bed.

This was the effect I had calculated upon, and for a moment I said nothing, as if too much overcome to speak. Then in a low tone I continued: "Bancroft is in jail?"

"O, Frank!" she cried, her eyes suddenly dilating, what has he done?"

Again I was overcome with emotion; I had to have time to think.

"You know how Bancroft is when he is drinking," I said finally.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly, "very quarrelsome."

Mabel was anxiously waiting our coming.

"It is all right, Mrs. Styne," said the chief. "Your husband has told me every thing and you can go now. I'm much obliged to you."

"Killed the minister!" shrieked Mabel.

"No, thrust it down his throat and broke it off!"

Mabel stopped her ears and I paused for breath.

"Of course," I went on, "he was arrested and I went out to get bail for him."

"What business is that of yours?" asked Mabel sharply.

"For your sake, dear," I replied.

"Although no party to the affair I realized how the linking of my name with it would pain and mortify my little girl, so I determined to sink my pride and ask some of my friends to go on Bancroft's bond to hush the matter up."

"Killed the minister!" said Mabel, impetuously, "can you forgive me?"

I forgave her, aid, assuming the mein of a martyr, went to bed. From that moment, however, she regarded Bancroft as my bad angel, and hated him with all the cordiality of indignant womanhood.

Meantime Bancroft had commenced to haunt me. From being a naturally frank and open disposition, I became preternaturally vigilant and alert, fearful each instant that I would betray myself and realizing that each day put me further from the possibility of an explanation. I grew preoccupied, moodily, morose. My nerves, quivering under the tension, were giving way. I looked scared and guilty. The very name of Bancroft was hateful to me, and when my wife harped upon him I felt that I should go mad if I did not get away. He had become astonishingly real to me, and I felt my personality becoming mixed and meshed with this myth—this man of air and nothingness—in a manner that upset all my previous notions of identity. I almost believed that I had actually met Bancroft at some time, or that I was living a dual existence. In short, I was on the verge of lunacy when the climax came.

One evening when I went home to supper in my usual perturbed state of mind there was a strange man at my gate. He had a keen, hatchet face, and wore a sallow hat.

"Mr. Frank N. Styne, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a member of the city detective force. The chief wants to see you at his office."

"All right," I gasped, my brain in a whirl. "Wait till I go in and see my wife."

"Your wife is at the office," he replied with a peculiar smile.

Shocked and alarmed beyond expression, I plied him with questions, but he insisted that he knew nothing of "the case," as he called it, and hurried me along. The fact that I had not the slightest idea what Mabel could be doing at the police headquarters redoubled my fears.

The chief's office was approached by a series of passageways, at the end of one of which, as in a glass-paned room in which were seated my wife and a stout gentleman in uniform, whom I knew by sight and reputation. Mabel did not seem frightened, but was very pale and wore a determined look.

"Mabel!" I cried, as I rushed in, what does this mean?"

"Your wife," interposed the chief, blandly, "states that you are acquainted with the occupant of room 12, No. 20 Staunton place. Is such the fact?"

"What about it?" I asked, appreciating the necessity of gaining some more information before committing myself.

"Have you seen the evening papers?"

"No."

"Then," said the chief, "I will tell you frankly what I want, for I believe you to be a man of reputation. The occupant of room 10, No. 20 Staunton place, was murdered last night, and the occupant of room 12 is suspected. We could not find out who that individual was, but your wife has been kind enough to inform us that it is a party named Bancroft, a friend of

yours. We want Bancroft. When and where do you see him last?"

I felt the ground suddenly slipping from under my feet. The whole horror of my situation flashed upon me. Mabel spoke up; "Frank," she said "when I saw that number in the paper this afternoon I knew that it was Bancroft. I could not keep silent after such a dreadful thing, and I felt that this was perhaps the way open to break your connection with that wretch. So I put on my things and came down here. It was for both our sakes. O, Frank, tell the gentleman all you know of that man and let us at least get our skirts clear of this awful crime."

The chief looked at me fixedly. Under certain circumstances a man's brain will work like lightning. In an instant I had formulated a plan. "Have you a private room?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "come this way." "Wait here," I said to Mabel; "do not be alarmed I will tell him all."

When the chief closed the door of the inner room I said to him very calmly:

There is no such man as Bancroft. He is a mere creation of my poor wife's fancy," I said.

"Explain yourself."

"I will. If you will make the most trifling inquiries you will find that no such person as Bancroft ever existed. Did she tell you he used to work in Reed's tea store?"

"Yes, I believe she did."

"Well, inquire at Reed's and you will learn that he never had such a man in his employ. The fact is, my wife exhibits at times certain signs of aberration. This imaginary man Bancroft is the most noticeable one I have ever seen. To keep this secret locked forever in my own breast, but these circumstances force me, of course, to make a confession of it to you, trust, as a gentleman, that I will not betray this melancholy confidence. My physician has warned me to die if I do not tell the truth."

The chief was convinced. "I noticed something queer about her eye," he said, grasping my hand sympathetically. "Depend upon me to keep mum."

Exactly. Well, we were playing a game of billiards last night. I hadn't noticed that he was under the influence of liquor, but he got into a dispute with a clergyman, who was a perfect stranger, and took his billiard cue and had to have time to think.

"Well, how preposterous that is! Do you want further proof? What would a clergyman do about going around a saloon?"

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"Take a healthy child off your iron bed, and when he is sound asleep study his attitude and you will find that the most natural and comfortable," said a little mother, who has several children. "They will rest partly on the back and partly on the side. The hands will fall carelessly at the sides and the whole body will curl very slightly."

"I remember," he continued, "when a child that I had a bad habit of sleeping curled up like a ball, but I was cured of the habit by my brother. Why Sis, if you were to die in that position, we never could get you into a decent coffin," he said. "The horror of a cheese-box coffin effected an instant cure."

At the military school in Paris the students are ordered to sleep on the right side, and at West Point the same rule is in force.

How to be a Magnetic Girl.

From the New York World.

SLUGGER SULLIVAN.

What Makes His Heart Ach—His Nervous Trainer.

New York Letter to San Francisco Argonaut.

There is something attractive about Sullivan's style despite his toughness and haughty contempt for the rules of English grammar. He was in town a few nights ago with Pat Sheedy, his manager, and he received the homage of the town with his customary serenity. Only one thing annoyed him, and that was the allegation in a morning paper that he was afraid of Mitchell on account of a superstition that had haunted him ever since the Englishman got in a knock-down blow on him at Madison Square Garden three or four years ago.

"What makes my heart ache," said the mighty slugger, looking me very hard in the eye, "is d'way d' public goes on about that little mill. Did I bess' Mitchell, or d' I? I done him brown an' licked 'im till d' perlice stopped d' fight. Whad den? Every udde chump in d' hull country goes on makin' remarks bout Mitchell doin' me up. Whad's he kin' dat?"

"I am a fond mother, having a pretty daughter who has fallen into this error, bind's the latter's arms to her waist with pale blue silk elastic every evening, and hopes in time to cure her of the dangerous habit.

"In the days when I was a baby," said an old gentleman speaking on the subject, "my nurse never allowed me the freedom of my crib as children nowadays. I was put to sleep on a hard mattress without a pillow and my shoulders and heels were fastened to a strip of stiff linen, running the length of the bed, so that my back would be flat and straight."

Some people have a curious habit of sleeping with their knees almost up to the chin, while others stretch out full length. Both positions are not considered the best by physicians.

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Mr. Pat Sheedy has, and always had, a remarkable influence over Sullivan. Sheedy is a gambler by occupation, and his worst enemy will admit that he was as square as a die.

The story goes that Sullivan once made a feint to strike Sheedy during the time when he was on duty. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate. He deserted, and succeeded in escaping beyond the federal lines with his arm enslaved. Captain Searight and again offered his resignation. He wished to leave the tented fields and dwell in the rosy bowers of love, but, unlike his love, it was not accepted. Love at length, however, conquered all his scruples of duty to his country. He grew desperate