

THE PATRIARCHS BY J. CLYDE CHURWOOD



"AMEN" RESPONDED DAVID AND JOHN—SEE "THE PATRIARCHS"

**T**RANDFATHER seated himself upon a stone by the roadside. He was very tired, and the tears that always came when his poor old eyes were irritated by the dust and heat had traveled in little roads of their own down his furrowed cheeks. He wiped them away, frowning in nervous little jerks with a big turkey-red bandanna at the dust specks on his shining coat. His mouth, twitching in a hard struggle to keep back the disappointment that wanted to come in just one hard, breathless sob.

"Don't min', gran'daddy. It's the Lor's will!"

"I ain't reflectin' on His Judgment, John. You s'nt don't, y' think."

A thin, pale hand came down from either side upon grandfather's knee, and two white heads, younger than grandfather's only by the shining length of a winter or two, bent sympathetically until they rested near his tired, earnest face.

"Tush, tush, gran'daddy! You musn't talk like that."

They were three old, old men, and four were coming around from the summit of the hill they had straggled to rest. And now even grandfather, whose eyes had lost nearly all

uses. An' it won't long before another come an' from then on I'll be a Methodist that stand as a Baptist did 'r moved away. It wasn't long 'fore baptists was gittin' kind o' scarce!"

Grandfather always settled back in his chair at this point with a wicked little chuckle, his sides shaking with silent laughter. It was not in his heart to mock at other denominations, but he had been a "baptist" for forty-odd years, staunch as a rock, and in his last childhood he took an imperious pride in the triumphs of his church.

"You musn't do that, father. Don't you know it's wicked!"

"The good, Lor's first, his Betty. I ain't ceasin' to reflect on 'em. I wouldn't say a word agin' th' baptists if they was all as mean."

"Father!"

"I wouldn't, an' you know it, Betty. Even th' deakin ain't flinty-hearted enough t' make no call 'em sinners—th' exceptions—an' when they'd thinned out so bad, most of 'em gone up t' 'Causton', the meek'n' house was shut an' th' deakin 'pinted to take care of it. Th' deakin was 'bout the only baptist left, but he 'ad put considerable in th' buildin' of the church, an' it was 'grew in det' th' 'Cockville members have it, what they was of 'em, jes' as they was of 'em."

ing it at all for that matter, you might as well try to set my sides rollin' down-hill!"

"An' mebbe th' good Lor'd will, Deacon Bosworth," grandfather had answered, as he and John and David came away.

Early in the evening the little coterie met at the church door, and grandfather himself strode a few steps in advance of the white-headed procession as it marched slowly up the cinder aisle. In his restless dreams under the maples that hot afternoon a vision had appeared to him, and to John and David he revealed the celestial decree that had imposed upon his eighty-odd years the responsibility of doing unto the deacon as the deacon had for a quarter of a century or more done unto others. The grim determination stealing his lusterless eyes frightened John and 'nt David thinking. If grandfather's visitation had rejuvenated him spiritually it certainly had rejuvenated to him a newborn hope of physical possibilities; he had not held his head as erect in 10 years; the hickory cane that had attended an accompaniment to his every step for nearly a generation was innocently silent in the deliberate march to old man Bosworth's pew; and when grandfather calmly opened the little wicket and drew John and David down beside him upon the red-cushioned seat every eye in the church was focused upon the three venerable intruders.

"Now, gran'daddy, don't you do nuthin' demp'rill," whispered John. He glanced uneasily over grandfather's shoulder at David. That individual had smothered his fear under a demeanor that convinced him that if grandfather was promulgating a personal affront upon the deacon, David, at least, was backing him with his moral support.

"When 'e comes don't you take no notice on't, John," cautioned grandfather, tucking the end of his cane secretly in the hymn-book rack on the back of the next pew.

"E preached this morning t' the eight o' St. John," said David, who had shaken hands with the Albany preacher. "He that is 'thout sin, let him cast th' first stone."

"An' th' deakin listened to that?" inquired John, incredulously.

"E did, brother John."

"Th' good Lor'd no praised!" murmured grandfather devoutly. "Says that a sinner's flinty heart is weakenin', brother David? For Jesus said: 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go—an'—sin—no—more!'"

"An' mebbe that's what he's goin' to do," suggested John, hopefully.

"You ain't acquainted w' th' deakin, John?" Grandfather straightened himself with the conviction of one who had been specially informed upon the subject from an inter-cessant source, and was amazed that he had allowed himself for an instant to believe that such an occurrence as a heart, however flinty it might be, existed anywhere in Deacon Bosworth's anatomy.

"You s'nt you ain't much acquainted w' th' deakin?"

When Deacon Bosworth came in a few minutes before the opening of services, smiling volitionally as he preceded his elderly guests to the foot of the pulpit steps, John shuddered audibly, and grandfather and David sat striking into vacancy like rival sphynxes.

"He don't bear to take no notice on't," whispered grandfather out of the corner of his mouth.

"Can't say as 'e does," replied David. Grandfather's chin trembled, but he recovered his composure in an instant. "His comin' all covered with smiles, brother David."

David drew in his knees to make room for the deacon to pass in front of him, and grandfather and John followed suit. Apparently Deacon Bosworth was entirely oblivious to the fact that his prerogatives were being imposed upon; he smiled kindly upon grandfather, bowed affably to John, and in squeezing by the unrelenting David remarked with genuine feeling that it gave him great pleasure to see so many of his old friends there. From that moment the ways and means committee of the Cockville Methodist society began to grow uneasy.

"For these be the days of vengeance," announced the evangelist.

"David, David, did y' hear that?" whispered grandfather.

"I did, gran'daddy. Seems like most of th' congregation was loaded alike t' some reason t' other."

"An' min' you, it's t' some circumstance of righteousness, David," continued grandfather, his strength returning. "Th' 'n't nuthin' in the neck of woods this side of Platt's Holler quite as fox-y as th' deakin; an' 'speak back not t' front' to sound 'im out' during 'foc'-'foc'-hymn. 'Lor's he's dodkin' th' everlastin' toward 'n' o' bein' on account' to 'ad all t' once he'll take up th' collection t' next

My—  
of the good Lord's will,  
to me over there with  
cold 'em!

He said something 't say,  
kin are havin' fits, John,  
anything 'you, musn't  
a storm brewing. Broth-  
ord o' hosts govern th'

deed from different parts  
of to the evangelist's ap-  
pointed minutes passed, and  
sacred invocations a peep  
up David's back as soon's  
voice.

supple that th' deakin  
th' fall? An'—brother  
Have granddaddy's a-git-

white heads sank down  
w' spare locks of John's  
w' triumphant above the  
and father's aged joints  
and himself, and David  
I put his hand in a firm  
big trousers.

addy!" he whispered.  
grandfather invoked the  
his fellow men. He had  
know 'n speak of others  
ages that had come and  
strouged in it him.  
oynood had crowded in  
and last childhood, and  
was fighting a great  
with the old warmth of  
As he spoke of the  
of romance and rever-  
er generation, and told  
his light penetrated from  
in the very heart of the  
touch of his old friend's  
spirit, stole up to the  
deacon's side, and when  
he returned he swore that  
the deacon's fence was  
bare as a newly plowed  
field. And when the  
village went up the road  
in a body to verify  
this, they found two-thirds  
of Madison county in  
various stages of dilap-  
idation along the way.

Neither John nor David  
had caught a glimpse  
of grandfather during the  
excitement of the night,  
and when later in the  
morning they inquired for  
him at the cottage under  
the maples, grandfather's  
daughter met them at the  
door with a look in her  
face they had seen there  
once before, years ago, when  
her little boy had died.

"S-h-h!"  
"Hity!"  
The woman held up her hand  
warningly, and with a sob  
in his voice that he tried  
hard to smother, for grand-  
father's sake, David turned  
to John.  
In the little room looking  
out over the beautiful  
sun-browned fields on the  
hillsides grandfather was  
lying, white and very still.  
As the two old men tip-  
toed into the room he  
turned his face a little and  
smiled first at David and  
then at John.  
"We ha' just come 't tell  
you the deacon has given  
us th' church," said John,  
as he knelt beside the bed  
and took one of the thin,  
cold hands in both his own.  
"Ritout rent or pay, grand-  
daddy," added David in a  
whisper.  
And when grandfather's  
daughter came and round  
three white heads pillowed  
side by side or twos, she  
stole away very gently to  
grieve alone, for that was  
the way grandfather wished  
to die.  
And to David and John  
alone was left the secret of  
that wild night in the hills.  
Only they knew how grand-  
father had struggled through  
the storm, led by his good  
angel to the deacon's pump-  
kin field, and how, there,  
he had taken down the fence,  
and through the whole of  
that long, stormy night,  
had sent the deakin's  
pumpkins tumbling down  
the smooth hillside to the  
road and into the village.

Into the drizzling rain came  
bare-headed men with  
night-shirts on, bare-footed,  
drenched and shivering,  
listening with a new horror  
to the half intelligible words  
that came in a will shout  
from out of the blackness of  
the night.  
"It's the de' 't th' hills!"  
shrieked Jeremy.  
"Th' de' 't th' flood—th' de' 't  
th' flood!"  
As he came to the bottom  
of the hill he plunged in at  
the open door of the school-  
master's house, and con-  
fronted the indomitable  
little schoolmaster himself,  
already dressed in rubber  
cap and ulster and with an  
umbrella in his hand.  
"It's th' de' 't th' flood, a-  
comin', Mister Oll'ry!" he  
gasped, seizing the pedagogue  
by both arms. "O Lord, it's  
boomboarded me all th' way  
down, Mister Oll'ry, 'n' they's  
thousands on 'em—of 't, I  
mean!"  
"Jeremy Todler, you're a  
fool! It's a very unusual  
phenomenon I will admit,  
and I have been investigat-  
ing it for the last hour in  
the hope of discoverin' a  
procedure, I am entirely  
at sea. There have been  
instances of soap-pots  
fallin' in a rainstorm—  
frogs, toads, fishes and  
earth-worms, but this is  
no one of these, and neither  
is it the devil, as you are  
ignorantly inclined to be-  
lieve. Jeremy, IT'S RAININ'  
PUMPKINS!"

The news spread through  
the village like wildfire,  
and as it went from house  
to house it grew and grew  
until the townfolk held  
their breath in awful  
anticipation, and finally  
somebody added a whisper  
that it was an answer to  
Granddaddy's prayer—the  
retribution of a just God  
falling upon the head of  
the deacon.

The thought rooted deep  
in the breasts of David and  
John, for they alone knew  
of Grandfather's visitation,  
and when the schoolmaster  
suggested that they repair  
to the church to discuss  
together what appeared to  
him to be only a remarkable  
phenomenon, the two old  
friends stumbled hand in  
hand through the blackness  
to the meeting house door.  
And here the evidence was  
much against the laws of  
nature, and added to the  
schoolmaster's logic a touch  
of supernatural wisdom.  
That the pumpkins shoot-  
ing through into the vil-  
lage came direct from the  
deacon's pumpkin field  
not a man, woman or child  
doubted; that they could  
of themselves climb two  
very well built fences, and  
project themselves so un-  
erringly from the toughest  
growth of vines in Mad-  
ison county into the smooth  
road leading down from  
the hills, none but John  
and David dared to say.  
In the early dawn a ven-  
turous logic a touch of  
supernatural wisdom. That  
the pumpkins shooting  
through into the village  
came direct from the  
deacon's pumpkin field  
not a man, woman or  
child doubted; that they  
could of themselves climb  
two very well built fences,  
and project themselves so  
unerringly from the  
toughest growth of vines  
in Madison county into  
the smooth road leading  
down from the hills, none  
but John and David  
dared to say. In the  
early dawn a venturesome  
logic a touch of super-  
natural wisdom. That  
the pumpkins shooting  
through into the vil-  
lage came direct from  
the deacon's pumpkin  
field not a man, woman  
or child doubted; that  
they could of themselves  
climb two very well  
built fences, and project  
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pumpkins tumbling down  
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lage.

A Distraction.

Paralyses rule the dry goods shop;  
Rationalists attend the school;  
The counter, and prepare to sleep  
Two yards off any kind.  
Children wander up and down  
The lone and crowded aisle;

ON A DESERT ISLE.

"MIGHT swim for it," suggested Tucker  
with the accent of one who knows the  
impracticability of what he suggests.  
"You might try for it," retorted Nan  
Carroll, "for all the good it would do.  
You should have tied the boat."  
"You forget," he pleaded, "that I only came  
last night, and have not yet had opportunity  
to become familiar with the tide here. How was I  
to know that you had a regular Bay of Fundy  
tide here?"

"If you knew as much about geography as you  
do about some things," she blurted darkly, "you  
would know that this is the Bay of Fundy tide.  
It doesn't come in a tidal wave, but it rises so  
high."

He glanced ruefully at the canoe fast dis-  
appearing on the tide, and scanned the shore to  
see if it offered any hope. Apparently they  
were as thoroughly lost as though they were on  
an island in the Pacific instead of three miles  
from a summer resort. It was Tucker's first  
experience with a land where they built steam-  
ship docks two stories high because of the fall  
of the tide from the Bay of Fundy, and he had  
supposed that when he had drawn the canoe  
well up on the shelving bank the long rope in  
the bow could not possibly be needed.

He threw himself down beside her.  
"Nan, dear," he cried. "Don't take it to  
heart. It will come out all right if I have to  
swim over to the mainland and steal a boat."  
She rose in all her five feet five of injured  
dignity. "I do not see, Mr. Tucker," she said  
coldly, "that the situation should permit the  
levity you assume. It may be all right for you,  
but a woman's fair name—" Her sobbing  
broke forth afresh at the thought of what might  
be said.

"What's the use of taking on so?" he de-  
manded. "You told me last winter that at the  
end of the season you thought—"  
"Do you suppose I thought, then that I'd think  
what I think now?" she cried hysterically. "Do  
you suppose that I imagined that you would  
abduct me to a desert island to force me to  
marry you? Never."

For want of a better occupation he searched  
along the shore for clams, finding a few, but  
deciding after one taste that it would be better  
to look for berries. It was too late for berries  
apparently, and there was another pause and  
reticence. He had just decided that it was as  
well that Nan Carroll would not marry him,  
when that changeable young woman plumped  
herself down upon the moss beside him.

"Why don't you talk?" she asked cheerfully.  
"It's awfully lonesome around here."  
Tucker gasped, but for a moment he did not  
dare speak. When he found words it was of  
personal affairs he spoke, not of himself nor of  
their predicament, and presently they were chat-  
ting as merrily as though they had been none  
of the stormy scenes of the afternoon.

They were still talking when suddenly they  
heard footstep behind them and they sprang to  
their feet.

Just behind them was a tall clerical man in  
blue overalls and checked calico jumper.  
"I hope I don't intrude," he said, quizzically.  
"Are you Mr. Friday?" demanded Nan. "You  
see, we are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and  
our boat is wrecked—or at least I hope it is,"  
she amended viciously.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Crusoe," he said, falling in  
with her humor. "I am Rev. Philip Hardman,  
of Boston, summering on this island with my  
family."

Nan gasped. "Why didn't you think of look-  
ing to see if there was anyone living there?"  
she demanded of Dave.

"You told me it was deserted," he said, de-  
fensively, "and I supposed you knew. I only  
came last night," he added in explanation to  
the clergyman. "Mrs. Crusoe forgot to tell me  
about the tide and the boat floated away."  
"Come over and have tea," suggested the  
clergyman, hospitably, "and I have a boat that  
will take you over to the hotel."

He strode off, leaving the way, and Nan and  
Dave followed. Once or twice she turned  
slyly to herself, and Dave could have sworn it  
was the wedding music from "Lohengrin." At  
last, as he was helping her over a rock which  
barred her path, she held his hand in hers as  
she lightly dropped beside him.  
"Dave," she whispered, "didn't he say he was  
a clergyman?"

Dave nodded. "Rev. Philip Hardman," he  
affirmed.  
"We could fool that gossiping crowd, pretend-  
ing we hid it on purpose."

More than ever Dave marveled at the ways of  
women, but they were married before supper.  
For Dave explained to the clergyman that he  
was a train agent, and might change her mind again—  
George Winthrop in San Francisco Call.

Two Worshippers.

Two went to pray, 't father say.

at the dust specks on his shining coat, his mouth twitching in a hard struggle to keep back the disappointment that wanted to come in just one hard, breathless sob.

"Don't min', gran'daddy. N's the Lor's will!" "I ain't perfectin' on His Judgment, John. But I don't y' think the gran'tater's pretty old."

A thin, pale hand came down from either side upon grandfather's knee, and two white heads, younger than grandfather's only by the whitening breath of a winter or two, bent sympathetically until they rested near his tired, downward face.

"Tush, tush, gran'daddy! You musn't talk like that!" They were three old, old men, and four faces coming around from the summit of the hill they had stopped to rest. And now even grandfather, whose eyes had lost nearly all their strength, could see for a long quarter of a mile straight up across the sunlit hills to the deacon's home. Half way up, to the three old men, just delicate points of gold on a level field of brown and gray, lay hundreds of the deacon's pumpkins ripening in the yellow glow of the autumn afternoon. And the other way down the hill to the village, it was a straight white road to the very bottom, soft with dust, and with the villagers' cottages showing here and there in the grove at its foot.

"Seven years ago today, John, I first went up to the deakin in the name of the good Lord's work in the Clockville Methodist society," piped grandfather, wiping his eyes again.

"An' four years ago the s'ociety joined me 'n' John to the committee, gran'daddy. May the Lord meet the deakin's soul!" "Amen, Brother David!"

It was on a Sunday, as it should be, had argued grandfather for seven years, for it was only natural to the laws of God and true methodism that one should be given strength if he began a good deed upon the Sabbath. In the hollow of three hills the village lay asleep, or nearly asleep, for it had been a more than ordinarily hot week in the fields. But some had anticipated the day on their calendars, church-going people who loved good sermons and prayer meetings on winter nights, and they had watched the going—and awaited the coming of the annual committee of the Clockville Methodist society.

Grandfather and David and John had always stood in the hope that some day they would come down the hill with their faces wreathed in happiness and a glory hallelujah in their hearts. But when they struggled in like mourners, one white, bent head behind the other, their weary feet dragging helplessly in the dust, as they did today, those who watched them knew that grandfather had prayed and waited another year in vain.

Grandfather's daughter met him at the little table and led him back to the comfortable arm-chair under the maples. She tenderly smoothed the white hair back from his heated face, asking no questions, for she knew that what was rankling bitterly deep in grandfather's heart.

"Tain't no use, Betty; tain't no carry use!" "There, there, you've done your duty, father," soothed the woman. Her gentle hands loosened the heavy black stock about his neck, and after a little the lines in grandfather's face began to soften.

"Did I ever tell y' 'bout the deakin?" he asked. She knew the story by heart, but settled down upon the grass beside him to listen.

"The deakin's a baptist!" Grandfather said, his case with both hands and dug the end of it viciously into the ground between his feet. "It's a hard-shell baptist, Betty. Once they was all baptists here. Th' want a methodist, 'r a presbyterian, 'r a United Communit' Bible sight, an' the baptists was so bigoted over it that they los' pilled together 'n' built the biggles meetin' house in the country." Grandfather leaned over and pointed between the trees to where the village church lay anchored at the foot of the hill.

"But him, y' see, Betty, long comes a methodist. He set up good an' proper on the finest farm this side of Canastot, right next the deakin."

but he had been a methodist for forty-one years, staunch as a rock, and in his last childhood he took an inglorious pride in the triumphs of his church.

"You musn't do that, father. Don't you know, he's wicked?" "The good Lord first has Betty. I ain't castin' no rocks 'shuns. I wouldn't say a word agin th' baptists if they was all as mean—"

"Father!" "I wouldn't, an' you know it, Betty. Even th' deakin ain't fluty-hearted enough t' make no call 'em sinners—th' exceptions—an' when they thinned out so had, most of 'em gone up t' Canastot, the meetin' house was shut an' the deakin 'plated to take care of it. Th' deakin considered in the 'bition' of the church, an' it was 'tired to let th' Clockville members have it, what they was of 'em, jes' so long as they had three Sunday preachin's in it a year. Then—then—you know the rest, Betty." Grandfather stopped here because it tired him so to tell the whole of the story.

"And then one day the methodists met, father, met right here in our home, and made up their minds that it would be nice to buy the baptist church. And all the baptists were willing, except Deacon Bosworth, and he wouldn't hear to it because he was entitled to the grass that grew in the three or four acres around it, and because the church lot with the creek running through it made good pasturage for his cows."

"That's it, Betty, it was the medder," muttered grandfather, drowsily. While grandfather slept, muttering restlessly to his dreams, John and David spread the news of the obstinate deacon's wickedness through the village. They were a God-fearing folk, simple in their prejudices, and accepted it patiently as a foreordination, as they had done six times before. And yet no man found it within himself to say that Deacon Bosworth cherished a grudge against the community. It would have been only a little less than a total disruption of the village folk-lore had he yielded after seven years of indomitable resistance. Gradually, an accumulation of years, the mountain of unpopularity had rolled up against him. There were no tangible accusations from any one individual source, because it was all understood too well; and good people joined in praying that the deacon's soul might be saved.

"If the medder would get out 'n' the creek dry up," explained John and David that afternoon, "th' deakin 'd fine th' pinions of the Canastot' baptists an' we'd hev th' meetin' house."

Beyond that neither would assert that the deacon was wrong. It was not his fault that they were too poor to build a church of their own, and neither was it his fault that they were unable to offer what the church was worth.

The deacon's tri-annual opening had come to be looked upon much in the light of a social event at Clockville. If that part of York state had not attended, the methodists of Madison county would at once have begun an aggressive campaign in search of converts, for the significance of it would have applied the most sanguine. Each year Deacon Bosworth cordially eyed the assemblage from his red-cushioned pew and congratulated himself that his contribution to the cause of spiritual enlightenment was so well appreciated. This autumn he was moved by feelings of more than ordinary benevolence. His cows were exceedingly good, he had cut three tons of fine timothy from the meadow, and had raised half a dozen calves in the creek pasturage; besides that, there were no pumpkins within miles around that could compare with the deacon's. All this had combined to lend the deacon's philanthropy a touch of extravagance. The morning sermon had been preached by a man who had come all the way from Albany ostensibly for that purpose; and the evening services were to be conducted by an evangelist divine from the nearby town of Oneida.

"You can come up an' hear 'em talk this evening," Deacon Bosworth had said to grandfather, "but as for selling you methodists the church for a half, what it's worth, or even sell-

ing part to some man there. From that moment the ways and means committee of the Clockville Methodist society began to grow uneasy."

"For these be the days of vengeance," announced the evangelist. "David, David, did y' hear that?" whispered grandfather.

"Did, gran'daddy. Seems like most of th' cures today was loaded alike f'r some reason 'r other."

"An', min' you, it's f'r some circumambulation o' righteousness, David," continued grandfather, his strength returning. "Th' ain't nothin' in the neck of woods this side of Platt's Holler quite so foxy as th' deakin; an' I reckon he got t' forget to sound 'em on during election-hymn. 'Toss 'em dodging th' everlastin' reward of fire 'n' brimstone s'cum'n' to 'em all to once he'll take up that election 'r bust!"

And just so it happened. David's face turned a shade whiter under his snow-white hair as the evangelist interrupted his impassioned exhortations with a careful dissertation on the sublime motive that had induced him, and his beloved brother from Albany, to take up this pilgrimage to the beautiful little village of Clockville; they had been actuated by the impulse that pledges the ministering assistance of one brother to another, and in their unselfish efforts to disseminate the truths of the gospel had not allowed themselves to be distracted from their purpose by mercenary thoughts of earthly goods. It was not for himself that he spoke; he assured the good people of Clockville that the pleasure of being permitted to address them from the pulpit more than repaid him for the trifling expense he had incurred on his journey from Oneida. But he would not, and he felt sure his friends in Clockville would not, feel that they had courteously entertained his brother from Albany unless they all joined in with their mite in liquidating the railroad fare of \$13.21 he had paid for his ticket. He would be only too happy to start off the collection with a dollar.

"Did I telly!" gloated grandfather. "When they strike up the election-hymn rub th' neck th' deakin David. Th' ain't nobody quibb' 'ly, ez th' deakin! He's reckonin' on a clean profit from this election."

By degrees David edged toward Deacon Bosworth's end of the pew, and when the hymn struck up grandfather's quavering voice joined in with John's. It was not half over when David sidled back with a very white face and his chin trembling helplessly. Grandfather inquired as he sang.

"Is-a-a-love-er—what did y' of my soul?" say, David.

"Th' gran'daddy, he swore!" Through the rest of the service David sat like a man who had received a shock. Occasionally he would lift his eyes from the hymn-book, and once he glanced furtively from grandfather to the deacon, and found them both smiling; in Deacon Bosworth's eyes a smile that shone like the steady glimmer of sunshine in a still pool; in grandfather's a look that made him think the thoughts of the men who had died with Cooper. Memories of grandfather's old diltick in the parrot at home, memories of the days when to oppose grandfather was like bling against flint, and the memories of years ago when men with quiet smiles carried the law of the wilderness in their hands, and David's mind feverishly hot with the knowledge of portending evil. He wished they had sat on the other side of John, near the window, and even more than that, he would have wished he had chosen the delightful coziness of an autumn evening's walk in place of the evangelist's sermon. He knew that the meeting would close with prayer, and—poor John. The light of the door, wrinkled old face on grandfather's left put David in a thinking mood. They, grandfather and he, had plotted it all without John's knowledge because John was naturally endowed with a remarkably nervous temperament, and now when it did happen, if grandfather did not have his nerve at the last moment, what would John do.

"If I hain't mistaken th' deakin 'd head off with a prayer, David."

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ing down in sheets from the eaves, the  
 Grandfather and his chair farther back under  
 the protection of the porch, and the movement  
 awakened him. With the cunning of a child,  
 he dissembled his knowledge of her presence,  
 and when she had gone gripped his staff and  
 crept stealthily bare-headed, out into the  
 drenching beat of the storm. Instinctively  
 Grandfather's footsteps led him to the little  
 red gate, and shutting his eyes against the rain  
 he peered up and down the road that wound  
 through the village and up the hill to the  
 deacon's. Eternally he unswitched unstead-  
 ily along the roadside to the edge of the grove  
 where the little old church had stood when he  
 was almost a boy. To him the storm seemed  
 to concentrate above—far above—where the  
 deacon's folder-stuffed silo stood up gaunt and  
 black with the lightning rifling the sky about  
 it. His heart throbbed joyfully as the thunder  
 rolled and echoed more and more incessantly  
 among the hills, and communing in silence  
 with the spirits of David and John he strug-  
 gled on, drenched, breathless, feeling his way  
 without seeing, until a light on the hill pierced  
 the blackness from Deacon Dosworth's Home.  
 "This is the elght, an' las, Brother David,"  
 murmured Grandfather. "Seven years ago  
 today—I just went up i' th' deakin's—"  
 Grandfather sat down in the blinding storm  
 to rest.

That night honest old Jeremy Todder, whose  
 neat little cottage snuggled in the bend of the  
 road just as it entered the village, was much  
 oppressed by an unusual visitation in his  
 dreams. Each time Jeremy was disturbed in  
 his rest by the beating of the torrents rolling  
 down from the hills he awakened more and  
 more to a consciousness that the nightmare  
 was not a concomitant evil of scrambled eyes  
 and fan-lacks, and that something besides  
 water, and not held, was coming down with  
 the steady downpour from the heavens. He  
 lay and listened, not moving, hardly daring  
 to breathe; and as he turned his face a little  
 toward the partly opened window a white-  
 robed figure rose before him and approached  
 with ghostly quietness from the door.

"Jeremy?"  
 "What is it, Lizbeth?"  
 The woman lit over him and whispered in  
 a dazed, frightened way. "Something black  
 and heavy rested on Jeremy's chest, and as he  
 felt it, and then saw it indistinctly peered  
 above his head, he discreetly and very quietly  
 doubled up like a jack-knife."  
 "Git up, Jeremy. There's something AWFUL  
 uncommon goin' on out—out THERE!"  
 "What's that in your hand, Lizbeth?"  
 "The bible."  
 Jeremy Todder slipped a pair of overalls  
 over his slight shirt with a sense of impending  
 doom nearly suffocating him with its terror.  
 He was a baptist and his wife was a methodist,  
 and between them they had often discussed  
 the rights and wrongs of the deacon; and be-  
 fore retiring she had preached unto him, aloud  
 and with fervor, the sermon of Christ and the  
 money-changers. As he thought of it, and the  
 retribution that had descended upon the heads  
 of the slinking, there came a dull unenitly  
 crash, as if a great body with little resist-  
 ance had struck against the side of the cot-  
 tage.

"Jeremy, I want you to rouse the village  
 right away!"  
 "I think it's best, Lizbeth," replied Jeremy.  
 "I wouldn't be afeard if the rain was a bilin'  
 the cracks 'n' a flood's comin' down on us."  
 Like a man urged on by a magnetic in-  
 fluence he could not disobey Jeremy scrambled  
 gluggerly through the window, and with a grow-  
 ing fear gnawing at his conscience groped  
 blindly through the blackness of the night to  
 the road. The storm had gradually settled  
 into the drizzling monotony of an autumn rain,  
 steady, penetrating, chilling; and through the  
 beating of it in the maple leaves Jeremy's  
 blood went hot and cold as he fancied he  
 caught the sound of something rushing past  
 him with the swiftness of the wind into the  
 village.

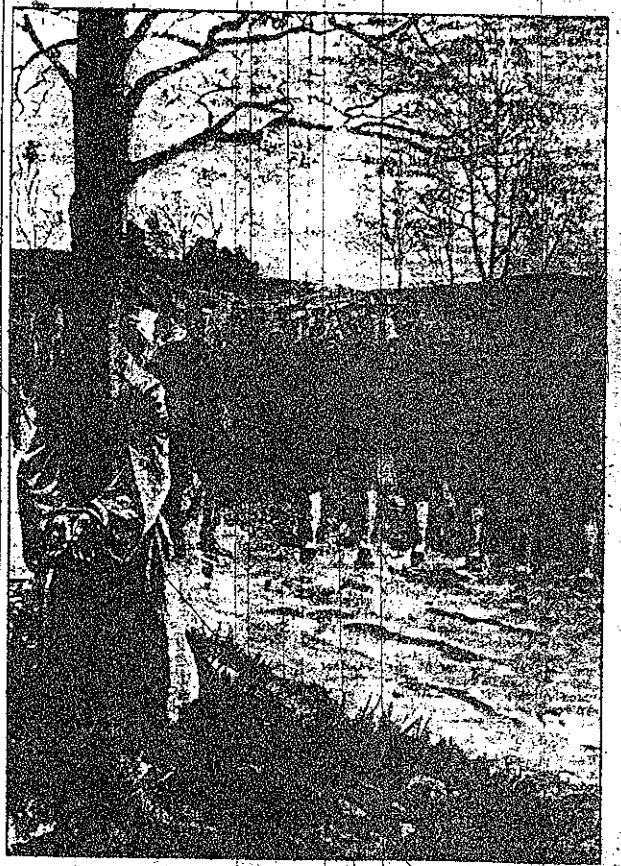
By ones and twos the slumbering cottages  
 flared into light as Jeremy Todder's thrilling  
 warning fell upon one ear and then another. It  
 he raced like a madman through the village.

found three white heads pillowed side by side,  
 she stole away very gently to grieve alone, for  
 that was the way grandfather wished to die.  
 And to David and John alone was left the  
 secret of that wild night in the hills. Only  
 they knew how grandfather had struggled  
 through the storm, led by his good angel to the  
 deacon's pumpkin field, and how, there, he had  
 taken down the fences, and through the whole  
 of that long, stormy night, had sent the dea-  
 con's pumpkins tumbling down the smooth  
 hillside to the road and into the village.

**A Distinction.**  
 Forladies rule the dry goods shop;  
 The counter, and prepare to chop  
 Two yards of any kind,  
 Cash-ladies wander up and down  
 The long and crowded aisles;  
 The lady manager in brown,  
 Displays the latest styles,  
 Typewriting tables, proud and chill,  
 Sit ready to make out the bill,  
 Fine ladies all—but who are those?  
 Just wince if some to buy some clothes,  
 —"Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune."

Dave followed. Once or twice she  
 softly to herself, and Dave could have sworn it  
 was the wedding music from "Lohengrin." At  
 last, as he was helping her over a rock which  
 barred her path, she held his hand in hers as  
 she lightly dropped beside him.  
 "Dave," she whispered, "didn't he say he was  
 a clergyman?"  
 Dave nodded. "Rev. Philip Hardman," he  
 affirmed.  
 "We could fool that gossiping crowd, pretend-  
 ing we did it on purpose."  
 More than ever Dave marvelled at the ways of  
 woman, but they were married before supper,  
 for Dave explained to the clergyman that he  
 was afraid she might change her mind again.—  
 George Winthrop, in San Francisco Call.

**Two Worshipers.**  
 Two went to pray? O, rather say:  
 One went to brag, the other to pray;  
 One stands up close and reads on high,  
 While the other dars not lend his eye;  
 One nearer to God's altar trod,  
 The other to the altar's God.  
 —Richard Crashaw.—Selected.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS SHOOTING A KOREAN SPY WHO WAS UNDER THE  
 PAY OF THE RUSSIANS.