

Hearts By... ERMINIE RIVES Courageous

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"Louis! They have released you! Oh, thank God; thank God!"

The young man did not speak; only a little spasm wrenched his features. But Jarrat did. "The jailbird was slippery, mistress," he sneered.

The colonel, who had reached her in a stride and pulled her back, dropped her arm at the look of offense and scorn she cast upon the speaker. "Anne," he said, facing her rigidly, "listen to me! This man is not only a nobleman—" "I care naught!" she interrupted wildly. "I care not who he is! I only know what he is to me!" A light dawned on Armand's face with her words. He drew closer to her, as if wondering, afraid to trust his senses. She turned again to him. "I could not tell you—that night at the Raleigh. I had no time!"

"But," cried Colonel Tiltotson, "he is a spy—a hireling, child, bought to this deception to betray the colonials!"

"Sooner than that," she declared, "would I believe Captain Jarrat capable of an honest love! This is a lie of your making, captain. He is no spy. Whatever he has done, 'twas not in dishonor."

"Anne, Anne," urged her uncle, "we have seen the proofs!"

"You do not believe them?" Armand whispered.

"No, no! Nor ever will!"

The young man laughed out triumphantly in sudden abandon. "You hear that, messieurs? There is one that believes in me!"

"Believes, ay, and loves!" cried Anne and ran to him. He drew her close to his breast, murmuring soft words. Her face was pale, yet burning, her whole body thrilling with passion and defiance.

"They cannot destroy my faith in you!" she breathed. "I shall love and trust you always, always, always!"

"She is bewitched," Jarrat said, with dry lips.

"You hated him!" she blazed at him.

"Oh, I know how you would creep and creep! My friend," turning to Henry—"my friend, do you believe this?"

Henry got up with a round oath. "No," he swore. "By the great day, I do not believe it!"

Her fluttering cry of delight was still by Colonel Tiltotson's tense whisper, "Hark!" There was a dull drum of hoofs thudding over sod and with it Sweetlips' fierce challenge.

Simultaneously came a wall of terror from the kitchens, and Rashleigh plunged in from the hall, his woolly head shaking with fear.

"De sojers! De sojers!" he screeched. "Mars' John, dee gwine kill 'y'all!"

Jarrat rose, dees feet. "You know how I creep and creep, mistress?" he said. "Well, then, now you shall see how I can strike!"

Anne had rushed instantly to the window and drawn the blind. "Troopers!" she cried. "The house is being surrounded! You have been pursued, Louis!"

"'Twas true then!" frothed Colonel Tiltotson. "Jarrat, had I a weapon I would shoot you. I swear to God! There is one way, Patrick. Here, quick! Through this hall and to the buttery! There is a small window! Speed, and God send you get safe away!"

As Henry disappeared Jarrat ran from the door, shouting directions to the soldiery.

"Louis!" gasped Anne. "You must go! Take the same way, quick!"

"Wait!" he said. "I must give something into your care—something important! Promise me you will do with it what I ask!"

"Yes, yes; but haste, haste!"

He had taken a packet from his breast. "This, much depends upon it. It must be carried to Philadelphia and there given to Dr. Benjamin Franklin. You must tell him to hold it till called for."

"I will carry it. He shall have it from my own hands. I hear them on the porch. For my own sake go!"

"Swear to me!"

"I swear by all I love—by my love for you."

"And you will trust me?"

"Always, always! Oh, can you wait while they take you?"

"Kiss me!"

"Ah!"

He strained her to him once and sprang toward the door through which Henry had fled. But as he reached it Jarrat's form stood framed in the sash. His hand held a pistol. At the same moment the room overflowed with men.

"So ho," he smiled redly over white teeth. "Not so sprightly, eh? Well, the other bird has flown—curse those horses' pounding!—and we must be content with you, I suppose. Lieutenant, I put this conger oel in your care. An he gets off as did Patrick Henry, some one shall suffer for it. Nay, mistress, run not to him. Rather give me the packet which the entertaining gentleman gave into your care a moment since. I doubt not its contents will interest us all. It may even hold his patent of nobility."

Anne's hands flew to her breast, and she shrank back as Jarrat advanced upon her.

"You ruffian!" raged Colonel Tiltotson, beside himself with anger. "An you or your bloody-backs lay finger on my niece—"

"Heretics are misplaced, colonel," answered Jarrat curtly. "Will you give up that paper, mistress?"

A quick light came to the girl's eyes, gazing past him. Fumbling in her dress, she drew forth the packet and held it out. But as he extended an arm to seize it she drew back and hurried it over his head through the dining room door, where huddled Mammy Evaline and the rest of the kitchen servants in a shivering group.

"Bonella!" she screamed. "Take it, Bonella! Run! Hide it! Run!" The redemption woman swooped upon the packet and was away like a hare.

"Clumsy fools!" foamed Jarrat as the soldiers bungled at the door catch. "After her and bring her here!"

Anne in the reaction felt her gaze upon Armand, erect between the soldiers, swim with tears. How could he stand so calm? And with the thought she felt a sudden shame for her weakness.

"The wench has had her run," grumbled one of the soldiers as they returned to the redemption woman. "She hasn't it on her. She's tucked it away somewhere."

"I'll soon know where she's hidden it," stormed Jarrat. He interrogated her savagely. "No," she said brokenly, "I not tell."

"Get a rawhide from the stables and stretch her out there. She'll talk fast enough!"

"You'll not lash her!" cried Anne, with trembling lips.

Jarrat made no reply. When the soldier returned with the rawhide others dragged the woman into the center and stood waiting. The poor creature watched the preparations with her face ashen and her black eyes darting rapidly here and there.

"Now," said Jarrat menacingly, "will you show where you hid that paper?" She was dumb.

Once, twice, the heavy thong descended. At the first stroke she cowered and cried out with pain. At the second a line of red started through the coarse oznabrig.

Jarrat leaned and looked into her face. "I not tell you!" she wavered.

"I'll have the king's law on you for this," the colonel hurled between his teeth.

Armand had remained quiet, but as the stroke fell twice again he trembled. The woman's lips were tight together. "No, no, no," she said between them. "I not tell you! I not tell you—never!"

"Curse her!" Jarrat gasped furiously. "Lay on, there, you! I say I'll have it out of her!"

The wielder of the rawhide paused to tuck up his sleeve. The men who held her relaxed their hold for an instant, and she sank down on the floor with closed eyes.

"They will kill her!" sobbed Anne, clutching her uncle's arm. "They will kill her!"

"Stand her up again!" commanded Jarrat.

Armand had grown very white. At Anne's sob he strained forward in the grasp of the soldiers and cried: "Tell him! I command you to tell him!"

The woman opened her eyes, looked at him searchingly and uncertainly, then smiled and tried to shake her head. "I—not—tell."

They dragged her roughly up again, but her legs would not support her. She seemed not to hear Jarrat's shouted question in her ear. He looked at



Jarrat's form stood framed in the sash, his swaying figure a moment, then in a smother of rage raised his pistol butt and brought it down heavily on her temple. She fell like a log, and he turned on his heel, cursing.

"Let the drab go," he said sullenly, "and bring along the other."

They mounted, a trooper hitching bridles with Armand's horse, and as Jarrat gave the word they moved off in two down the dark drive. The light from the open door fell on the trampled shrubbery, the glossy spattered skins of the horses and on Armand's backward turned face.

"Farewell, mademoiselle."

Anne slipped from the colonel's arms and sped after them. "Louis!" she called after. "Remember! I believe! I trust—and I love you!"

"God keep you always!" he responded, and as they swept into the black she saw Jarrat ride close and strike him across the mouth with his gloved hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILADELPHIA city a little before midsummer, 1776. The old Quaker quiet is gone. Now a strange spirit of excitement pervades it, a subtle electricity that touches all things with expectancy.

The inns, the Black Bear and Indian Queen and the London Coffee House, dilate with taproom wisecracks, and crowds of townfolk loiter along the streets in the warm evenings to view the great men come to attend the most honorable congress sitting in the state-house. They have seen the Charleston packet bring the delegates from South Carolina. Every citizen who can muster a horse has ridden out to meet the delegates from Virginia, Maryland and Delaware who arrived in a body. They have seen them all, have compared them with one another.

On High street stands the great mansion of Richard Penn, one of the proprietaries. It is now thrown open for the entertainment of the visitors.

Up and down the dusty street pass and re-pass earnest men in dull coats and small clothes, workmen in oznabrig and leather aprons and tradesmen in coarse cloth. They pause in knots on the pave and talk, each by his kind.

One house they pass many times, looking at it with more eager curiosity and concern. This building is even less pretentious than its fellows, but one who observes it long will have noted that those who pass in and out of its door lend it a peculiar distinction. They come in velvet instead of cloth, their sleeves droop with lace. They wear powdered hair and diamond buckles and for the most part carry dress swords.

The house is occupied as a shop, and the silver plate on the door bears the name of "James Randolph." It is the headquarters of the Virginia delegates.

To Henry, chafing in his Virginia harness, how slowly the ball had rolled among the conventions! How halting went the leaders! Messengers riding posthaste brought him the news from Philadelphia.

Congress had recommended that the several colonies form distinct governments for themselves. And even to this the delegates of New York and Pennsylvania had loud objection. Henry gnashed his teeth in the convention at Williamsburg, and on May 15 a resolution was passed directing the Virginia delegates in Philadelphia to "declare the united colonies free and independent states."

A significant word! Richard Henry Lee followed in June with his resolution for independence.

But alas for human failing! Many of the delegates, Dickinson, Morris, Livingston, were men of property, and the possession of property enlarges the bump of caution. They cried for delay. The older Quakers, men of peace, had set their faces and their faith against rebellion.

New York was milk and water. There had been the failure of the Canadian expedition, and, besides, the province had its exposed harbor and the Indian raids on its frontier to think of. The Pennsylvania delegation refused to vote on separation and left their seats in anger. Maryland had few grievances.

And what of New Jersey? There was Toryism entrenched. Its royal governor, the son of the benevolent faced patriot, Benjamin Franklin, went breathing fire against the Whigs. Not till he had been shipped to Connecticut in irons, not till congress had sent three of its members to argue, to plead, to storm, did its assembly declare for freedom.

Think not that those who hesitated were not men of honor, jealous for the welfare of their country. Not every one believed George III. another such despot as Philip II. of Spain or the bloody minded man the radicals illiberally called him. The storm was high on the horizon. And it is the part of wisdom to count well the cost of desperate ventures. Against the colonies was pitted the mistress of the seas—a king, innumerable battalions, armament, navies, money and the prestige of hereditary possession. The colonies stood alone.

There were those who, like Henry, whose clear eye saw the future as with divination, pinned faith upon Gallic eminity to England and looked for a sign of aid. But the months came and went without its appearance. Now the Third congress was sitting, and France was silent. Granted a defiance to Great Britain, the outcome was doubtful—how doubtful five red years of smoke and blood were to demonstrate.

As the pendulum vibrated a British fleet in the Delaware brought the war within hearing, and Lord Howe gave to off Sandy Hook with all his army.

The congress was, after all, a miniature of the country. It held a Tory party who awaited some disaster to become dangerous. It held faint hearts who croaked, despondent ones who predicted ruin and brave hearts that dared a struggle they believed would be uncertain.

On such a field for twenty-five long days a determined battle was fought. It ended at last, and one evening Thomas Jefferson of Virginia betook himself to a little house back of an oblong green, where lived Dr. Franklin, and wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence.

(Continued next week.)

The Lady of the House.

Converser—Is the lady of the house in? Domestico—Yis, sor; there is two av us. Which wan do yez want to see?

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MEM.

God said: I am tired of kings; I want them no more; Up to my ear the morning brings The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I have made this ball A field of havoc and war, Where tyrants great and tyrants small Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom— Choose him to be your king, He shall cut pathways east and west And fend you with his wing.

I will never have a noble; No lineage counted great, Fishers and choppers and plowmen Shall constitute a State.

And ye shall succor man, 'Tis nobleness to serve; Help them who cannot help again; Beware from right to swerve.

—Emerson.

Pointers From Japan.

The Postoffice and Police Service Much Better Than Our Own—Familiar Interference of the Government in Many Matters—Discovery of Milk.

According to H. V. Peak, who writes of Japan to *The Christian Work*, the telephone is yet undeveloped except in the largest cities of that empire, but in every considerable town, and at many a mere crossroads you find a well equipped post and telegraph office; the post boxes, with stamps for use in a neighboring house, are ubiquitous; and the delivery services arrives packages and mail matter to the remotest farm house. The parcel's post carries packages up to eight cubic feet of contents and up to thirteen pounds in weight. Packages can be sent to a customer and trade charges will be collected and returned. Money may be sent by mail or telegraph. In sending to large cities the payment can be effected at the addressee's door. Telegrams can be sent in Japanese or in a foreign language. If your postoffice has no telegraph connections, you can forward your telegram by mail, without cost to the nearest telegraph station, and your telegram will be delivered by mail from a postoffice, even if it does not have a telegraph line. The delivery man passes not simply along the highways, but along the byways. Your residence may be a summer cottage a half mile back in the hills, but it is his business to reach you, and reach you he will.

Every postoffice has also its savings bank. Deposits from five cents up may be made, and interest of nearly five per cent. will be paid. To encourage saving, cards are given upon which stamps of low denomination may be pasted till an amount sufficient to go into the passbook has been reached.

The mails are carried on train, steamer and wagon, as in other countries, but, in addition to this, much of it is yet rushed along the roads in carts drawn by men or buffaloes of the mountains. It is not a perfect service—it could not be—but it is remarkable for the number of things it attempts to do and the number of things it really does well.

The policeman is ubiquitous. His functions are many. In addition to restraining offenders, he keeps track of the recording of inhabitants of all houses, and assists in the enforcement of sanitary measures. Let some trouble arise and you have but to apply to a policeman to have a careful investigation made at once. It is true that he enforces many ordinances that are quite annoying to foreigners; for instance, one does not like to have a policeman come around to investigate whether you have done your house-cleaning thoroughly and properly; but considering the character and extent of the population, the multifarious rules, though irksome, are more or less necessary.

Abundant provision is made at the court house and at many branch offices here and there in the country for the recording of mortgages and similar papers. There is a large proportion of real estate in the whole population in Japan, and these recording officers are well patronized.

I need not say that all this is a great step over what prevailed in Japan several decades ago. But it is also abreast with much of the best in the Occident today. The Japanese police force is made up of honest lot of men. Even in remote districts you can speedily obtain their services and the ready way they serve you is in marked contrast to one's experience if he meets with theft or something similar in a small town in the United States. It is true that many foreigners are not ready to speak so kindly in regard to the Japanese police service, but granted that a man can understand the language of the country, or has a good interpreter, and, in addition, has himself a genial, kindly disposition, he will find the Japanese police most helpful.

Japan is a much governed country. She must be. There are many people to be governed, and they live rather closely together. The original unit is the township, which matters pertaining to education, collection of taxes, transfer of property, sanitation and a host of other things are attended to. Some well-to-do retired gentleman generally discharges the office of president, and other men, younger and older, generally of a little property, discharge the other offices for a comparatively small remuneration.

A dozen, or two or three, of these townships make up a county, but this is what may be called a district government, comprising a few townships, and standing between the town government and the county government, to carry out the purposes of the latter.

The head of this district government is an outsider appointed by the county government, which is, in turn, organized and conducted by representatives of the central government of Japan. The district government collects taxes for the county, supervises education, employs teachers of agriculture, sericulture, etc., at certain seasons of the year, and strives in every way to advance the people in the arts. Much of this instruction is given in the manner of farmers' institutes.

The county government generally has upward of a million people in its charge. It is by this that the will of the central government is carried out, and that all Japan is carried forward in one onward sweep of improvement. All that the district government undertakes is at the best the best of the improvements in silkworms, fowls and cats brought about, improved varieties of grain and fruits are cultivated, normal schools and trade schools are maintained and the welfare of the people in general is secured. The police and the sanitary department are in charge of the county government. Inspection of each house and thorough inspection of each house to ascertain whether proper cleaning has been done. The removal of the garbage is attended to. In case of an epidemic stringent regulations are enforced. When cholera threatened the city in which I live,

whose drinking water comes principally from open streams, the people were obliged for some time to use nothing but boiled water, not simply for drinking, but for ablutions. The child of a friend recently fell ill of diphtheria. The case was reported at once, a policeman and a coolie, were posted at the gate, and egress of all except the doctor was interdicted till the danger was passed. Then representatives from the proper office came, and the infected bedding and clothing were all passed out into the yard and thoroughly fumigated. Pest hospitals are established here and there, and by means of these cholera and dysentery are being gradually pushed out of the country, as has already been done with smallpox.

No beef cattle are killed, even in country districts, without the supervision and examination by a veterinary surgeon. All milk cattle are now undergoing an examination by hypodermic injection and are being classed as healthy, doubtful and diseased. The latter are immediately destroyed. The use of milk is increasing in Japan daily. Dairies are multiplying, but are all under most careful supervision. At principal railway stations, milk is for sale in small bottles. This milk has not only been produced in a most cleanly manner, but has been sterilized and put up in bottles with cotton wool stoppers.

Remember that twenty-five years ago the Japanese ate no beef and drank no milk. Even now many Japanese will skin the cream off a cup of milk and drink only the remainder. The amount of beef used is continually increasing. One wonders where the supply of beef cattle and milk cattle, to say nothing of their food, is to come from.

Number on Paper Money.

Odd on "A" and "C" Series: Even on "B" and "D."

"If anyone comes up to you and wants to bet you that they can tell whether the number on any of Uncle Sam's paper money is odd or even by looking at that part of the bill on which the number does not appear, shun him as you would the plague," said a guest at a local hotel recently.

"Why? What is the joke?" asked another guest.

"Only this," replied the first. "I was out this afternoon with a number of men with whom I have business dealings. We ate lunch, and then one man wanted to bet me that he would call the even or odd on the number of any bill I had, the loser to pay for the lunch. I took a bill from my pocket, folded it so that the number did not show, and, after he had looked at it he said 'even.'"

"It was even. Soon afterward I got stuck for the cigars the same way. After I had been done four or five times they explained to me that all of the bills marked 'A' and 'C' were odd, while those marked 'B' and 'D' were even. It cost about \$6 to find it out, but I guess it was a good investment at that. It is the same on all bills. Be careful, when attempting to do the work, not to take the series letter in front of the number, but hunt for a small letter on the left-hand side of the bill."

She Had Never Been in Santa Fe.

A Little Girl's Ignorance of the Lord's Prayer Explained.

A chaplain assigned to a remote army post in New Mexico, says the Cleveland Leader, organized a Sunday school for the children of the soldiers. Until the obligations came he had to ask his own questions. He decided to begin with the Lord's prayer.

"How many," he inquired the first morning, "know the Lord's prayer?"

A prolonged silence. Then one little girl timidly raised her hand.

"Only one who knows it!" exclaimed the chaplain, in genuine surprise; "you may repeat it, Anna."

"That was very nicely done. Where did you learn it?"

"In Santa Fe."

"Very good. Now, Margaret," to the next little girl, "can't you say the Lord's prayer?"

"No, Mr. Gardiner."

"Twelve years old, and don't know the Lord's prayer!"

"Oh, but Mr. Gardiner," said the child, eager to set herself right, "I have never been in Santa Fe."

Ready for Land Rushers.

Although the Rosebud Indian reservation, in the southern part of South Dakota, will not be open to settlers until July 5th, preparations are already making to provide transportation for the large crowds expected to take up the 382,000 acres. Two vessels which will start from Chamberlain have already been chartered, and the people are getting together horses and wagons of all sorts to take care of the people who will start from these places.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago and Northwestern, the two railroads which run nearest the reservation, are arranging to take care of 25,000 people. The President's proclamation opening the reservation was issued only on the 13th inst., but the railway officials are already receiving 300 to 400 letters a day making inquiry about the lands.

As great a crowd is expected as that present at the opening of the Oklahoma reservation, but arrangements are made to avert the scenes of disorder which characterized the rush for quarter sections in that territory.

Ingraham Dies Working at Desk.

T. S. Ingraham, first assistant grand chief engineer of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, dropped dead at his desk at the convention in Los Angeles on Friday from apoplexy.

Mr. Ingraham was absorbed in work when he lost consciousness and fell from his chair. He expired almost immediately. His health had not been good for some time.

The body was taken to Cleveland on Sunday by a committee of the Brotherhood.

Mr. Ingraham, who was 65 years of age, had been first grand assistant since 1873. He was initiated into the Brotherhood in the Fort Wayne division in 1885 and had held several high offices in the order.

A remarkable coincidence in connection with Mr. Ingraham's death, is the fact that former grand chief P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood, died suddenly of apoplexy while attending a meeting of engineers at Winnipeg last year.

Pure Case of Antophoba.

"Herbert has been running an auto so long that he had forgotten all about horseback riding."

"What did he do when the horse balked?"

"He crawled under it to see what was the matter."

A Valuable Publication.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1904 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1st the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania railroad company will publish the 1904 edition of the summer excursion route book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad.

On and after June 1st this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad street station Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

Attempt to Alter Laws Defeated.

Methodists Take Decisive Action in Matter of Prohibited Amusements.

By the decisive vote and may vote of 441 to 188, the Methodist General conference Friday decided not to make any change in the church discipline in the matter of prohibited amusements. The question is one which has agitated the minds of the delegates to the present general conference, perhaps more than any other single problem that has been before it.

The church's large, took a wide interest in the subject of the proposed striking out of the specified prohibited amusements from the discipline and many memorials and petitions from all parts of the country, reflected popular opinion in the church on the matter. In all sixty-five have been received, fifty-five of which specified no change in the discipline on this point and ten favored various changes. A single petition from Binghamton, N. Y., bearing 2,000 signatures, was one of the protests against any change being made.

E. M. Randall, of Tacoma, Wash., was elected secretary of the Epworth League, and J. P. McFarland, of Topeka, Kan., secretary of the Sunday Aid Union, at the first session of the Union on Friday.

Minimum Salary Law.

The public school teachers' minimum salary law, enacted by the last Legislature, went into effect on the first of June. A thorough canvass of every county in the State shows that 3,800 teachers, over nine tenths of them women, will receive substantial increases in salary during the coming term as the result of the operation of the law. Nearly \$750,000 additional remuneration will be paid by the teachers as the result of these increases. In nine-tenths of the districts there will be no increase of taxation on this account. The first law provides that after the first day of June the minimum salary of teachers shall be \$35 per month; it is made the duty of the president and secretary of each school district in the State, under oath, to make report to the superintendent of public instruction that the requirements of the law have been fully complied with. The last section provides that "every school district of this commonwealth, failing to comply with the requirements of this act, shall forfeit its State appropriation for the whole time during which this act has been violated."

Confession Caused Laugh.

Some boys were up before a local magistrate, charged with having placed obstructions on the railroad track. The boys were thoroughly frightened, but when the magistrate, in a fatherly way, explained to them that confession would make it easier for them in the end, one of them weakened and "owned up."

"So you did place a stone on the track," said the judge.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.

"How big was it?" said the judge, but the boy didn't seem to know.

"Was it as big as my head?" suggested the judge.

The boy looked at him gravely. "Yes, sir," he said. "I was afraid to say only about half as thick." And the judge joined in the smile that went around the room, even though it was at his own expense.

Methodist Bishops Assigned.

The committee on episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal general conference has made the following assignments of bishops to the various cities chosen by the conference Wednesday of last week as episcopal residences: New York, Bishop Fowler; Boston, Bishop Goodell; Philadelphia, Bishop McCabe; Washington, Bishop Cranston; Cincinnati, Bishop Spellmeyer; Buffalo, Bishop Berry; Chicago, Bishop McDowell; St. Louis, Bishop Fitzgerald; Denver, Bishop Warren; Chattanooga, Bishop Wilson; Minneapolis, Bishop Joyce; Portland, Bishop Moore; San Francisco, Bishop Hamilton; Shanghai, Bishop Fowler; Zurich (Switzerland), Bishop Burt; Buenos Ayres, Bishop Neely.

It is unlikely that any changes will be made in the committee's recommendations by the conference.

Minister and Girl Cannot be Found.

Detectives have been employed by the girl's parents to trace Rev. J. F. Cordova, the Methodist minister, and Miss Julia Bowne, of South River, whose present whereabouts are still a mystery. All trace of them was lost at New Brunswick.

The girl's parents declare that they have forgiveness and a welcome ready for her. The Cordova gains ground in South River that Cordova exercised a hypnotic influence over the girl. By direction of the presiding elder, Rev. J. F. Sawm, of New Brunswick, has submitted a report to the bishop and Cordova's expulsion from the ministry will follow.

Mrs. Cordova and her three children are left in South River practically penniless. There is no doubt that Cordova secured funds by taking a legacy of \$1,500.

An Inherited Trait.

It's mighty queer about families. There's Mrs. O'Shaughnessy—she has no children, an' if I rymember correctly, it was the same with her mother."—Life.

Her Standard.

"He—'I an' your millinery bill very extravagant?"

"She—'I'm sure it's very modest. Why, I see in the paper somebody just paid \$14,750 for a Gainborough.'"—New York Sun.