

Plato in Egypt.
Plato in Egypt, so the legend goes;
And with the words the picture
rises clear—
The scorching, boundless sands, the
deep-browed seer
Strayed from fair Greece in search
of One who knows.
Paused he not here, where Abou Sim-
bel shows
In tranquil majesty, without a
peer,—
A strange stone smile, benignant,
calm, austere,
Soulless and satisfied, past joys or
woes?
Did he, the wide-souled, who could
deeply pry
Into the Cause, could sift the False
and True,—
Did Plato ponder here the riddle
why
Man frets and seeks? Had Abou
found the clue?
Did Plato, too, depart hence with a
sigh,
While still the stone lips smiled as
if they knew?
—E. Boyle O'Reilly, in Putnam's.

BISHOP'S WEAKNESS

Lady Althea Bullen sat quite alone
in her boudoir, although Christmas
Eve was more than half cradled from
the calendar of days.
Usually, at this time of the year,
Dormy Place had not been big enough
for the number of guests it was cal-
led upon to welcome, and in every
room gay voices and laughter made
an atmosphere of youth and well-be-
ing for the son of the house, who
carried the joy of living in every
feature of his debonaire face, and ev-
ery movement of his agile figure.
But the potentialities that lie in
wait for contented mortals had
changed all that—a week ago; and
Lady Althea, having cancelled her
thirty invitations, sat and endured
the result—silence and loneliness.
Her handsome gray eyes, hard and
bright, stared at the fire; her mouth,
always a resolute one, set itself into
firmer curves than usual, as though
it would repress, by sheer force of
will, a tendency to droop or quiver;
her hands folded themselves in each
other with a mutual assurance that
they needed no familiar clasp to hold
and warm them.
Lady Althea was alone by her own
wish; she was determined not to re-
gret it.
Yet when carriage wheels sounded
on the drive, and the clang of the
bell echoed through the empty rooms,
she rose involuntarily and stood for
a moment with the calmness all gone
from her face, and two emotions
battling with each other in her mind.
Then she moved to the speaking
tube by the fireplace and blew sharp-
ly down it.
"I am not at home to any one,"
she said slowly and distinctly.
"A message is coming up, my lady,"
was the answer, and the next mo-
ment a footman entered, with a card
on a salver.
The card had some writing on it,
in addition to the name and address
—"The Bishop of Ware, Wareham
Castle."
The message ran: "I must apolo-
gize for intruding on you, but I am
on my way to Mrs. Elliot at Sen-
bourne, and the drive is a long one
for me in my present state of health.
I would be grateful for half an hour
of your hospitality.—Ware."
Lady Althea considered, began a
sentence and stopped, then dropped
the card on a table, and said: "Show
the Bishop up."
The faint flicker of a smile touch-
ed her lips as she shook hands with
him.
"I have read of your illness in the
papers," she said; "is it not very
unwise for you, my lord, to be taking
a long drive so soon?" She looked
him straight in the eyes. They were
keen but very kindly ones that met
her own. "Though it is fortunate
for me," she added more graciously,
"since it gives me the pleasure of
seeing you."
"I counted on your forgiveness,"
said the Bishop, "when I stopped at
your door. I felt sure you would
take our mutual friendship with Mrs.
Elliot as a personal introduction, and
would allow me to waive ceremony
and ask for the warmth of your fire-
side on my way."
He held out his hand to the blaze;
white, thin hands but fine in shape,
and expressive as were his features,
of nervous strength. The Bishop never
allowed illness to impede him in his
work.
Lady Althea handed him some tea.
"Mrs. Elliot is an old friend of
mine," she said, "and I have often
heard her speak of you. But I am
surprised that she did not tell you
her nearest station is Senbourne. I
suppose you came to Tangley. It
must be eight miles off." Her tone
was a little questioning.
"Indeed," said the Bishop, "is it
so far as that?"
"Not very favorable weather for
driving, either," continued Lady Al-
thea, with chilly politeness.
"No," he assented meditatively.
"I have known it colder at this sea-
son, and I have known it warmer. I
should prefer one or the other. Ex-
tremes are so much easier to deal
with than a temperature that is nei-
ther friendly nor inclement."
He had been looking at the fire,
but as he concluded he glanced at

Lady Althea and smiled, and she
found herself returning the smile, al-
beit unwillingly.
"Some time ago," she said abruptly,
"when I was quite a girl, I heard
you preach a sermon. The text was,
'Forgive us our trespasses.'"
"I remember every word of it,"
he answered. "I preached it at St.
Mary Abbott's. I hope you liked it."
"Some of it," she said, "not all. I
have not a very forgiving nature."
Then it must be a matter of great
self-congratulation for you when you
persuade yourself to be lenient to
those who have trespassed against
you. Lady Althea—you have a son."
Her face hardened, and she said
mentally: "I thought so; I was sure
of it." Aloud she answered: "We
won't speak of him, if you please,
Bishop."
"I cannot calm any privilege of
friendship yet," he said earnestly;
"but will you grant me the privilege
of an invalid and let me disregard
your prohibition?"
She was silent. The Bishop's voice
was melodious at all times; with this
persuasive accent, this hint of ap-
peal, it was irresistible.
"I have met your son," he said,
rising and speaking quickly; "not
through Mrs. Elliot, as I see you are
thinking, but by a singular chance.
A curate of mine in my first living
died a year ago, and his widow came
to me recently to remind me of my
old friendship for her husband and
to ask my advice. He was one of
the best fellows that ever lived, and
I was glad to meet Mrs. Dereham
again. She had one daughter—"
Lady Althea interrupted him with
a startled cry. "Eva Dereham," she
exclaimed, seriously, "I have one son,
and she has taken him away from
me—forever."
"I trust not." The Bishop's voice
was respectful but firm. "She is a
good girl, a girl any mother—or moth-
er-in-law—might be proud of. She
took a situation as waitress in a tea
shop because they were almost starv-
ing, and it has done her no harm."
"She has been on the stage," pro-
tested Lady Althea.
"And that did her no harm, either,"
said the Bishop equably, "though af-
ter a month of it she preferred the
tea shop. She is a lady by birth,
by education, by instinct—a lady in
every sense of the word. And she
loves your son enough to try to send
him away when she heard who he
was."
"I don't believe it." Lady Althea
broke out. "Or, if she did, it is be-
cause she has learned Hugh's nature
by heart. She knew it would make
him more determined."
"You are unjust to her," said the
Bishop quietly. "Forgive me for be-
ing frank."
"She has broken my heart," said
Lady Althea, bitterly.
"Why?" The Bishop managed to
convey a capacity for sympathy, com-
prehension and condemnation withal
in this brief monosyllable.
"He came to me a week ago," said
Lady Althea, suddenly throwing her
reserve to the winds, "and told me
without any preliminary that he was
in love with an angel—who waited
in a tea shop and was the daughter
of a clergyman. Was that not enough
to break any woman's heart? I re-
minded him that he was ninth Baron
Bullen, and owed some respect to his
father's ancestors, even without con-
sidering mine, and I entreated him
to give her up. He refused. I com-
mended him. He still refused. Then
I told him to leave the room, and he
said he would, and that he should
never enter it again unless I asked
him to."
"Until you take back all the cruel
things you have said about Eva,"
he declared, "I will never set my foot
inside this door."
"Which door?" interrupted the
Bishop.
Lady Althea dropped her impas-
ioned tone for the moment. "What
does it signify?" she said, impatiently.
"It was this very room as a mat-
ter of fact. I said to him, 'I take
nothing back.' He knows that I have
never broken my word in my life, and
that I shouldn't respect him if he
brake his. So the thing is settled."
Her voice gave way in spite of her
pride, and she put her handkerchief
up to her face to hide the trembling
of an unruly lip.
"Lady Althea, you are still quite
young," said the Bishop earnestly, "in
the very prime of your life, and you
are absolutely devoted to your boy.
Can you contemplate living year af-
ter year without him?"
She nodded her head; she had been
too near breaking down to trust her-
self again yet.
"You know nothing about this
Dereham," he went on, "except those
two facts. You may be the 'daugh-
ter of a hundred ears,' but that need
not make you intolerant. Your son
might have become engaged—follow-
ing the example of so many of his
fellow peers—to an American rank
huntsress or a chorus girl, and you
could not have been more indignant.
Ought you not to be thankful that
he wishes to marry some one of his
own class—the Derehams are a good
old English family—whose only draw-
back is her poverty? With his ren-
tal that need not count. She is a
girl whom you could take to your
heart and who would make the best
of wives for your boy. Will you let
a few hasty speeches divide you?"
"I cannot break my word," repeat-
ed Lady Althea. "You ought to be
the last person to urge me to do
that."
She had regained her self-control
marvellously, and she even smiled
as she reproached him.
"The fact is," she continued, "you
offered to pay Mrs. Elliot a visit to

day on purpose to take me en route.
She told me long ago that if you
had a weakness it was for playing
the part of peacemaker. Now isn't
that true?"
The Bishop attempted no denial.
"Not an unforgiving weakness, I
hope," he said. "Are you going to
let me go away ungratified? What
did you both pledge yourselves to
exactly? Tell me the precise words
—if you remember them."
"Of course I remember them,"
Lady Althea answered scornfully.
"His very last words were, 'Mother,
you can't look me in the face and
tell me you are not sorry.' I said, 'I
will never look you in the face and
tell you I am sorry—never—never!'"
That was my last word."
The Bishop's face lit up and his
eyes wandered to the speaking tube
hanging near him.
"Where does this go to?" he said,
lifting the mouthpiece.
"To the housekeeper's room."
"May I speak through it? I want
to send a message out to the fly."
"Certainly."
The Bishop blew down the tube and
an answering signal came up.
"Will you ask the gentleman in
the fly," he said, "to come and
speak to me through this tube? I
have an important message for him."
He did not look at Lady Althea,
though he was conscious that she
had risen and was confronting him.
"Bishop—" she began; but he made
a deprecating protest with his hand.
"After all," he said, "I think you
are right. The drive has been rather
too much for me. I am still far
from strong. Do me one favor be-
fore I go. Say into that tube the
words that are clamoring for utter-
ance at your lips."
She made no answer.
"Lady Althea, I implore you take
this opportunity," the Bishop plead-
ed. "Think of the long empty years
—think of the endless days, as lone-
ly as this has been—the dreary
Christmas Eve—think of your boy's
new found happiness, blighted and
shadowed by the loss of his mother,
whom he loves."
A sharp whistle sounded and she
made an impulsive movement to
the speaking tube and lifted it to her
lips. "I take it all back!" she breath-
ed with soft emphasis. "You shall
bring your Eva to me as soon as
you like. But come to me now at
once."
The Bishop rose and caught her
hand in a swift, strong pressure. "It
will be all right!" he questioned.
"Those whom the telephone hath
joined together—" began Lady Al-
thea, in a mischievous voice.
"Let no man put asunder," con-
cluded the Bishop. "I shall be ready
to say the higher rendering when-
ever you send for me. I can manage
the rest of my drive quite easily
now, Lady Althea, and as I am due
home for Christmas Day I think I
shall go back by train." His eyes
twinkled, and he made for the door.
As he reached it a young, impetu-
ous figure passed him without a
word.
"Mother!" said a glad, eager voice.
"Baby! How could you stay away
so long?" answered Lady Althea.
And the Bishop closed the door,
murmuring as he hurried downstairs,
"Suaviter in Modo, fortiter in re."
The Bystander.

Wildcat on the Wire.
The Butte office of the Butte Elec-
tric and Power Company received a
telephone message yesterday morning
from some ranchman up on the Big
Hole River stating that a pole sup-
porting a line was burning and en-
dangered the line.
George K. Aitken, foreman of con-
struction, and an assistant were sent
out to investigate and put out the
fire. About fifteen miles from Butte
on the Big Hole up from Divide they
saw the pole, which had been nearly
consumed. The fire was smothered,
and then upon looking for the cause
of the fire the linemen discovered at
the bottom of the pole the badly torn
fragments of a wild cat or mountain
lion, and at the top of the pole, where
it had become mixed with the wire,
were the tail, the feet, and a few
other shreds of the cat.
Either through curiosity or by be-
ing chased and frightened, the wild
cat had climbed up the electric power
pole during the night and attempted
to take refuge on the crossbar. The
moment it touched the wires it cre-
ated a short circuit and got through its
body the full 2,000 volts of electricity.
That made a mess of the wild cat
and set fire to the pole.
The linemen brought a few claws
to Butte as a souvenir of the cat's
adventure.—Anaconda Standard.

The Best Razor Stop.
The best razor stop I ever had
was a piece of glass," said the club
barber. "An old barber gave it to
me, and I tell you it worked fine. Un-
fortunately I let it fall and it broke,
and I have never been able to get
one like it."
"There's some kink in the grinding
which I can't seem to figure out. In
these days a good razor stop is a
mighty hard thing to find and I would
give a good deal if I could only get
that piece of ground glass back again.
It sure did put a cutting edge on the
razor."—New York Sun.

Every soldier in the Russian army
is to be provided with a pocket com-
pass with a luminous needle, and
300,000 compasses, costing \$40,000,
have already been ordered.

It is proposed in Great Britain to
reduce the duty on industrial alcohol
so that motorists can get it for six-
pence a gallon.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

Rev. George W. Towson, pastor of
the First Presbyterian Church, of
Woodbury, N. J., committed suicide.
He was engaged to marry a wealthy
widow.

A petition asking that the Cotton
Exchange firm of Crutchfield & Co.,
of New York, be declared bankrupt
was filed in the United States District
Court.

Four men were arrested in Harri-
son County, Ky., charged with being
members of a gang of 60 which at-
tacked tobacco wagons driven by
George Haley.

Ernest Morzes, nine years old, is
dying as a result of a bullet wound
inflicted by a young companion while
playing cowboy, at New Castle, Pa.

A gas well, the flow of which is
estimated at 5,000,000 feet of gas
and 25 barrels of oil a day, was
struck near Mansfield, O.

It is reported that the dissolution
of the American Tobacco Company,
known as the Tobacco Trust, will
take place shortly.

Two firemen rescued a man from a
burning tenement-house in New York
by forming a human chain in midair.

The McKinley memorial monu-
ment, which it is to be erected by the
city of Philadelphia, is nearly com-
pleted.

The steamer Monterey, of the
Ward Line, and the steamer United
States, of the Scandinavian-American
Line, collided in lower New York
Bay. Both ships were damaged, but
no person hurt.

Judge Bruggermeyer refused to
proceed with a breach-of-promise suit
in Chicago because the litigants had
their photographs taken by newspa-
per men in the Judge's private cham-
ber.

A desperate fight took place at
Sulphur, Okla., between a sheriff's
posse and a gang of horse thieves,
in which the latter were routed after
one of their number was mortally
wounded.

Sam Horton and T. W. Osborn,
farmers, were arrested at Sulphur,
Okla., charged with being members
of a band of whitecappers who horse-
whipped two farmhands.

The scale committee of the Inter-
state Operators and Coal Miners has
reached an agreement on all the
important points at issue.

John Maxwell and Charles Utter-
bach, trainmen on the Panhandle
Railroad, were crushed to death near
Pittsburg.

Ferdinand Schumacher, for many
years known as the Oatmeal King,
is dead.

Herbert L. Heyl, assistant treas-
urer-actuary of the Franklin In-
stitute, Philadelphia, who recently se-
vered his connection with the concern,
dropped dead in his home after he
had been placed under arrest when
confronted with charges of embez-
zling \$1,200 of the institute's funds.

Ira B. Smith, once president of the
Milwaukee Merchants and Manufac-
turers' Association, was sentenced to
the House of Correction for two
years, charged with obtaining money
under false pretenses.

In a fight between Moros and regu-
lar troops and constabulary near
Lanao, island of Mindanao, two of
the constabulary were killed and
three soldiers wounded.

Heavy rains drenched out a forest
fire that burned over 10 square miles
of land near Oil City, Pa.

The villages of Craig and Hauser
Lake, Mont., were swept away by a
flood.

Foreign

A French force in Algeria was
fiercely attacked by Berbers and
Arabs, but rallied and beat off the
latter. Twenty-eight French sol-
diers, including an officer, were kill-
ed and 100 men, including 10 officers,
were wounded.

The Russian Foreign Minister de-
livered to the Douma an address on
the Balkan situation in which he de-
clared that reforms in Macedonia
were imperatively necessary.

A campaign against the growth of
great corporations in Russia is about
to be started, the metallurgical trust
to be the chief point of attack.

The French War Minister's investi-
gation of the frauds army contractors
have been practicing threatens the
exposure of a great graft scandal.

An army lieutenant and a sergeant
were shot to death at Krasnoyarsk,
Siberia, for leading an attack on a
detention prison.

The President of Columbia has or-
dered troops massed at strategic
points as a precaution against the
threatened uprising.

Persia has sent troops to cooperate
with the Russian forces in putting
down the Kurdish bandits on the
frontier.

Generals Frock, Smirnov and Reiss
have been retired from the Russian
Army. They figured in the recent
investigation of army officers in con-
nection with the surrender of Port
Arthur to the Japanese.

The Bishop of London, heading a
delegation of the Church Army with
torches and a brass band, made a
midnight tour of the back streets in
London and gathered in a number
of the drunkards.

Alexander Stolypin, brother of the
Russian Premier, has been sentenced
to one week's imprisonment and to
pay a fine of \$50 for libelling Paul
Bulatzev, the noted reactionary lead-
er.

More Russian troops have been
sent to Belesuvur, a frontier post
to put down an uprising of Persian
brigands. The troops have invaded
Persian territory.

Thirteen prisoners implicated in a
recent prison riot at Tobolsk, Si-
beria, in which a warden was killed,
were sentenced to death.

John Redmond, Irish parliament-
ary leader, in an address to the
United Irish League at Dublin, said
the changes in the ministry involved an
alteration of Ireland's attitude to-
ward the Liberal party.

The French Department of Justice
has ordered an investigation of the
case of Paul Roy, the Frenchman ac-
cused by his American wife, "Glacia
Calla," of killing her brother at New-
ington, N. H.

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