IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the bishop, and Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old paradise, although, to speak truth for the bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I know how overwhelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans, and, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bascom, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words "from the people" so gravely and unconsciously that the bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her and at the same time beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert, and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the settlement with her violin, and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"'Those things!'" said Felicia, with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, the 'proof of the pudding'— You know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a wide awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the bishop. You have heard me speak of him so often. Sit down here and let me give you a taste of the fleshpots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the bishop had an improvised lunch, and the bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

"I thought you would at least say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium at the big banquets," said Felicia slyly.

"'As good as!' The Auditorium banquets were simply husks compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I am simply astonished to find you here earning your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye, aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world"—the bishop smiled at the phrase—"they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

"Flattery still! Is there no escape from it even in the slums of Chicago?" Felicia laughed again, and the bishop's heart, heavy though it had grown during several months of vast sin bearing, rejoiced to hear it. It sounded good. It was good. It belonged to God.

Felicia wanted to visit the settlement and went back with the bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of consecrated brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the bishop wondered at the exhibition of it as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

They went down into the basement, and the bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so his little finger carried a small curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the bishop. "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the bishop was called up stairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, 'back in the world,' as the bishop says," replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes." Felicia hesitated. "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a great deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her or called up painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. My father lost his money, and I was obliged to go to work, a very good thing for me. The bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am. I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue church I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planned.

"Felicia," said the bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, 'back in the world,' dear bishop. He was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue church."

"Ah!" said the bishop.

"We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked the bishop in the eyes frankly and answered:

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to like each other, though," thought the bishop to himself, and somehow the thought made him grave. It was almost like the old pang over Camilla, but it passed, leaving him afterward, when Felicia had gone back, with tears in his eyes and a feeling that was almost hope that Felicia and Stephen would like each other. "After all," said the bishop, like the sensible, good man that he was, "is not romance a part of humanity? Love is older than I am and wiser."

The week following the bishop had an experience that belongs to this part of the settlement's history.

He was coming back to the settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors and was walking along, with his hands behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the bishop's face, and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol.

The place was solitary, and the bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to go through his pockets. The bishop was calm. His nerves did not quiver. As he stood there with his arms uplifted an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was, and his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

CHAPTER XI.

Righteousness shall go before him and shall set us in the way of his steps.

The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the job."

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming toward them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want"—

The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it, and his companion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the footsteps passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No; the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"

"No; don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon"—

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up if"—

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other. "We're on the road to hell, though; that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help"— The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes; I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood.

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rung your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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IN SENATE AND HOUSE.

Mason's Resolution of Sympathy With the Transvaal Republic Referred.

Washington, Dec. 12.—An appeal by Mr. Mason (Ills.) for expression of sympathy for the Transvaal Republic in its war with Great Britain was the feature of the senate proceedings yesterday. The resolution upon which Mr. Mason based his speech was referred, at the concusion of the address, to the foreign relations committee, Mr. Lodge (Mass.) considering it too delicate a question to pass upon without serious consideration.

The feature of the opening day of the debate on the currency bill in the house was the speech of Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa. Mr. Dolliver declared that the last doubt in the Republican party as to the wisdom of enacting the gold standard into law had been dissolved by the experience of the business world during the past three years. He scored Mr. Bryan and generally ridiculed the alleged false prophesies of the Democrats in 1896. Mr. Dearmond (Mo.) warned the western Republicans that they could not deceive their constituents in the coming congressional elections by claiming that they had yielded to the wisdom of their colleagues in caucus. Mr. Overstreet (Ind.) opened the debate in support of the bill and Mr. Maddox (Ga.) replied to him. Mr. McClellan (N. Y.) announced his opposition to the bill on the ground that it would contract the currency, extinguish the bank notes and enhance the value of gold bonds. He appealed to those of his Democratic colleagues from New York who, it is reported, intend to vote for the bill, not to do so.

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WILLIAM'S DETERMINATION.

German Emperor Will Dissolve the Reichstag If Naval Bill Fails.

Berlin, Dec. 12.—The reichstag presented a highly impressive spectacle yesterday during the debate on the estimates and the formal introduction of Emperor William's new naval program. When Count Von Buelow declared that Germany did not desire to pursue an aggressive, pyrotechnical course, but was equally determined not to be pushed aside politically or commercially by other powers, and never to allow an important international question to be settled without consulting her, there was an outbreak of spontaneous applause.

The opposition, which is apparently stronger that had been expected, was dumbfounded by the vigorous government onslaught. After the adjournment it was said in the lobby that the emperor had given strict orders for the dissolution of the reichstag should the cabinet consider it unlikely that the bill would pass. Emperor William is confident that the proposal to increase the strength of the navy is popular with the electorate, and he believes that the new reichstag would probably reflect this sentiment and other national aims more accurately.

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A Monster Steel Plant.

Pittsburg, Dec. 12.—That the American Steel and Wire company will build its immense $6,000,000 plant on Neville Island, a suburb of this city, is now a settled fact. Yesterday ground was broken for the first of the six 800 ton bessemer furnaces to be erected. Each of these furnaces will cost $200,000. The company has purchased a tract of 400 acres on the island, at a cost of $800,000, on which the intention is to erect a plant of sufficient capacity to centralize all the company's smaller plants, making of the island a small city in itself. When completed the works will employ over 5,000 men. Two bridges will be erected connecting the island with the mainland.

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Miners Celebrate End of Strike.

Nanticoke, Pa., Dec. 12.—The miners' strike was officially declared off last evening, and the event was celebrated by the ringing of church bells, blowing of steam whistles, etc. The strikers gathered in the streets, threw their hats in the air and embraced each other.

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