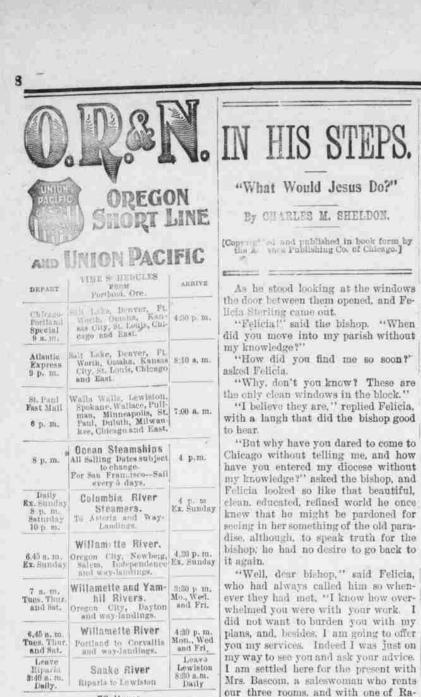
OREGON CITY COURIER-HERALD, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1901

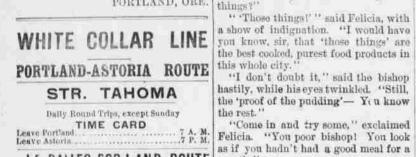


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ne whistled. He looked up as the bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so his little finger carried a small curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"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 As he stood looking at the windows 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

did you move into my parish without 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 "Why, don't you know? These are trouble since-then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her or "I believe they are," replied Felicia, called up painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you "But why have you dared to come to are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. have you entered my diocese without My father lost his money, and I was my knowledge?" asked the bishop, and obliged to go to work, a very good thing Felicia looked so like that beautiful, for me. The bishop says I ought to be clean, educated, refined world he once grateful. I am. I am very happy now. knew that he might be pardoned for I learned the trade hoping some time seeing in her something of the old parato be of use. I am night clerk at one of dise, although, to speak truth for the the hotels. That Sunday morning when bishop; he had no desire to go back to you took the pledge at Nazareth Ayenue church I took it with the others. "Did you ?" said Felicia slowly.

"Well, dear bishop," said Felicia, "Didy who had always called him so when-

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 londyou my services. Indeed I was just on er 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 chel's music pupils, who is being helped Nazareth Avenue church. "Ah!" said the bishop. to a course in violin by Virginia Page.

"We were very good friends," added

She is from the people," continued Fe-licia, using the words "from the peo-Felicia.

> tured to ask. Felicia's face glowed for an instant.

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 "You are?" The bishop said it a lithumanity ? Love is older than I am and tle incredulously. "How? Making those wiser.

The week following the hishop had " 'Those things!" " said Felicia, with an experience that belon, s to this part a show of indignation. "I would have of the settlement's history. you know, sir, that 'those things' are

He was coming back to the settle ment 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. "Come in and try some," exclaimed One of the men thrust a pistol into the bishop's face, and the other threatened

him with a ragged stake that had evi

about it!" said the man with the pistol.

had no thought of resistance. He did as

he was commanded, and the man with

might have thought that he was pray-

ing for the souls of these two men. And

CHAPTER XL

flightcousness shall go before him and shall

The bishop was not in the hal

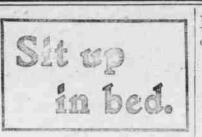
small amount of change he found. As

as in the way of his stons.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick

The place was solitary, and the bishop

dently been torn from the fence.



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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, The man with the weapon lowsir." ered 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 OREGON CITY 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

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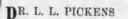
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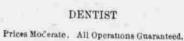
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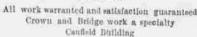
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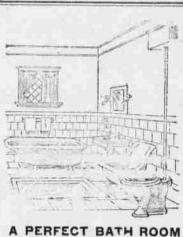
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"But nothing more?" the bishop venple" so gravely and unconsciously that the bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her and at the same time beginning an experiment in pure food for Then she looked the bishop in the eyes the masses. I am an expert, and I have frankly and answered:

"Truly and truly, nothing more," "It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to 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 pur-"Martha can help at the settlement with her violin, and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would and then come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living

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F22 A. M., and 6:30 P. M.

The second se				The second secon
Ly		8:20 A.M. 9:22 A.M.	5:30 P. M. 9:14 F. M.	"Indeed I gravely. "Thu not follow it?" "Aye, aye!" for sense like world"—the bi
AT		12:55	12:25 P.M.	
- 15		5:10 P. M	5-10 IN.	
88.	San Francisco	7:45 P. M.	Barry Mar.	
- 66	Ogden	4145 A. M.	7.00 A. M.	
. 62	Denver	9:00 A:N.:	9:15 A M.	
18	Karmas City	7125 A M ₃	7:025 A. W	
	Chicago	7:32 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	the new wom
14	Los Augeles	5:00 P. N.	5:05 A.M.	them, I am a
- 84	El Paso	6100 P. M.	6:00 P.M.	here." "Flattery st from it even in Felicia langhed heart, heavy th ing several met
1.94	Fort Worth	6:80 A.M.	6:30 A.M.	
144	City of Mexico	31-20 A. M.	11:00 A. M.	
- 14		7:00 B.M.	7:00 A.M.	
48	New Orleans	6:20 F.M.	6:00 P.M.	
84	Washington	6412 A.M.	6:41 A.M.	
- 18	New York	32:10 P.M.	12:10 P.M.	

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as if you hadn't had a good meal for a 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.

now.'

"Go right on, Martha. This is the bishop. You have heard me speak of the stake began to go through his pockhim so often. Sit down here and let me ets. The bishop was calm. His nerves give you a taste of the fleshpots of Egypt for I believe you have been ac-bis arms uplifted an ignorant spectator Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the bishop had an improvised lunch, and the bishop, who, to he was, and his prayer was singularly tell the truth, had not taken time for answered that very night. weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the

"I don't doubt it," said the bishop

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 | carrying much money with him, and was as good as the meals you used to the man with the stake, who was get at the Auditorium at the big baa- searching him, uttered an oath at the quets," said Felicia slyly.

was good. It belonged to God.

bubbled up and sparkled over.

"As good as!" The Auditorium ban- he uttered it the man with the pistol quets were simply husks compared to savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! cept one spot on the top of his head this one, Felicia. But you must come We might as well got all we can out of to the settlement, I want you to see the job."

what we are doing. And I am simply The man with the stake was on the astonished to find you here carning point of laying hold of the chain when your living this way. I begin to see there was the sound of footsteps coming what your plan is. You can be of in-toward them.

Trains have Oregon City for Portland at 7.00 and that you will live here and help these that searched him yet. Mind you keep in 'S1 or 'S2 a man came to your house people to know the value of good food ?" shut now if you don't want"-

"Indeed I do," Felicia answered The man with the pistol made a siggravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I nificant gesture with it, and his companion pulled and pushed the bishop "Aye, aye! You're right. Bless God down the alley and through a ragged for sense like yours. When I left the broken opening in the fence. The three

-"they were talking a good deal about | footsteps passed. the 'new woman.' If you are one of "Now, then have you got the

"Flattery still! Is there no escape where!" And the other man from it even in the shums of Chicago " again.

Felicia laughed again, and the bishop's "Epenkit. toon!"

heart, heavy though it had grown dur-"No: don't brenk it," the bishop ing several months of wast sin bearing. said, and it was the first time he had rejoleed to hear it. It sounded good. It spaken. "The chain is the gift of a plied gently. "I hope you have kept very dear triand. I should be sorry to Felicia wanted to visit the settlement | have it broken

and went back with the bishop. She At the sound of the bishop's voice struck his hand against the fence with was annazed at the results of what con- the man with the pistol started as if he such sudden passion that he drew blood. iderable money and a good deal of con- had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his week I've been drinking ever since, ed through the building they talked in other hand he turned the bishep's head but I've never forgotten you or your ressantly. Felicia was the incarnation toward what little light was shining prayer. Do you remember, the morning of vital enthusiasm. Even the bishop from the alloyway, at the same time wondered at the exhibition of it as it | taking a stop nearer. Then, to the evi- breakfast, you had prayers and asked dent amazement of his companion, he me to come in and sit with the rest? They went down into the basement. said roughly

and the bishop pushed open the door,] from behind which came the sound of a the money. That's enough, carpenter's plane. It was a small but"

well equipped carpenter's shop. A reckon''young man with a paper cap on his! Before the man with the stake could me, but I never forgot that prayer of

head and chal in blouse and overalls, say another word he was confronted yours that morning. You prayed for was whichling and driving the plane as with the muzzle of the pistol, turned

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, exabout 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.

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 digworld"-the hishop smiled at the phrase stood still there in the shadow until the ging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me them, I am a convert right now and watch?" asked the man with the pistel. into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me And the other man swore 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 reyour promise.

The man laughed savagely. Then he "Kept it! I was drunk inside of a after I came to your house and after That got me. But my mother used to "Leave the watch alone. We've got pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father "Enough! Fifty cents! You don't came in one night drunk and kicked ber while she was kneeling there by

Continued on page 6

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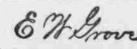
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