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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?" By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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As he stood looking at the windows the door between them opened, and Felicia Sterling came out. "Felicia!" said the bishop. "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"Why, don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block." "I believe they are," replied Felicia, with a laugh that did the bishop good to hear.

"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."

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 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 a 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, woman, 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 be in the way of his steps. The bishop was not in the hat 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."

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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, 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?"

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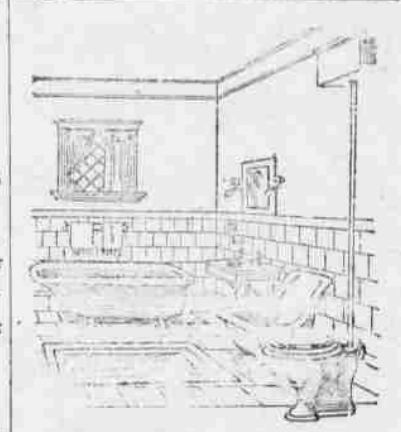
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